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AN



# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND

## REMINISCENCES

OF

WILLIAM BEEBEY LIGHTON,

8571

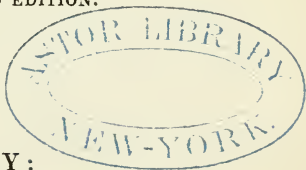
CONTAINING

AN INTERESTING AND FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY LIFE,  
ENLISTMENT INTO THE BRITISH ARMY, HIS DESERTION,  
CAPTURE, AND CONDEMNATION TO DEATH, SUFFERINGS,  
ESCAPE FROM PRISON, SETTLEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, AND  
SUBSEQUENT CAREER

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Man's peace is founded on majestic truth

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.



ALBANY:  
MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.  
1854.

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## P R E F A C E

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MANY of the virtuous and the good, whose lives have been distinguished for usefulness, have contributed to the literature of the world by publishing their biographies; thereby promoting the cause of truth, morality and religion, and perpetuating their memories among the living. Though the writer may shine with far inferior luster, in the scale of intellectual and moral greatness, to many who have written, yet he would meekly present to the public a narrative of his young and eventful career; a career which has been marked with some of the most remarkable occurrences, and which are not less interesting from having been suffered at so early an age. Of the merits of these assertions the impartial reader is left to judge.

The writer trusts that he possesses nothing of assumptive arrogance, nor the work any thing of fictitious novelty. It is a plain, unvarnished statement of real facts as they have occurred, and sufferings as they have been endured. The reader, then, must pardon its errors; and, rather than pierce it with a dagger of criticism, he will cover all its faults with a mantle of mercy.

The object of writing it will be obtained, if it shall exhibit the goodness of God, correct the evil passions of the heart, enforce parental obedience, promote generous sentiments, elevate the standard of morality, and purify the taste of the youth, to whom it is most sincerely dedicated.

It was not originally the design of the author to publish his narrative at so early a period of his life, but to have withheld it from the world until (if he lived) he was further advanced in years, or have left it in manuscript, to be published after his decease. But the ardent solicitude felt by his bereaved and afflicted parents, who suffered for a number of years severe mental anxiety and grief from the author's sudden



separation from them in the bud of early youth, and his absence in a foreign land, ignorant of the dangers and sufferings to which he was exposed—probably never to meet them again on the shores of time—and the earnest, importunate desire expressed in their letters to have it immediately put to the press, when they learned its general events by a correspondence;—these were reasons too powerful in their claims not to be acceded to with sentiments of childlike affection and gratitude. Added to this is the conviction that the events embodied in the work are of sufficient interest to justify their publication.

These being the motives from which the first part of the following pages have been compiled, he presents them to the candid public, in unison with the sentiments and wishes of friends and kindred, who were far separated from him by the mighty deep, with a desire that they may be rendered a blessing, both to them and to every American youth.

The favorable reception his publication met with has induced him to add a compendium,

which he trusts will in no way belie the kindly opinion entertained of his antecedent labors

That the blessing of God may rest upon the work, is the sincere prayer of

THE AUTHOR

*November* '854

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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

## WILLIAM BEEBEY LIGHTON.

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### CHAPTER I

“ His early days  
Were with him in his heart.”

HEMANS.

I was born at Frampton, near Boston, in the county of Lincolnshire, England, on the seventh day of September, 1805. My father cultivated a small but fertile farm, from which, by honest industry, he obtained a comfortable support for his family, which consisted of a wife and seven children. His mind was active and vigorous, his judgment sound, and his moral character such, that even malice could not sully it with a stain. Thus, blessed with competence and health, beloved and respected by his fellow men, his life glided smoothly on, undisturbed by those perplexities and anxieties that harass the wealthy and distract the poor. His was the middle walk in life; that which affords beyond all dispute, the largest share of enjoyment to man.

Of my mother, I can say little, as she died when I was a mere child; but a glimmering spark of recollection yet remains on the memory, reflecting faint rays of her worth. She was a truly affectionate mother, whose fondness was regulated by the judicious dictates of maternal duty, and the voice of

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Recollections of my Mother.The Widower.

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moral rectitude. Her last sickness was protracted, and painfully acute; but with Christian fortitude she endured this severe visitation, without complaint or murmur, and upon the near approach of dissolution, she summoned the whole family into her chamber, where, with great firmness and deep-gushing love, she bade them a long farewell, committing each to the care of her beloved master. Shortly after, the death summons came. The sound fell welcome on her ears, and shaking off this dull coil, she flew with a spirit's wings to God, to share with the redeemed a glorious immortality.

“ Thither may we repair,  
That glorious bliss to share.”

A few days subsequent to my mother's death, two of my sisters (twins) followed her to the realms of peace—sweet babes of paradise, called early to their home.

These painful strokes from the chastising rod of divine Providence, made deep wounds on the heart of my father, teaching him that “ man is born unto trouble,” and that the smoothest walks of life have here and there a thorn to pierce the traveler's foot. Still he murmured not, but strove to unite in the submissive exclamation of the Patriarch, “ the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

There is — there must be — something peculiarly melancholy in the family of a widower; and, notwithstanding the assiduity and care of relatives, the *vacuum* left by the departed, the beloved wife, and fond mother, is not — can not be filled. The husband has lost the tried and faithful object of his dearest affections, and though he may possess an almost maternal solicitude for his bereaved babes, yet there is an empty void in his aching heart. When he returns

from his daily toil, how his tearful eye gazes on the vacant place she used to fill; associations are connected with that glance, which rend his mournful bosom, and send a thrill of agony to the lowest fountain of feeling. If he retires to his solitary chamber, it is but to spend the sleepless hours in agonizing remembrances of the past. Every thing around him serves for a provocative to his busy memory, to bring up anew the images of departed scenes.

How keenly, too, is the mother's loss felt by the surviving children, as they recoil from the cool attention of strangers, and sigh for the warmth and kindness of her love! They miss those instructions they were wont to receive from her valued lips, which, whilst it afforded them innocent amusement, at the same time promoted their intellectual and moral improvement. Yet, though erring and short-sighted man may wonder at that inscrutable Providence, which cuts off a devoted mother from her infant progeny, he who holds the destiny of creation in his mighty grasp, and sways an irresistible sceptre over the universe, acts not without a reason, and faith teaches patient submission to his doings; believing when the veil is withdrawn, and God's ways revealed, the most afflicted of earth's frail sons will joyfully sing:

“He hath done all things well.

After the lapse of several months, my father was married a second time, to an amiable woman, of prepossessing appearance, and agreeable disposition. She was kind and indulgent, and from her I received that care and attention which atoned, in a great degree, for my former loss.

My parents were strict observers of the rules of the English Episcopal church. They possessed a sincere regard, and deep reverence for the truths of the Bible; and they spared no pains in their endeavors

## Early Instruction.

## Anecdote.

to impress its eternal truths upon the minds of their offspring, at the earliest periods of mental development.

This pious instruction made a deep impression on my youthful heart, leading me to regard the character of God with the greatest veneration, and inspired me with a constant fear of offending him by a breach of his holy laws. The following anecdote, though simple, will serve to show the operations of these moral influences on my juvenile mind.

One of the remaining superstitions of the peasantry of some parts of England, is the belief that the robin red-breast is the peculiar favorite of the Deity; its red breast being the mark by which it is known as such, and that to destroy it is an act peculiarly abhorrent and unlucky. I had been taught this idea, in common with other children, and had ever regarded the robin as a sacred bird. One day, by mistake, I destroyed a brood of these chirping songsters; but upon discovering they belonged to the species distinguished by superstition, I was seized with bitter, and painful sensations of remorse. Conviction that I had done wrong fastened on my mind, and I felt guilty and unhappy. A tormenting fear haunted me, on account of the supposed enormity of the deed, and every effort to forget the act proved utterly vain. My burden grew heavier; it became almost insupportable; I wept aloud, and cried to God for mercy and pardon, promising, if he would forgive me, never to be guilty of the like offence again. In the midst of my importunities, I obtained as sensible relief as I ever experienced in my life; the load was rolled from my heart; peace returned to my bosom, and I went back to my amusements with all the transports of youthful delight. Would that my insipient sensitiveness, though better instructed, had always remained equally sharp.

At an early age, I was sent to one of those nurse-

ries of the Church, a Sabbath School, in order that I might be more efficiently instructed in those scriptures which make "wise unto salvation." This was conducted by some Christian ladies and gentlemen, whose souls, filled with a Saviour's love, yearned with compassion for the youth of our village. From their philanthropic labors the seed sown by my parents was watered; early impressions deepened, and others fixed in my youthful soul, which, in after life, under God, served as powerful restraints, and were the means of preventing me from plunging headlong into the unfathomed depths of vice. Oh! the blessed and happy effects of sabbath schools! Surely they are seats of mercy. How vitally important they are to the interests of the church, and how earnestly it is to be wished, that Christians were more awake to a consideration of their value; that they would labor with greater perseverance and steadiness in behoof of this mighty engine of piety and reformation! May the omnipotent Jehovah awaken them!

Aware of the value of education, my father placed me under the tuition of Mr. Joshua Dent, a gentleman admirably qualified, both by learning and judgment, to superintend the instruction of youth. With his assistance, I acquired a knowledge of the common branches of education; and had I been less indolent, the higher fields of literature might have been added to my attainments. But such was my love of amusement, that despite every effort of my teacher, I made little progress, to the vexation of my parents and my own subsequent sorrow.

The intensity of my love for diversion was such, that it not unfrequently involved me in trouble and perplexity, wasted a large portion of my precious time, and in some cases made me amenable to the laws of the land. My favorite amusements were trapping game and hunting for birds' nests. In pursuit of these wicked practices, I occasionally exposed

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Anecdote.

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myself to the imminent danger of breaking a limb, and even to loss of life. At times, whilst climbing the lofty hedges, which surround the ample fields of the English farmer, my flesh often carried away abundant proofs of the sharpness of the hawthorn, nor did my clothes escape scathless, but were usually hanging in rags, occasioned by a rent from some tree or the point of a thorn. This conduct naturally irritated my parents, especially my step-mother, whose needle and thread were kept in constant demand through my perseverance in tearing; but neither their displeasure, nor the chastisements they saw fit to bestow on me, could deter me from my folly.

On one occasion in particular, I remember to have paid dearly for my indulgence in this wicked pursuit of robbing the birds of their young. Being sent by my father on some important business, my way led past a "rookery," and the temptation was not to be resisted of ascending one tree, a patriarch of the grove, that attracted my attention, and which, from its giant size, cost me much hard labor to accomplish. My object attained, and I preparing to descend, I found myself involved in an awkward dilemma, that of being unable to advance or retreat, and there I hung hopelessly by a limb which projected over a pond into which I must plunge if I released my hold. My only alternative was to shout for help, which I did with stentorian lungs, making the welkin ring with my cries, when to my great joy a man came to my aid and rescued me from my unpleasant position, not, however, until he had indulged in a long and hearty laugh at my expense. Well it was for me that it had not been the owner, or I should have received an unceremonious notification of departure from his heavy ratan. I mentally vowed I would never be thus caught again, and it proved more effectual than a dozen floggings; for I believe I never was so incorrigible afterwards.

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Love of Amusement.

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I mention these trifling incidents, chiefly with a view to direct my youthful readers to the first great causes which led to the numerous sufferings of my after life; that they may regard my faults as a beacon light, gleaming forth on the troubled sea of life, and by its faint radiance draw their attention to that dangerous rock, on which I and thousands more have wrecked their infant hopes, viz: *disobedience to parents*. Had I yielded to their commands, and abstained from idleness and folly, I should have escaped censure and punishment which made home unpleasant, and me a wanderer on the highways of an ungenerous and unfeeling world. Two or three instances of my misconduct may, I trust, not be unprofitable.

My father, an experienced and practical horticulturist, had with great trouble and expense brought his garden to a high state of perfection, but knowing the rudeness and thoughtlessness of children, we were peremptorily forbidden entering it, except with an adult member of the family. This prohibition, so just and reasonable, ought to have been implicitly and readily obeyed. Yet, to my shame, I violated it, and made frequent secret visits to the richly laden trees, and wickedly enjoyed the guilty pleasure of feasting on the interdicted fruit. Once, in company of my elder brother, unsuspecting of danger or detection, we were busily engaged loading ourselves with the forbidden spoils, when approaching footsteps warned us to beat a retreat, and, greatly alarmed, like our first parents in Eden, we secreted ourselves, after hastily hiding our prize, amid the trees and bushes. The disturbers of our guilty employment proved to be my mother and grand-mother, who had been informed, by a neighbor, of our proceedings, and came to drive us away. As they approached our hiding-place, one of them exclaimed:

“Then you are here, you villains, are you? Come out immediately.” We remained silent as our heavy



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Orchard Robbing.

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breathing would allow, and they commenced a regular search, until they discovered our retreat and put us out of the garden.

So irresistible was this elysian spot, that notwithstanding the gate was well guarded by sharp iron spikes on the top, and a strong lock that defied resistance, I soon learned to climb over it, without danger to my clothes or person. At times my parents would wonder at the apparent loss of fruit, yet that it could be stolen seemed an utter impossibility, as the gate and thickly matted thorn hedge was, in their opinion, proof against all intruders. One sabbath morning, however, the cause of the mischief came very near discovery. I had gone, as usually, early into the garden, and secreting myself among the raspberry bushes, was busy regaling on the berries, when, to my terror, my father entered to indulge in his wonted exercise. What to do I knew not; to run was certain detection, and the result a fearful flogging. Overwhelmed with fear and shame, I hid instantly under the thick vines, and awaited the result with a trembling heart. He approached nearer and nearer, until my courage sank within me, and the rustling of the leaves as he passed was magnified by my terrified imagination into a hurricane. The sound of his lips, as he now and then smacked them, with the flavor of the luscious berries, struck me like fearful thunder peals, for he was now so near that another step would bring him upon me, and then alas, for my poor back! The scene would have been speedily changed from comedy to tragedy, but by one of those unaccountably fortunate circumstances, his impulse led him to turn another way, and with a joyous sensation of gratitude I escaped from my covert, to join him in his ramble.

My propensity to indulge in a draft of good milk, for which I had an uncommon relish, was no less strong than it was for fruit, and my way of procuring



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English Game Laws.

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it was at once novel and effective. My mother always placed her pails of milk on the dairy table, by the window, to cool before straining; which window being at the rear of the kitchen, opening to the back yard, afforded great privacy. An open lattice work rendered it almost inaccessible, and exercised my ingenuity to devise ways and means to obtain the coveted liquid. Procuring some long straws, I formed a tube by fitting one end within the other, and inserting it through the screen into the pail, I obtained by suction a hearty drink. This contrivance required great caution in the execution, as the dear, good woman was apt to enter the dairy frequently on business, when a sudden flight was necessary to escape her keen eyes. I would, however, sometimes overhear her ejaculate, "Bless me! how the milk has settled. I wonder what can be the cause of it?"

I have before stated that I was extremely fond of trapping game. Now, it may not be known to all my readers that this practice is made criminal by the laws of England; yet, such is the fact. By these laws, it is a crime to kill any kind of game, unless duly qualified by the payment of a tax to government, and the possession of a certain amount of property. Hence, should any whom Providence has placed in the lower walks of life, dare to lay his unhallowed hands upon any of those forbidden creatures, even though urged to do so by the imperious demands of a starving family, the strong, resistless arm of an imperious legislature would drag him from the bosom of a dependent wife and children, and consign him for several years of toilsome life on board the hulks of a seaport, or on the distant shores of some penal colony. These are edicts which ought to be repealed, or at least modified, as, in their present shape, they are too strongly marked by the odious features of cruelty and tyranny.

My father was a strict observer of these laws, and

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Poaching.

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did all that lay in his power to prevent his children or dependents from infringing them. He would keep no dog, gun, or other instrument for poaching on his premises; and he sternly and strictly forbade their violation, threatening the disobedient with the severest punishment, and I never knew him to depart from this rule but once, which occurred as follows. The dogs of a neighboring squire were coursing across my father's grounds close upon their prey, and killed it at no great distance from us. The squire, fatigued with the chase, requested my father to accompany him in search of the dead hare, and they soon reached the spot where the dogs reclined after the exercise. It was evident they had killed the game, but yet, it could not be found. My father, inwardly rejoicing at the toward event, and bent upon an extra dish for his sabbath dinner, uttered an admonishing "hush" as I with child-like zeal pointed to some marks likely to tend to a discovery. I was instantly silenced, and the squire, believing the hare had escaped, gave up the pursuit and returned home. My father waited until he had disappeared, when he remarked with singular expectancy of manner:

"I'll descend into the ditch and see if the dogs haven't hid it."

And lo! and behold, he returned triumphantly displaying a big fat hare, at the same time remarking:

"If I was to take it to the squire, ten chances to one if he would give me half a pint of beer for my trouble, and might think me a fool into the bargain. I'm blamed but I'll keep it, and eat it myself."

Our dinner on the following day was unusually cheerful, and passed over with high encomiums on the feast it afforded; each secretly wishing such a sumptuous meal fell to our lot once a week at least.

To prevent my indulgence in the lawless pursuit of hunting, my father at length adopted a course of very strict and severe discipline, which rendered my

## Parental Government.

life irksome, and made me ardently sigh for an opportunity to escape from these painful rigors. His peremptory and repeated prohibitions, accompanied with the application of the rod, and other indications of angry displeasure, only inflamed my desires, and increased my obstinacy; and aptly illustrated the truth of the heathen poet's sentiment, who says:

“Vice is provoked by every strong restraint;  
Sick men love most to drink, who know they mayn't.”

Had my dear father depended more on the efficacy of appeals to my sense of right and wrong — had he worked on my affection for him, and used persuasion instead of severity — it is highly probable some of the leading defects of my character might have been neutralized, and I spared the sufferings that befell me in after life.

Were a proper line of conduct pursued in the government and education of children, how few *profligate* sons and *criminal* daughters, how few *heart-broken* parents, should we find! Neglect of early religious instruction, connected with wholesome and affectionate restraint, is the ruin of millions. Many parents are too authoritative and severe in their mode of exacting obedience, whilst others rush into the extreme of foolish fondness, and in reality maintain no management at all. In the former case, home becomes the object of dislike; in the latter, the half grown man usurps the authority of the parent, and treats his power with as little respect as if its mandates were as unimportant as the wind that murmurs in the grove, or plays sportively on the rippling waters.

It is not parental *fondness*, nor parental authority, taken separately, that can produce a beneficial effect. A father may be as fond of his offspring as he can possibly be, and his children grow up disobedient and rebellious; he may be as authoritative as the Grand Turk, and his family may despise and plot against

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Volatile Disposition.

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Preparing for a Voyage.

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him; but let *authority* be tempered with *affection*, and the reins of discipline held by a judicious hand, the pleasure of God will prosper, and he will give his blessing, even "life for evermore." Many families have been spoiled and many ruined, by the separate exercise of these two principles.

Parental affection, when alone, infallibly degenerates into foolish fondness; and parental authority frequently descends into brutal tyranny. The first description of parents will be loved without respect, and the second will be dreaded without esteem or reverence. In the first case, obedience is not *exacted*, and is therefore felt to be unnecessary, as offenses of great magnitude are passed over without punishment or reprehension. In the second case, rigid exaction renders obedience almost impossible; and the smallest delinquency is often punished with an extreme of torture, that hardens the mind, and renders duty a matter of perfect indifference.

Parents! lay these things to heart. Teach your children to fear God; use wholesome discipline, and be firm; begin in time to mingle strictness with mercy in your conduct, and pray earnestly to God to second your godly discipline with the power and grace of his spirit.

That period of my life had now arrived when it was necessary for me to choose some trade, business or profession, whereby to maintain myself in a respectable and useful sphere. Owing to my changeable and volatile disposition, this was no easy matter, which was heightened by high colored and romantic ideas I had conceived of distant places, from reading the interesting adventures of travelers. I ardently longed to rove the wide world uncontrolled and free as the wild forest birds, a disposition that lost none of its intensity from the following occurrence:

Captain Hewitt, a relative of my father's, came to spend a few days with us, prior to his departure on a

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Preparing for a Voyage.

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long voyage; and on being informed of my ardent desire to travel, he proposed taking me with him to sea — a plan to which my father at once agreed, provided it met with my concurrence, and with my temperament it may be easily believed how joyously I consented, and with what glee I commenced immediate preparations for my debut in the world:

My whole soul was absorbed in the bustle and excitement of my outfit, and my active imagination, filled with every variety of imagery, swam in a delirium of over stretched expectation. The pain of leaving home and friends cost me no pang, for I hardly permitted such thoughts a passing existence. One idea filled my mind, to the exclusion of all besides, the anticipation of a sailor's life, which appeared to my heated fancy as a perfect paradise. Such is the foolish delusion of youth, based on ignorance and inexperience — visionary dreams which are soon destined to be painfully dispelled by stern realities.

My engagement had almost cost my father his house, for one evening while engaged in selecting books and papers for my journey, I accidentally set fire to the window hangings of the chamber, which, however, was fortunately extinguished, although with much difficulty.

But these sanguine hopes and buoyant expectations were doomed to disappointment. Having vainly waited several weeks for a summons from the captain, I was compelled reluctantly to yield to the overthrow of my anticipations, nor did we ever learn the reason why he did not fulfill his promise. This little circumstance is a miniature specimen of those nipping blights which daily pervert the stream of human happiness.

Shortly after this event had taken its place among other phantasies of the past, the question of "emigration" was seriously agitated in our quiet parish, and occasioned no little excitement and discontent.

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Emigration.

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America, her glorious constitution and unrivaled advantages became a theme of conversation among all classes, until the public voice, fanned by the flaming eulogies of periodicals, so magnified the superiority of this far-famed continent, that a mania for emigration took possession of thousands, who verily believed America to be a modern Eldorado; a spontaneous Arcadia.

Among the multitude affected by this western contagion, my father stood foremost, and none more ardently desired to visit a land depicted by the lavish tongue of rumor in such brilliant and fascinating colors. But the ill health of my mother-in-law formed an insuperable barrier in his way, and compelled him to relinquish the idea.

The spirit of emigration, though not natural to the English, found ready credence with thousands, which the enticing accounts constantly received, tended to inflame and keep alive. The unbounded field it opened to industry; the rich harvest it presented to the speculator, and, above all, the growing importance of its station among nations, added potency to the magnet; whilst the deplorable state of things at home, the depression and wretchedness of the lower classes, the murderous weights of *taxation*, rendered the people dissatisfied, and induced them to regard emigration as their only refuge from poverty and political oppression. Like the Pilgrim Fathers, they sought in distant climes that freedom of conscience and immunity from domestic tyranny denied them in the country of their birth.

These topics, being continually under discussion in our family and elsewhere, were not without their influence on my mind. I seized on them with avidity and eagerness, to feed the morbid desire to wander already existing in my bosom, and I became anxious to visit America. Such is the dawning intelligence of youth — yielding to every new impression.



My anxiety to see this continent was further increased by the conversation of my private tutor, who was employed during the winter evenings, to put the finishing stroke to my limited education. My father usually attended at these hours; during the intervals of instruction he conversed freely upon the prevailing topic, which I always listened to with the most profound attention, and carefully treasured up their remarks. When, therefore, my tutor was dismissed, it was evident I had improved more in my knowledge of America, her history and statistics, than in any branch of science, and after these conversations so pregnant with interest ceased, I procured a work entitled "The Emigrant's Guide," which I read assiduously. I even went so far as to carry it with me sometimes to church on the sabbath, and wickedly employed myself poring over its pages, instead of attending to the worship of God and the duties of his house.

About this time, a friend of my father, named Westmoreland, emigrated from our vicinity. He took passage in the spring of the year, and after a short and pleasant voyage, landed at Philadelphia; but his first impressions were unfavorable, and from the tenor of his communications, it appeared that he was anything but satisfied. The difference between the tempered rays of the sun in a northern latitude and the cooling breezes of Albion to the scorching darts of the same luminary in Pennsylvania, was insupportable, and he had hardly arrived, before he expressed his resolution to return as speedily as possible.

One day, as my father and I were laboring in the harvest field, a gentleman approached, whom I instantly recognized.

"Father," said I, "look yonder; here comes Mr. Westmoreland!"

"Impossible," he replied, "and yet it is his gait and manner as I'm a man 'tis he."

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An Emigrant's Return from America.

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And so it proved to be, and no sooner had he arrived within hailing distance than he shouted —

“ Ah! Lighton, I'll tell you all about America.”

After he drew near and had given us each a hearty shake of the hand, he presented us with several curiosities, among which was a tortoise.

“ Here,” said he, “ if you go to America, you'll have to live on these creatures; they are very plentiful, and constitute a favorite dish with the Americans.”

He strongly urged my father to abandon the idea of emigration, and presented many discouragements, especially the torments people endured from the stings of black flies and mosquitoes, which he said had deprived him of many a night's sleep. His sombre descriptions, however, did not alter his views, for he supposed with justice the man to be more in fault than the country, and as Mr. W. left the field, he observed dryly to me,

“ I think his back is too straight.”

Signifying that he did not love work, which was indeed the fact.

These occurrences only served to increase my desire to cross the Atlantic, and explore the interesting country beyond it. I became more discontented and restless with the restraint of home, and was the fruitful cause of much uneasiness to my parents, whose severe discipline had totally failed to correct the exuberant follies of my depraved heart. I was habitually disobedient; passion ruled my turbulent soul, and had it not been for the forbearance of God, who constrained me by means I know not of, I must have rushed heedless into ruin.

That period between early youth and manhood is perhaps the most dangerous part of human life. 'Tis then the passions rise fiercely, and boldly seek to rule; reason, still pliant, is easily persuaded to yield her lawful prerogative to the baser propensities, and



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Importance of the period of Youth.

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pleasure, clad in the verdancy and freshness of inexperience, with siren voice decoys the unwary to her fatal bowers. Then, the future character of the man is formed; habits, with bands of iron are fixed, and dormant principles called forth; hence, this epoch is one of immense importance, of vital consequence to the neophyte; for how few there are who do not carry the impress of some evil habit to the tomb!

Let the juvenile reader receive these remarks as a friendly caution, dictated with a sincere desire to make him feel his danger, and induce him to watch over the evil inclinations of his nature, lest they render him their dupe. The "*wise man*" says, "*keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.*" Important advice, for whatever else, my young friends, you neglect, be sure to look well into the heart, that great fountain of action, and source of every motive. If you allow bad impressions to become dominant there, it will be as difficult to root them out as "cutting off a right hand," or "plucking out a right eye;" therefore, narrowly correct the incipient inclinations, and whatever tends to excite them, ere they are confirmed, and the heart thus purified and guarded will become a perpetual spring of purity and joy.

## CHAPTER II.

"A youth rode forth from his childhood's home,  
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam;  
And the green leaves whispered as he passed,  
'Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?'"

HEMANS.

I am about to enter upon that part of my career which found me a cheerless wanderer, amid the heartless multitude in the busy world of strife; which though simple facts in themselves, I have faithfully recorded, with the hope they may prove useful to many parents and children. Should these incidents be the humble instruments of instruction to *one* of my readers, the writer will be gratified to think his time and labor have not been spent in vain.

My father, anxious to promote my welfare, procured a situation for me with a respectable farmer, about twelve miles from my native village, where I only remained a short time, as the gentleman had not sufficient employment for me. I had to return home, and was met with great coolness by my father, who strongly expressed his disbelief of my statements and the cause of my dismissal; conduct which had an unfortunate effect on my mind, as it only irritated and widened old wounds. In the spring of 1819, I was again put out to service, at some distance from home, in a family remarkably punctilious in the external forms of religion, whilst like the Pharisees, they were ignorant of the true principles of Christian piety. Among other things, they insisted upon the punctual attendance of their dependents at the house of God—a request congenial to my feelings, and which I willingly complied with. Yet in spite of their utmost care to maintain the semblance of sanc-

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Discontented state of the Author's Mind.

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tity, they were at times the victims of ungovernable rage, and on the most trifling occasion, my employer would assail me with ebullitions of his wrath. My utmost efforts were ineffectual to save his harsh and severe censure, which in most cases were wholly undeserved.

It is not, therefore, surprising that I soon became discontented and unhappy; and yet I dare not complain. There were none to whom I could confide the feelings of my swelling heart, for at home no sympathy awaited me, and the coolness and anger with which my complaints were treated, necessarily compelled me to lock up my sorrows in my own wretched bosom. I often sighed and wished my own dear mother had lived; but she, alas! was cold in death, and I had no comforter.

My situation, instead of improving, daily became more odious and unpleasant. My tyrannical employer would swear and threaten me, as if an evil spirit possessed him, and it seemed to my tried feelings as if the lot of a galley-slave were preferable compared to mine. For a while I bore with this treatment without resenting, but at length I became careless and negligent, in hopes it would oblige him to dismiss me; and the plan finally proved successful. One morning, being sent to take care of the sheep, I loitered so long by the way, his patience was utterly exhausted, and a dreadful volley of abuse greeted my return. After running over his entire stock of choice oaths and blasphemies, he threatened to "kick me over a ten foot wall," which, though rather a difficult matter, had he accomplished it, might have prevented much subsequent trouble, provided we had each kept on our respective sides. To this tirade I made no reply, until he ordered me into the house to receive my discharge, a mandate to which I at once expressed ready acquiescence, and promised to obey to the letter. This unlooked for promptitude rather molli-

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Reflections on a fault of Parents.

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fied his tone, and he began to temporise; but I utterly repudiated all offers of reconciliation, and resolved to go any where rather than remain with him, or return home. This circumstance stands out prominently among the many adverse events that formed my character and influenced my fate. It shows the necessity of a perfect acquaintance with the *real* disposition of the employer, before a parent places a child beneath their charge — a precaution, through inadvertency, but too often neglected.

Now it was, that the unhappy coolness between my parents and myself began to produce dark and deleterious results — distressing to them, and especially ruinous to me. As home offered me no prospect of happiness, I resolved to gratify my disposition for wandering, and as my way led through a portion of the village, I reposed the remainder of the day in a dry ditch. Fatigue overcame my fear of discovery, and I slept soundly, oblivious to a severe drenching from a heavy shower of rain, which fell in the course of the afternoon. Towards night I resumed my journey, and meeting a shepherd boy who was acquainted with the family, requested him to inform them I had left my situation and went on my way to a distant town to seek another.

I had turned my steps towards Boston, where, on arriving, I sought a tavern frequented by my father's neighbors, but as there chanced to be several well known countenances present, when I looked in, I quickly retired, and spent the night at the Dolphin, in a more retired locality. Next morning, at an early hour, I continued my way to Spillsby, which I reached the same evening, and made an engagement with a drover, I accidentally encountered, to accompany him to a certain fair, from whence I was to assist him to drive a herd of cattle to Horncastle. Happening, on our way, to stop at a hotel for refreshments, the landlord hired me to become his groom, after I should

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A new Master.

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return from Horncastle. Arrived there after a hard day's travel, and the cattle safely housed, the drover refused me any compensation, and even went so far as to pretend I was an utter stranger to him. Such was one of my first lessons in the school of experience, and knowledge of man's ingratitude, a dear bought lesson in the sorrows and perplexities of life, which leaves more practical benefit than many lectures from disinterested friends.

I left Horncastle in the morning and returned to fulfill my engagement with the tavern keeper, who received me well, and installed me in my office, with strict injunctions to be faithful in my various duties. Anxious to please, I exerted myself to the utmost to give satisfaction; but the effort was fruitless, for it was soon evident my employer was one of those dis-tempered minded individuals it was impossible to please, and who never long retained a domestic in his employ. My condition was miserable, that of a mere drudge, doomed to unceasing toil, to whom even the rest of the sabbath was denied; as on that sacred day I had to take a horse four miles for a clergyman, and return on foot before breakfast. In the evening I was required to walk over to bring him back; nor was my food either sufficient or good; it consisted of half boiled meat, coarse, doughy bread, and so mingled with coal that it always appeared to me as if it were stirred with a paddle stick and thrown on the ash heap to cook in the sun. The want of proper nourishment, coupled with the cruel abuse perpetually lavished upon me, made my life intolerable, and I determined, if possible, to obtain some redress before I made another change.

With this view, one morning, after enduring a volley of unmerciful recrimination, I called on a neighboring clergyman, who was also a magistrate. Unfortunately he was absent, or, I afterwards learned, he would have assisted me, as he had long been aware

of my employer's brutal nature. I appealed to another justice, a gentleman of high rank, one of those self-sufficient persons who never forget the wide difference that separates him from his poorer brethren, whose service he accepts as a rightful homage, and makes you feel a kind of serfdom in your very generosity. Instead of assisting me, he indignantly expressed his surprise that a boy of my age should have the presumption to prosecute a man, whose superior influence would *crush* me, in defiance of all I could say or do. He continued, "I strongly suspect that you are as deep in the mud as your master is in the mire; you had better go home, and tell him to get a stick, and give you a good flogging."

This mode of law-giving was by no means agreeable to my feelings; but I had no alternative but to submit in patience, for I was a poor defenseless boy; whilst station is power, and wealth is power, and he who has neither is a slave.

I should have left this tyrant of an innkeeper at once, had it not been for a mutual obligation on either side to a month's notice, and I accordingly informed him that I should leave at the end of a month. To do him justice, I ought to add, he appeared annoyed, but whether it was sincere or counterfeit, I had no means to ascertain.

One day, whilst engaged in my usual employment, a boy came and questioned me in such a manner about my home and friends, as to show him to be acquainted with my history. He informed me that a gentleman in the neighborhood intended to write to my father, and it was probable he would come and fetch me home. To prevent this, I promised to write myself, which I did, and gave a circumstantial account of my proceedings, concluding with a promise to return home as soon as my term of hire should expire.

This discovery of my situation was perfectly accidental, or it might more properly be termed provi-



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Affliction of my Father.

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dential. The reader may remember of my message sent by the shepherd boy, on my road to Boston, which, however, did not reach my father for a considerable time afterwards. It fell upon him as an afflictive stroke; he immediately visited the gentleman whose service I had left, to learn the truth, and when the tidings were there confirmed, sharp and conscience-stricken indeed were his reflections. He thought of my youth — my want of experience — my danger, wandering, for ought he knew, exposed to cold and hunger, a ready prey to the wiles of sharpers, and the allurements of vice. He trembled for my safety, and in the silent hours of the night, when sleep had deserted his pillow, visions of his lost son ingulfed in misery haunted his imagination, and many a fervent prayer did he offer up for my preservation. Little do self-willed, prodigal children know the anguish they cause, when yielding to the impulses of their uncurbed inclinations, and solemn will be the account they will one day have to give.

Every effort to obtain intelligence of me was unavailing, until the subject was accidentally mentioned, one day, at a party in the neighborhood, and a gentleman from the place where I lived observed a boy answering the description was in the employ of Mr. H., as groom, which led to my discovery.

After my father had heard from me, he sent twice, by two gentlemen, to ascertain my necessities, and importune me to come home; but, obstinately bent on taking my own way, I resisted every entreaty, and after leaving Mr. H., engaged myself as day-laborer in the suburbs of the town. In this mean occupation I remained some time; but wages being low and labor scarce, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could obtain a bare subsistence, one of the practical results emanating from the so-called *glorious* constitution of Great Britain, which pampers the rich, and leaves the poor to starve or die; consequently I left the

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Tries to Enlist.

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place with the determination to offer myself as a soldier, another of those delusive chimeras, a varnished snare to beguile the unwary to misery and ruin, and an unprincipled instrument in the hands of monarchs, by which they enslave one portion of their subjects to trample down the remainder. To such temptations and pit falls are rebellious children exposed, who violate the ties of nature, and lacerate the parental affections.

Bent on my idle purpose, I started for Horncastle, where I found a recruiting party, belonging to the second regiment of Life Guards; but they rejected me as too short; however, nothing daunted, and infatuated, like hundreds of others, into the absurd idea, a military life was a bed of roses instead of one of slavish degradation, I resolved not to be disappointed, and started for Lincoln, a town some miles distant. The weather being severe and stormy, I found traveling unpleasant and difficult, yet I pursued my way with a resolution befitting a better cause, along a road in some places literally lined with partridges and pheasants, so tame as to be easily caught, had not the iron arm of the law defended them with the strongest penalties.

At Lincoln I offered myself to a party of the 33d regiment of infantry, and was again refused for the same reason. These defeats of my hopes rendered me exceedingly dispirited; I became the victim of despair, as poverty, with its attendant horrors, stared me in the face, and a busy crowd of ghastly images hurried through my heated brain. I thought of my folly and obstinacy, of my discontent and disobedience, until conscience lashed me with a whip of scorpions. Home never appeared so delightful; and whilst these softening influences flitted across my memory, I resolved I would, like the prodigal, "arise and go to my father." With a heavy heart, and bowed down by shame, I turned my steps towards my fa-



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Another Hard Master.

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ther's house, where I arrived the next sabbath afternoon, and was received with wide and open arms. I was the lost son happily and unexpectedly restored, and in the fullness of parental affection, all my backslidings and short comings were forgiven. Would that the mourning I witnessed over my follies had left a lasting impression, and produced an abiding submission; but stubbornness is the characteristic of youth, and in "mellow years" how severely do we weigh the retrospect of our early days. During the few months that I remained at home, nothing occurred to mar my peace, or disturb the harmony of our now happy family.

The following summer a gentleman in an adjoining town applied to my father for my services, and with the full consent of my parents I entered his employment, hoping to meet with better success than at my former places. But adverse fortune seemed always to attend my steps, and fill my way with thorns. My employer, though a professing Christian, was tyrannical and cruel, and twice during my stay he whipped me in a severe and unjust manner. Oblivious of the past, and the bitterness I had undergone, I determined, in the heat of my passion, to run away and roam again at large over the country; a silly determination, for I ought to have complained to my parents, and awaited their decision.

In the month of September my master was taken sick, which gave me a fine opportunity to decamp. Happening to meet an old acquaintance, who was going to Stamford to join a military corps, I related to him the history of my wrongs, and it required but little persuasion to induce me to accompany him. As I returned to the house for clothes, I met my brother Thomas, who had come to visit me; but determined not to be baffled, I invented an excuse for not receiving him, and joining my thoughtless companion, we set out together

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Runs Away.A Bad Companion.

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Thus, a second time I threw myself away, and rushed upon unknown and impenetrable evils, which as "wiles of the devil" urged me on to the brink of a hideous precipice. When I review this period of my life and reflect upon my present condition, what cause have I to glorify him who caused me to escape the "snare of the fowler," and has taught me to repose on the bosom of Jesus.

After a day of hard travel we stopped at a tavern, where I learned with astonishment that my companion was penniless. To meet our expenses I had to sell my watch, and before we reached Stamford my last shilling was changed to gratify his intemperance. As all good impulses were not quite extinguished, I feared the contaminating influence of his example, and accordingly left him, to find myself once more a lone stranger, amid a population whose hardened sympathies were not easily awakened by the language of distress or the tear of sorrow. Finding a regiment of soldiers in the place, I offered myself as a recruit, but with the same unsuccessful result. Necessity now compelled me to sell every article of clothing which could with decency be dispensed with, and with the avails I started with a lad similarly situated, to travel wherever fortune or Providence might direct. Our money was soon exhausted, and being unable to obtain employment, we were obliged to throw ourselves for support, on public charity. The idea of being common beggars, exposed to the curses of those to whom we might apply for aid, was extremely galling, and we could hardly bring ourselves to the attempt; but finally the calls of hunger became so loud and vociferous, that, throwing diffidence aside, we presented ourselves at the door of a wealthy farmer, and in piteous tones told our sorrowful tale. His heart, rendered hard by familiarity with distressed objects, refused to be melted, and in harsh language he ordered us away. Disappointed and rebuffed, we continued

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D.stressed Condition.

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our weary way, and in all probability would have sunk with exhaustion, had not my companion fortunately found a relation who resided in that part of the country. From her we obtained *a mere morsel*, as she was any thing but a cheerful giver, and thus recruited we felt fresh vigor to continue our task.

We arrived that night at Sleaford, a populous town, ornamented with elegant modern buildings, and ancient edifices, the remains of Gothic splendor, and beautified with the most delightful of nature's productions. But alas! all was gloomy and uninteresting; for out of the numerous dwellings, not one afforded me a shelter, nor out of the prolific stores of food it contained, not one particle was offered to meet my wants. I felt solitary among the hundreds who flocked the streets, and I sighed for my home, and the congenial sensibility of friends. After some consultation, we concluded to seek shelter in a tavern, but conscious we could not pay our reckoning, and unwilling to cheat, we retired supperless to bed. Great as was our fatigue, we were unable to rest, and were astir with the earliest beams of the morning sun. We arose and descended the stairs with great trepidation; but to our relief, none except domestics were below. Bidding them prepare our breakfast whilst we took a short walk, we left the house not to return, and thus cheated them out of their due for our lodgings. This was a dishonorable act, and one which I can only think of with shame; yet we had no other alternative, and the necessity must in this case excuse the deed. Fortunately my companion discovered another of his acquaintances, who resided at Sleaford, from whom we obtained a hearty meal.

We next directed our steps to Lincoln, begging our support by the way, and as it was late in the evening when we arrived, we formed the same nefarious scheme to obtain a lodging as on the previous night.

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Returns Home.

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This time we were not so successful; for, on leaving in the morning, we were pursued by some of the family, and severely reprehended for our dishonesty.

We were now completely discouraged; our hearts sank within us, and we talked about our homes and their comforts, until we were overwhelmed with grief, and mortified for our folly. Seeing no way to prosper, we agreed to go back to our parents, and with aching hearts and weary limbs, we commenced our homeward journey in gloomy silence, our sorrows too big for utterance. On our way I hired myself to a gentleman who in pity satisfied our hunger, and I agreed to return on Monday of the following week, after seeing my parents. He gave me a shilling as *earnest* money, upon which we contrived to subsist the remainder of the road. When near my father's house my companion left me, and I have never seen him since.

Left alone, I retired to a solitary spot, where in happier days I had indulged in many a flight of flowery fancy, but now dejection sat on my brow and sorrow brooded like a funeral pall about my struggling soul. The solemn stillness of nature accorded with my feelings, and seemed to offer a sympathy to my lacerated mind I vainly sought among my kindred. Here I stayed until my brother Thomas disturbed my reveries, and his presence went far to soothe me, till he mentioned how highly incensed my father was by my rebellious conduct. I wept and trembled, and bitterly and keenly did I regret the fatal step I had taken in leaving my last situation. And, when at length I ventured to appear before my father, he treated me with repulsive coldness, talking seriously and severely to me, as he gave me strict injunctions regarding my future conduct, which I humbly promised implicitly to obey.

This was on the sabbath, and I had promised to return to my new employer on the morrow. So I

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The Reception.

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told my father of my engagement, and expressed my desire to fulfill it, to which he angrily replied —

“ You may go, and I wish you would never come back again. I don’t want to see you any more. I do not care where you go, nor what becomes of you.”

This harsh reply stung me to the quick. It fell upon me like the bursting of a thunder cloud, and nothing I could say or do would either remove his anger or propitiate his favor. I wished for the hour of separation as one longs for an escape from prison, and I thought if I could once more manage to accomplish my flight, should I fail to obtain domestic service, I would become either a soldier or sailor; or indeed *anything* rather than return home again.

Early next morning, Mr. Ingraham, an aged gentleman, visited me, who reasoned and counseled me like a tender parent, and informed me, for my encouragement, that my father intended to settle me in some way in business, as soon as my age and experience should authorize the step. To this advice he added a trifling sum of money as he left me, softened in heart, to reflect on his kindness; but the good effect of the interview was entirely annihilated by my father’s cold, repulsive manner, which chilled up my heart. He was about to leave home, and without one word, or even a look, he passed me, and though I gazed after his receding form in hopes he would turn and give a last nod of recognition, he disappeared from view and I *never* saw him more.

This was decidedly wrong, and my dear father should have known human nature better. I was really penitent, and a kind word might have won my affections and obedience, but his coolness quenched the embryo sensibilities and drove me to foolish thoughts of revenge. I secretly vowed never to trouble him again, and though I have no doubt his motives were pure, that he thought severity of manner was necessary, because I had abused his former leniency, he

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An Appeal to the Young.

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committed an error of judgment, which caused me much pain and plunged me into a sea of trouble.

Young readers, have you parents? If so, remember your paramount duty is—*obedience to their righteous wishes*. They are the authors of your being, and under God the means of your preservation from helpless infancy until now, and is not your love due in return? can not they justly claim a degree of affection from you, no other human being can ask? and how dare you, then, live in daily opposition to their will? During your minority they stand to you in the place of God; and rebellion against their wishes is considered in the good old book to be rebellion against God. You can not, therefore expect to possess the smile of the Deity until you obey the injunction, “Children, obey your parents in the Lord.”—See Col. iii, 20; Eph. vi, 4; Matt. xv, 4; and Ex. xx, 12.

Disobedience to parents and sabbath breaking are the most fruitful sources of wretchedness and misery. The greater number of those who come to an untimely end, confess that such violations of sacred obligations were the principal causes of their ruin, and these sins raised the flood gates, and let in streams of vices, which drowned their souls in crime and ignominy. Reader, art thou guilty? Beware, and take warning! Humble thyself and repent, lest thou be lost forever; and from such a fearful fate may God save thee.

But to return to my narrative. After breakfast, my mother-in-law informed me of her intention to accompany me as far as Boston, and I took an affectionate farewell of every member of the family, especially of my brother Thomas, whom I told that “I should not see any of them for ten years at least”—a prediction but too truly fulfilled! At length, amid their tears and prayers, I quitted the endeared circle; but oh! what were my emotions, I can not describe



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Strength of Maternal Love.

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them! My trembling heart sunk within me, and I gave vent to my agonized feelings in deepest sorrow, as I looked back on my home for the *last* time.

My mother-in-law improved the opportunity offered by our walk in giving me the best advice in her power, and upon our arrival she purchased me a new suit of clothes; then conducting me to the church yard, she in solitude, amid the mansions of the dead, took a last farewell of the wayward boy, which is still impressed on my heart. There, in that sacred spot, she impressed the last warm kiss of love on my burning cheek; there I received her parting embrace; and heard her last words. Even now, they float on my ear, and there was a holy sweetness in her expression of "Farewell, my son, be a good boy," that has ever operated like a charm on my soul, no change of time has obliterated. Could I reward her for the love and kindness she showed me in this, my never-forgotten affliction, how gladly would I seize the precious opportunity, and tender my willing services at her feet; for if such were her feelings, what would have been those of my own precious mother, had she lived? Who can fathom the depths of a mother's love? It transcends all other attachments, in strength, purity, and duration. One of our finest female poets thus strongly illustrates those remarks in one of her best productions:

" There is none  
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within  
A mother's heart. It is but pride, wherewith  
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,  
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks  
The bright, glad creature, springing in his path,  
But as the heir of his great name, the young  
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long  
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!  
This is *man's* love! What marvel! You ne'er made  
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,  
While to the fullness of your heart's glad heavings

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A lonely Walk.

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His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair  
Waved softly to your breast! *You* ne'er kept watch  
Beside him till the last pale star had set,  
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph, broke  
On your dim, weary eye; not *yours* the face  
Which early faded, through fond care of him,  
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's light,  
Was there to greet his wakening! *You* ne'er smoothed  
His couch; ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,  
Caught his last whisper, when his voice from *yours*  
Had learned soft utterance, pressed your lips to his  
When fever parched it, hushed his wayward cries  
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love.  
No! these are *woman's* tasks. In these her youth,  
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,  
Steal from her all unmarked."

After my mother-in-law left me, I pursued my way with diligence, though deeply afflicted by my recent, and as I determined, final separation from home. But the sprightliness and buoyancy of youth soon triumphed over my dejection. The country through which I passed was surprisingly beautiful, presenting a richness of scenery rarely equaled. Beautiful lawns, skirted with ancient oaks, the pride of Britain, and which formed her bulwarks afloat, until American enterprise and American skill robbed her of her vaunted laurels, the art of ship building; wide arching elms, under whose sheltering foliage the bounding deer and timid fawns sought refuge, and splendid mansions, the abode of titled selfishness, with gardens and shrubberies — all lay stretched out before me, whilst my path lay along the banks of the quiet, lovely Witham. I felt the influence of the scene, and I traveled cheerfully along, employing my mind in the formation of plans for the regulation of my future conduct, and splendid day-dreams, which, like a child's soap bubbles, are only blown to break in the air. But life has many soap bubbles.

Early in the evening I arrived at the place of my destination, and was kindly received by the gentleman



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An Old Scold.

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who had employed me, and he initiated me into the duties of my new station. My master I found to be single, respectable and temperate. His family consisted of himself and housekeeper, a very fine woman, whom I soon loved and esteemed as a mother. I now believed I should be happy, and contented to spend many years in so pleasant and favorable a situation; but alas! how delusive are all earth-born hopes. An unexpected occurrence dashed the cup from my lips, blasted my dawning prospects, and threw me once more, an unhappy wanderer, upon the wide world.

The circumstance to which I allude was the visit of my master's mother, a most unhappy tempered woman, and a most tremendous scold. She had no sooner arrived than she commenced her *well*, or rather *ill* confirmed habit of finding fault, and scolding all who came in her way, and her harassing strains, commencing with the morning, only ceased with the day. As she lived only a short distance from her son's house, it devolved on me to accompany her back in the evening, which she regularly improved to pour out a volley of abuse on my unoffending head, in phrases the most unmerciful that ever disgraced female lips. I was always happy to reach her door to be rid of her hateful company, and on my homeward road I had the comfortable reflection, she did not escape a portion of the misery she inflicted on others, by the possession of so vile a disposition.

The amiable woman who was our housekeeper, unable to endure these ebullitions of her wretched temper, gave up her situation, and her place was immediately supplied by another, the very reverse in disposition, and the counterpart of the old termagant. She, from some cause or other, conceived a great dislike to me, and poured all kinds of complaints into her employer's ears, who believed the whole on her bare assertion, and one sabbath morning, calling me

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Wanders about Distressed and Homeless.

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to him, gave me the paltry sum of one shilling for my six weeks' work, and told me I might consider myself dismissed from his service.

With this miserable pittance, I set out to the city of Lincoln, where I passed the night, and next day, after disposing of what clothing I could spare, turned my steps towards Doncaster, and from thence to Leeds in Yorkshire. This place afforded many interesting objects, which diverted my mind whilst my money held out, and of these the splendid cloth market was the most striking. It is probably the finest in the world, as Leeds itself is one of the most celebrated towns in England, or perhaps in Europe, for woolen manufacturies. The mode of doing business is perhaps peculiar to this market. "At six o'clock in summer, and about seven in winter, the market bell rings; upon which, in a few minutes, without hurry, noise, or the least disorder, the whole market is filled, all the benches covered with cloth, as close to one another as the pieces can lie lengthwise, each proprietor standing behind his own piece. As soon as the bell has ceased to ring, the factors and buyers of all sorts enter the hall, and walk up or down as their occasions direct. When they have fixed upon their cloth, they lean over to the clothier, and by a whisper, in the fewest words imaginable, the price is stated. One asks, the other bids, and they agree or disagree in a moment. In little more than an hour, all the business is done; fifty to a hundred thousand dollars worth of cloth, and sometimes more, is bought and sold in a whisper only; the laws of the market, here, being more strictly observed than in any place in England."

During my stay, I was indefatigable in my efforts to obtain employment; but in vain. My position was becoming exceedingly painful, as winter was drawing on rapidly, and to be exposed moneyless and friendless, to its inclemencies, foreboded much suffering, if

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A Disappointed Recruit.

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not death. In hopes to alleviate my situation, I went to Barnsley and Wakefield, two noted towns, where I obtained a day or two's occupation, but as the *fair* was about to commence at Leeds, I returned thither, trusting amid that scene of bustle and excitement to find something to do. A number of days passed in fruitless search, during which time I drew my subsistence from the meagre gifts of charity, and seeing no other prospect of escape from starvation, I resolved once more to try my fortune at enlistment; not from choice, but stern necessity. The greater portion of those who constitute Britain's vast armies, are men who enter her service either through disappointment or want, and the suffering, and galling tyranny they are destined afterwards to endure at the hands of ignorant despots, "dressed in a little brief authority," goads them on to a course of conduct which casts an obloquy on the name of soldier. Thus England fills her battalions, and thus she rewards those she is pleased jocosely to term her brave defenders.

Finding a sergeant of the 33d regiment, I enlisted for the 6th regiment, then lying at Leeds, and upon being brought before the colonel, passed the standard; but on being more narrowly scrutinized, was pronounced unfit for service, being half an inch shorter than the height required by law. The colonel gayly remarked on my rejection:

"My lad, if you wish to be a soldier, go home and grow a little more, and then we will take you."

Vexed and annoyed, I wandered on to York, celebrated for the splendor of its cathedral, founded on the ruins of the temple of the heathen goddess Bellona, and which is considered the most elegant and magnificent Gothic structure in the United Kingdom. Thence to the next town, where I found the populace in much tumult and disorder, engaged in burning the reigning king (George IV) in effigy, whose cruelty and baseness towards his wife had drawn upon him

## A Disappointed Recruit.

## An Engagement.

the odium and contempt not only of his own subjects, but of every feeling and enlightened man. At the tavern where I put up, I learned a recruiting sergeant was stationed there for the night, upon which I resolved once more to try my chance of becoming a soldier, as my situation was truly deplorable. Few of my clothes remained, and I was wholly destitute of money.

I retired to bed, faint, weary, and supperless, and next morning, determined this time not to be too short, I procured a quantity of paper, which I laid in folds upon the soles of my feet, under the stockings, ere I underwent the dread ordeal. I placed myself beneath the standard; my height seemed sufficient, and the sergeant was about to pass, when he asked me with a look that bespoke experience in this mode of deception:

“Are your stockings thick?”

“No, sir,” said I, as a blush of conscious guilt tinged my pale cheek.

Dissatisfied with my denial, he proceeded to examine my feet with as much care as if he expected to catch some foul disorder, and my contrivance was of course soon discovered. He dismissed me with a severe reprimand, which taught me to be cautious of using paper to increase my height, and made me feel deeply ashamed of my low and guilty cunning. Pursuing my way, I entered a tavern to solicit a little food, when a gentleman who happened to be there, perceiving my destitution, and pitying my condition, relieved my present necessities.

“Young man,” said he, “I’m in want of a substitute to serve in the militia. Should you like, for a fair compensation, to undertake to serve?”

“Yes, sir, most cheerfully,” I eagerly replied, pleased with the prospect of employment.

“What compensation should you require?” he inquired.

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An Engagement.

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“Whatever you please to give, sir,” said I.

“Well,” said he, “I will give you £4 (20 dollars) if you will serve as my substitute for five years in the North York militia.”

“Agreed,” I answered, my eyes sparkling with delight at the prospect of possessing such a sum of money.

Accordingly he took me home and hired my board until the meeting of the staff for “swearing in,” or receiving the oath of such as were drafted for the militia. I took the usual oath, and was duly enlisted, when the gentleman being freed from all responsibility, refused to pay me more than £2, promising the remainder when the regiment met for duty. As this period was very uncertain, I took the money he offered, and, vexed with his dishonorable conduct, determined never to meet, or do military duty for him, but to set off to a distant part of the country. This of course was wrong, because one dishonest act can never make another right, and the sin one man commits does not justify that of another, although he may be a sufferer by the wrong. Better to suffer than do wrong.

The method pursued in England with the militia is different from that of America; there only a given number is drafted from each town, and assemble one month in the year for instruction in military duty. During this term they are supplied with a suit of regimentals, gun and equipments, by government, which are returned at the close of the month’s service. In times of peace, however, the militia is seldom or ever called out, though regularly drafted.

Next morning I left the gentleman and militia behind, and took the stage for London. At Stamford I left that conveyance, and pursued my way on foot to Huntingdon, where, falling in company with a young man who had recently visited the metropolis; he dissuaded me from going thither, and convinced me that

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A Recruiting Sergeant.

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my inexperience would expose me to great danger from the vice and temptations abounding in that great laboratory of *virtue and crime*.

Changing my tactics through the advice of this new friend, my vacillating steps were directed towards Coventry. Here I arrived after a few days' travel, destitute, melancholy, and wretched. My first effort was to enlist, that I might obtain relief from my present sufferings, as I was then in happy ignorance of the abyss of misery into which this step would plunge me. Meeting with a friendly looking man, I inquired:

‘Is there a recruiting party in town, sir?’

‘Yes,’ he answered, ‘do you wish to find one?’

‘I do, I want to enlist,’ was my eager reply.

‘Well, come with me, and I’ll show you where the sergeant is quartered,’ said he, evidently pleased with the chance of conducting me to that functionary. He obtained a trifling bounty, I learned afterwards, for securing me as a recruit.

The sergeant to whom he introduced me, after asking me some questions, gave me some refreshment, and procured me a lodging, promising to see to my enlistment in the morning. Having ascertained my height by the military standard, he told me I was too short for every regiment but one, which was the 60th Rifle corps; but with many flaming descriptions of a soldier’s life, he urged me to enlist in it, stating the regiment was in America, and the recruits would be sent out at the earliest opportunity. This information settled the question; here was an opportunity to visit the country I had heard and read so much of, and which had interested my mind so intensely for several years.

Being pronounced fit for service, the sergeant conducted me to the officer appointed to administer the oath of allegiance.

‘How long will you serve?’ inquired this gentleman.



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Becomes a Soldier

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"For seven years, sir," I replied.

"We do not receive any for that time; you must say either fourteen years or life," said he.

"I will serve for life then, sir," I returned.

The oath was accordingly administered and sealed, and thus, at the early age of fifteen, on the 6th of December, 1820, I become a soldier for life in his Britannic Majesty's 60th Rifle corps, a rash and foolish step, especially *enlisting for life*, when I might have bound myself for a less term; but various reasons may be pleaded in excuse for this rashness, though none to justify it. My youth, being then a mere boy, may offer some extenuation; then, my lofty and romantic ideas of a soldier's life; yet, what probably influenced me more than all was my obstinate determination never to return home. My father's last words, "I care not what becomes of you," still rang in my ears, and whenever these cruel words crossed my memory, they always hardened my rising sensibilities, and determined me to remain away at all hazards.

It is hoped the reader will throw the mantle of forbearance over these juvenile indiscretions, so candidly developed in the preceding pages, and only make that use of them for which their publication is designed. Like the industrious bee, gathering sustenance from the humblest field flowers, he may gain lessons of wisdom from the incidents of my boyhood; and if he be a parent, he may learn the almost infinite importance of *right* discipline, and of beginning it at the earliest possible period. Lessons of obedience and religion should meet the child when he leaves the cradle, and attend him *all the way through* to manhood. These precepts should be enforced with judgment, and mild firmness; not with harshness; for it is possible that gentleness on the part of my dear father might have saved me many errors, that proceeded not from the *heart*. Let parents, then, study how to train

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An Appeal to the Young.

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their children for usefulness. If the reader be a discontented lad, he will have seen, and will also hereafter see, mirrored before him, the evils he may expect to suffer, if, yielding to the impulse of his mistaken views, he should follow my example, and rush like a foolish, unprotected lamb, from the fold of his father's house. Hunger and thirst, pain and weariness, disgrace and wretchedness, and sometimes ignominy and death, follow in the train of disobedience to parents. Let him beware and repent; seek pardon of his creator for his past misconduct; and, leaning on the bosom of Jesus, learn instruction from his sacred lips. Then will health, happiness and prosperity attend his steps on earth; and glory, honor, and immortality and eternal life, crown him in the world to come.

In reply to any reflections that may cross the mind of the peruser at this stage of the narrative, that *many* adventures are recorded for so young a man, the writer can only say, that he has strictly adhered to truth in all his statements.



### CHAPTER III.

I go, sweet friends! Yet think of me  
When spring's young voice awakes the flowers  
For we have wandered far and free,  
In those bright hours, the violet's hours "

I am now about to enter upon the history of a new era in my changeful life, and would that I were better able to describe the scenes through which, by God's providence, I have passed. My spirit rises in humble adoration and thanksgiving for his watchfulness and care over me in all my troubles, and with the shepherd poet I feel constrained to exclaim:

" Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

The batch of recruits to which I belonged remained in Coventry about ten days after I joined, to enable the sergeant to raise the requisite number before the detachment marched to head quarters. This time I spent in wandering about with my companions, and visiting various places of amusement and recreation. Of course our attention was attracted by the famous painting of " Peeping Tom," of which the following is the legend:

" Coventry is a city of Warwickshire, celebrated for its manufacture of silk ribbons, gauze and lute-strings. It has three fairs; one, the great show fair, held on Friday in Trinity week, owes its origin to a remote period of Saxon history. Leofric, Earl of Mercia, having imposed grievous taxes upon the citizens of Coventry, they earnestly importuned his wife, the lady Godiva, to beseech him to remit them, which he at length agreed to, on condition she would ride through the streets of the town unclad at mid-day. Humanity for the sufferers induced her to accede to

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March of the Recruits.

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the proposal, and the inhabitants being ordered, on pain of death, to keep within their dwellings and close the doors and windows, she fulfilled the engagement. One person, only, yielded to curiosity, and stole a glance at the countess. He was struck dead on the spot, and under the soubriquet of "Peeping Tom," his effigy is shown to this day in the wall of a building, at the corner of a street. To commemorate this event, at the great show fair, the mayor and corporation walk in procession through the town, accompanied by a female on horseback, clad in a linen dress, closely fitted to her limbs."

On some occasions my conscience upbraided me, in regard of my parents, and I felt anxious to inform them of my situation; but fearing they would take means to procure my discharge, I deferred writing from day to day. At last, by making their case my own, I wisely resolved to send a candid account of my wanderings and enlistment, requesting an immediate answer. Before a reply could arrive, we received orders to march, and I wrote again, informing them of the fact, and the place of our destination.

On the morning of our departure we were paraded by the officers, and asked if we had any cause for complaint. We answered, No! and one of the officers proceeded to give us some words of advice, which was highly necessary, with the inflated and visionary ideas we entertained of military life. Commanded by an experienced officer, we then began our march to the Isle of Wight, which was an easy journey, as we seldom marched over sixteen miles a day.

On our way, however, we met with various discouragements and disagreeables, arising chiefly from the unkindness of landlords, at whose taverns we were "*billeted*." To them the sight of a body of recruits was most abhorrent, as they were obliged, by the fiat of law, to lodge them, whether willing or not, and hence they generally treated them with neglect

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Bad Lodgings.

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and insult. We were sometimes put into beds, the mere sight of which would make the flesh of a decent man crawl, and according to the manner we were used, so we regulated our behavior. In those houses where we received civility, we conducted ourselves decorously, but where we met with the reverse, we practiced the law of retaliation by keeping up a noise like the hooting of owls, nor could threat or importunity hinder us from persevering in these disturbances, that kept our ungracious hosts awake until dawn released them from our obnoxious presence.

At one place, when the hour of rest arrived, we were directed to follow the landlord, which we cheerfully obeyed, judging from the neat appearance of the place to find comfortable beds. But the continued progress of our march soon revealed our mistake, and blasted our hopes, for after taking us through the back yard towards the stables, and by various windings, he finally brought us to an upper loft, connected with the out houses, where he left us with the following compliment:

“Gentlemen, take which bed you please.”

One looked at the other in dismay, and asked, is this the rate of value set on soldiers, that they are stabled like horses? A dim candle served to display the horrors of this worse than Newgate cell, in the same ratio, as the waning moon, partially obscured by scowling vapors, affords the traveler a glimpse of the dangers of his mountain path, illuminating with its feeble rays, the filthy scene around. The room, large and dirty, contained a number of heaps, which could hardly come under the appellation of beds, though such they were meant to be, of the very coarsest materials, and the extreme antipodes to clean. The walls, blackened with candle smoke, were ornamented with ghastly and obscene images, that reminded me more of the abode of beasts, or even the chambers of the pit, than a resting place for

rational men, and even had I been alone I should have felt ashamed of my situation. From the necessity of the case we were compelled to submit, and sleep as best we could; but in the morning we heaped up the bedding into one filthy pile, and left at an early hour. Our conduct on these occasions was not marked by wisdom, for it only served to increase the prejudice the innkeepers entertained against the military; whereas, peaceful submission would have been infinitely better, and more in conformity with true philosophy and religion. But we were neither philosophers nor Christians, qualities rarely inherent, either at our age or in our profession; although, with pleasure be it said, a few good and pious men may be found in the army.

Our route took us through the far-famed city of Oxford, so celebrated throughout the literary world for its University, and in the religious world as the place where many noble martyrs triumphantly "gave up the ghost," amid the scorching flames and cruel taunts of their bigoted persecutors. On the tenth day of the march we reached Southampton, a considerable seaport town, where the Soxon king, Canute the Great, is said to have administered the following just rebuke to his sycophantic courtiers:

"As Canute the Great, king of England, was walking on the sea shore at Southampton, accompanied by his courtiers, who offered him the grossest flattery, comparing him with the greatest heroes of antiquity, asserting such was his powers, that even the sea would obey him. The king ordered his chair to be placed on the beach, whilst the tide was rising, and sitting down with a majestic air, he thus addressed the ocean — 'Thou sea, that art a part of my dominions, the land whereon I sit is mine; — no one ever broke my commands with impunity; — I therefore charge thee to come no further upon my lands, and not presume to wet either my feet or my robe, who

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Arrival at Newport.

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am still thy sovereign.' But the sea rolled on as before, and without any respect for him, not only wet his robe, but likewise splashed upon his person; on which he rose, and addressed his attendants, upbraiding them for their ridiculous flattery, and judiciously expatiated on the narrow and limited power of the greatest monarch on earth."

"Flatterers who praise great men for their imaginary merit, lull them to sleep to their real miseries," thus ably described by the poet, who says:

'Alas! thy sweet, perfidious voice betrays  
His wanton ears, and with thy siren baits  
Thou wrapp'st his eyes in mist, then boldly lay'st  
Thy lethal gins with crystal gates.  
Thou lockest every sense with thy false keys,  
All willing prisoners to thy close deceits:  
His ear, most nimble where it deaf should be,  
His eye most blind, where most it ought to see  
And when his heart's most bound, then thinks himself most  
free."

From Southampton we were conveyed by water to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, and from thence we marched to the garrison, at Newfort, where we arrived late in the evening, and were conducted by the barrack-master to our quarters for the night. Early in the morning we were aroused from our quiet slumbers by the entrance of the same officer, full of rage, and beating reveille with an ungodly tongue, that might have outvied Satan himself. With dreadful imprecations, he threatened to confine us in the guard house if we were not ready for duty in fifteen minutes, and not long afterwards, this demon incarnate marched us before a board of officers, who, after inspecting us, consigned us to our respective squads, to be drilled into the discipline and duties of our new career. My eyes were soon opened to the grievous fallacy of the step I had taken, and the fact that a soldier's life is only one of abject drudgery, instead of the rosy

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Military Despotism.

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dreams of beautitude I had vainly pictured. Severe toil and hard duty constantly occupied us, and the plea of youth and inexperience was never accepted in lieu, or permitted as an excuse. For the information of the reader, I shall in the detail of my experience, endeavor to give as correct an idea as possible of a British soldier's life.

My first experience was in the initiatory school, where I was taught the first principles of the military art; and notwithstanding my ungracefulness and awkwardness at first, I was soon pronounced "fit for duty." These *schools* for military instruction are usually conducted by men of the most tyrannical disposition, whose unmerciful severity and haughty demeanor beget a determined hostility in the breasts of the defenceless scholars, and thus it was with those who instructed the party to which I belonged. The least deviation from the perfection of the evolution we were required to perform, was punished by these myrmidons in authority with the utmost severity; sometimes with even brutal ferocity, and in a manner totally repugnant to the proper discipline of the army, which, although severe, does not countenance oppression on the part of subalterns. But each regiment may be considered as a separate hierarchy, ruled at the caprice of the colonel, who, if a despot, can render every one's life miserable, and whose example is ably followed out in an exaggerated form by all the ignorant underlings his favor raises about the common herd. Were the treatment and favoritism of these functionaries fully and fairly known in the proper quarter, the British army would not probably be the inquisitorial bondage it is. Fear, however, seals the lips of the unhappy victims, who buoy themselves up with the hopes that some day they may have the power to inflict on others the torments they have endured.

But our troubles did not end here. To despotic

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Loose Morality of Soldiers.

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treatment was added the deprivation of many of the necessities, and all the comforts of ordinary existence. Our daily rations was one pound of bread, one pound of beef, boiled into soup, a pint of tea, and three or four potatoes — an allowance, had it been of good quality — which it was *not* — barely sufficient to sustain nature. Our bread was of the coarsest and poorest flour, and so dark colored that we nicknamed it “Brown Tommy;” its adhesive qualities were such, that if a piece was thrown against the wall it remained there, nor was the *measure* at all just, and as choicely dealt out as though the contents had been gold dust. So between short weight, measure, and bad quality, we came badly off, even if we had had the felicity of a change, instead of the same dish three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

As a consequence attending this meagre diet, some of the new recruits, unable to bear the privations of partial hunger, began to steal; whilst others, more mindful of their duty to God, bore their misfortunes in silence. Every article of clothing we could dispense with was sold to purchase food, and many who had never before suffered a passing thought to linger, now began to manifest anxiety in regard to the future, and applied to their parents for money or means to obtain their discharge, which, however, only a few achieved.

A very painful event occurred during our stay at Newport. A very respectable young married man, of apparently sober habits, brokenhearted by the wretchedness of his situation, wrote home to his parents to send him the means to buy his discharge, which they either could not or would not do, and in his extremity he was led to adopt a wicked plan. He slept in the same room with the pay sergeant, from whom he contrived to steal twenty pounds (\$100), the sum required for his discharge, which he enclosed in a letter to his father. His crime was soon discovered, for



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Punishment.

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the postmaster where he mailed the letter, feeling suspicious on seeing a letter with money from a soldier, made inquiries which led to the detection of the offender. He was imprisoned, tried by court martial, and sentenced to the cruel and ignominious punishment of *three hundred lashes* of the cat.

During his confinement, which had evidently for the time impaired his reason, he wrote an instrument in his own blood, in which he swore unhallowed allegiance and perpetual fraternity with the prince of darkness, provided he would enable him to escape his cruel sentence. This impious document was shown to the adjutant, who, after pondering a few moments over its mysterious contents, observed, laconically:

“If the devil is in him, we will *whip* him out”—an unfeeling remark, by the way, highly characteristic of British officers in general, who treat and act towards inferiors as if they are mere machines, made to minister to their will.

On the morning appointed for his sentence to be executed, about two thousand men were marched to the spot, and formed into a hollow square, four deep. Then the trembling culprit was brought out, stripped to the waist, and tied to a triangle, erected for the occasion. When the order to commence punishment was given, the troops expressed their sympathy for the offender by a deep and universal groan; and every blow that fell on his seared back found a response in the soldiers' hearts, whilst many turned their heads aside from the sickening sight. The bleeding and lacerated victim cried in loud and piercing accents for pardon, until the oft repeated blows created a death-like, morbid numbness of the flesh, and he became insensible to pain. At last he fainted from loss of blood, which trickled in streams from his wounds, and was conveyed from the scene of this brutality to the hospital.

This untoward event produced many alarming fears



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Carisbrook Castle.

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in my mind, and I trembled, lest, by some unfortunate act, I should expose myself to the chance of a similar punishment. Sometimes I thought I would beg my father to purchase my discharge; but the recollection of past trouble checked me, and I resolved to bear it all, consoling myself with the hope of better days, when I joined the regiment in Canada. Thus do we often look at present clouds through a rosy vista, only fated to vanish as we attempt to grasp them.

Another circumstance, also, stood much in our way of enjoyment. We were not permitted, on any account, to go beyond the sound of the drum, which was one mile in circumference, taking the barracks for the center of the circle. Beyond this limit we dare not venture, without exposing ourselves to be treated as deserters; which was seven hundred lashes, or imprisonment, with transportation for life. We had one specimen of this species of punishment, and numbers were in close confinement, awaiting their fate with an anxiety almost as painful as the chastisement itself. But notwithstanding all these warnings, I was once nearly involved in the same calamity.

One beautiful afternoon, as myself and some comrades were strolling in the vicinity of Newport, the sight of the majestic ruins of Carisbrook castle in the distance, produced a desire to visit its antiquated walls, which we understood from report to have been the place where the French prisoners were confined during the last war. Our desire to see the spot overcame our fears of punishment, and, regardless of military restrictions, we pursued our course until we arrived there, two miles from the garrison, and one beyond our prescribed limits. This fact prevented much enjoyment, as we were haunted by fears of the consequences; yet we surveyed the scenery without, and even attempted to gain admittance to the interior,

Carisbrook Castle.

Drumming Out.

having heard the fame of its magnificent architecture. We entered a narrow passage, and finding a gate open passed to a second, which was in a stupendous arch, and of no ordinary size or workmanship. Our united efforts to open it were unavailing, and, peeping through the crevices made by the mutilating finger of time, we could discover nothing but doors equally formidable with that which debarred our progress. Unable to admit ourselves, we tried to arouse the inmates, first by knocking gently, and by pulling lustily at a rope which was attached to a large door bell. No attention being paid to our summons, and growing impatient, especially as our time had almost expired, we gave a unanimous call for admission. Each soldier took a stone and struck the door with all the strength of his arm, which, with the ringing of the bell, reverberated with an astonishing noise along the vaulted roof of the building, with a deafening and terrific echo.

Alarmed at the noise we had created, and fearful that the inmates would become incensed against us for our boyish and unseemly conduct, we hastily retired to without the outer door, where we met with a grave, elderly gentleman, who justly and severely reprimanded us, threatening to send for a *picket guard* to arrest us. It was well for us we had reached the outside gate, else, by merely closing it, we should have been his prisoners, and then dearly would we have paid for our idle adventure. Fearful that he had already sent for the guard, we quickened our pace, and happily attained the prescribed limits in safety.

Some time after this we were called upon to witness another species of military punishment, which, though very mortifying to the sufferer, is less tainted with barbarity, viz: "drumming out." The culprit, placed between the ranks, and followed by the musicians, is conducted to the confines, where he is released from his military oaths, and left to follow his

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A letter from home.

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own course. This process is generally inflicted for theft and incorrigible profligacy; but many of our members would, however, have gladly exchanged situations with him, as it would have freed them from the many tyrannies to which they were exposed. To me, it would have been the greatest favor they could have conferred, for alas! I was only permitted in imagination to trace the road that led to my father's house, whilst the reality remained a dagger in my heart. Miserable prospect! a perpetuity of bondage, to cease only with the last breath of life; an insurmountable barrier between me and the social comforts of existence. But if my bed was thorny, I had made it myself, and had therefore no alternative but to submit with patience.

About this time I received an answer to the letters I had sent my father from Coventry, of which the following is a copy:

FRAMPTON, *January 1st, 1821.*

“ Dear Son

“ I have just received, by one post, both your letters sent from Coventry; and while I approve of your conduct in writing me concerning your situation, I can but lament your folly in leaving your place, of which I knew nothing until I received your letter, and your extreme rashness in entering upon a career so humiliating as a soldier's life — a life attended with intolerable hardships, and what is worse, with every species of profanity, lewdness and wickedness. I hope you will remember to keep yourself clear from these pernicious practices. You know, by this time, they are a swearing set; be sure you never join them in this respect. ‘Swear not at all.’ You are now beyond the reach of parental instruction, or at least protection; and your situation, together with the distance which does and will separate us, will undoubtedly create in future very serious anxiety for

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Sent to the Hospital.

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your welfare; and I hope your duty as a child, on this point, will be respectfully regarded. I would sincerely advise you to be good and dutiful to your superiors, submissive to all your officers, and respectful in your deportment; so that I may hear from and see you again in peace.

“Your affectionate father,

“WILLIAM LIGHTON.”

This letter paved the way for a regular correspondence, which, whilst it removed many fears from my mind, gave me hopes of better days.

Towards the spring of the year I had a slight fit of sickness, which originated in a cold taken one very wet night, whilst on duty, and although my symptoms were no ways alarming, I was sent to hospital, examined, and detained to undergo a course of medicine. According to custom, I was attired in the hospital uniform, consisting of a long loose robe, cap of white flannel, which gave me much the appearance of a candidate for the gallows; and indeed, had I escaped in this costume, the uninitiated would have thought, either the rope had failed to do its work, or, resuscitating, I had fled from the dead house to avoid the dissecting knife. Whilst in this place for twenty-one days, I underwent more discomfort than I had before experienced, for reduced from my ordinary short commons to a pint of gruel or rice per diem, was a deprivation that told sensibly on my system, and although towards the end of my probation the food was more substantial, it was doled out in homœopathic quantities. A letter from my father, containing a small sum of money, at this juncture, afforded me great relief, as it enabled me to obtain a few luxuries during the period of my convalescence.

My health being restored I returned to my usual duties and anxiously longed for the orders to sail for head quarters in America. This soon arrived; for

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Misery of a Soldier's Life.

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one detachment to hold itself in readiness to sail for Halifax, Nova Scotia, to join the second battalion of the corps stationed there. My comrade was drafted to that battalion, whilst I was destined for the first at Montreal, Lower Canada. Before parting we resolved to have a social evening together outside, for which we paid severely, for our absence was detected, and after being confined were ordered a fortnight knapsack drill; but fortunately for us in a few days the order arrived to embark. When my comrade left I declined further attendance, and the drill sergeant, probably supposing that I belonged to the same detachment, made no inquiry, and thus to my great joy terminated this irksome mode of punishment. Previous to embarkation, some of the most miserable and heartrending scenes imaginable were enacted, as many of the recruits were married men, whom the prevalence of distress among the lower class induced to enlist. Their faithful companions had voluntarily followed them, choosing rather the poverty and denial incident to military life, than an indefinite separation from beloved husbands, but as only a limited and specified number are allowed to accompany a regiment on station, the remainder are obliged to return to their homes.

This cruel command is always rigorously enforced, and young, virtuous women are *torn*, mid sobs and tears, from the eager embrace of devoted husbands. Even now, the shrill scream of the females, as with the keenest agony of heart they took their long, last, sad farewell, rings in my ears, and the distracted look of the father on his unconscious babes, he loved as a second self, whom he had to leave to griping poverty. The *soldier* melted into the *man*, nay, almost into the softhearted woman, and the feelings of the poor wife were ten times more acute, for in parting from her husband she left her all, her only stay in this life, her

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Their Destitution.

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sole alternative being to throw herself on her family, poor, like themselves.

How deplorable is the condition of a soldier's wife thus forced from her protector; the faint emblem of the father she retains in her child only serves to remind her of happiness for ever fled and creates a hopeless grief

That ends  
In misery, hopeless and profound

By and bye, she hears he is gone the way of all flesh, leaving her alone to cope with the cold world; her little ones become common beggars, and sometimes finish their career on the gallows, victims to the goading policy of maintaining a standing army. Such are and must be the results of a form of government which elevates hereditarily one individual over the mass, and fosters a supercilious, pampered aristocracy whose study is to amass wealth on the groans and sweat of those they term the lower class. This element composed of empty pride and corruption, breathes contamination and blight on the freshness of nature's noblemen; and until the democracy learn to assert their just rights by demanding a more equalizing code of legislature, it will be the misfortune of every nation, trampled down by monarchical rule and its attendant evil, a licentious soldiery, to grope along the thorny road of ignorance, poverty and vice.

The reader may ask was there no prospect of a reunion for these separate relatives? None, unless the wife by hard industry contrived to amass sufficient to pay her passage to the foreign land and purchase her husband's discharge, or else await with patience the return of the regiment; but it is seldom composed of the same men who leave their native shores; death makes large drafts upon them, and many a brave fellow leaves his bones to whiten far from the land of his birth



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An Adieu to Home

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Some of the soldiers, determined not to be separated, cut and maimed themselves so as to be unfit for service. Yet this did not always succeed; one young man of the guard charged with escorting the women to Cowes, among whom was his wife, asked leave to step aside, which being granted he secreted himself beneath an arch and resolutely cut off his thumb with a razor. He threw the detached member into a field and rejoined the party; but his condition was soon discovered by an officer who had him arrested and tried by court martial, which sentenced him to be *pioneer* for life; so that after his severe loss, he had still to suffer the grief of separation. What will that God say to the actors in these scenes whose law thunders, "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

At last the day of our embarkation came, which we hailed with delight, in hopes the change of circumstances would produce an alteration of our condition, and that better and brighter days were before us. Early in the morning we took an affectionate farewell of the associates we were to leave behind; many kind wishes were interchanged between us, and much good feeling manifested, each seeming to hope the others might prosper in the different parts of the globe we were to arrive in. It was truly an interesting moment of our lives.

The beating of drums called us from the last sad rites of friendship to the sterner duties of the march, and securing our knapsacks, well filled with clothing suited to the climate, we hurried to the parade ground, where, after due inspection, we marched towards Cowes, accompanied by part of the band playing its most lively airs. This is the philosophy of military tactics; for knowing how natural it is for men to feel sad on leaving their country for an unknown land, this method is taken to excite the *animal* of our nature to a high and joyous state. But music, though

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An Adieu to Home.

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it may soothe the mind, can not *cure* heart wounds, nor heal the gangrene of a festered spirit; home and its ties have too strong a charm to be broken by the roll of drums.

Whilst waiting on the shore for the boats to convey us to the ship I employed the time in reviewing the checkered and diversified past—in reflections on the troubles I had experienced since I quitted home. My emotions were such that I could fain have kissed the soil on which I stood; I felt reluctant to leave the never forgotten shores of old Albion. As I stepped heavily into the frail bark, I offered a silent prayer for myself and friends.

Who, I ask, can resist deep dejection as he utters the last sad farewell to those most dear on earth, when he parts to struggle with stern necessity, probably to meet no more on earth. A blank pervades the scene, that makes one realize the bitterness of the truth, that in future his way must be alone without one to smile on or sympathize with him in his distant home. He feels solitary, for if by a rare chance he meets with any who would be friends they are but second rate, selfish and formal in their views and form but poor substitutes for those bound by the claims of consanguinity, partners of our daily joys and sorrows. Like the stricken exile, he feels shut out from the circle wherein radiates all that is good and beautiful to him.

As we arrived on board we were sent below to prevent escape or confusion, and the next day having a fair wind we weighed anchor and set sail May 22d, 1821, soon leaving far behind us the beautiful and romantic shores of the Isle of Wight. As the land faded in the distance it assumed the appearance of an indistinct mass of matter interesting only from the fact that it was our native country.

O England ! *my home*, thy scenes I love well;  
Home where contentment and happiness dwell :



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An Adieu to Home.

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Home, where my infantile weakness was nursed,  
The place where my parents saluted me first.  
Though thy hills may be hid beyond the great deep,  
And the Atlantic billows between us do sweep,  
Thou'rt the home of my fathers, the place of my birth  
And more precious to me than the wealth of the earth

Home! there's a magical spell in thy name;  
Wherever I wander, thy scenes I retain;  
O, ne'er may the bliss that twines round thee depart;  
Thou home of my fathers, thou joy of my heart!  
Farewell to the shores of my dear native home,  
Farewell, for I leave—perhaps ne'er to return.  
Dear parents, adieu! ye friends I love well  
I sighingly bid you a painful farewell!

## CHAPTER IV.

“ Where are sweet eyes of love  
Watching for me?  
Where, o’er the cabin roof  
Waves the green tree?  
Where speaks the vesper chime  
Still of a holy time?  
Far o’er the sea.

MEMANS.

The wind continued in our favor; and, spreading every sail to catch the propitious breeze, we made rapid progress. This lightened up each countenance, filled desponding hearts with gladness, and gradually dissipated the gloom which leaving our native country had at first generally occasioned. The natural buoyancy of spirits returned, and we were as sportive as the young dolphins that gamboled on the curling waves; bright anticipations of a prosperous voyage, and pleasurable results in the new world, filled our thoughts, and excited our over sanguine imaginations.

But man is inconsistent in his calculations; in the hour of success he forgets that his circumstances are as fickle as the wind, and how slight a turn of the balance influences his destiny; that there is a superior being who rules the storm, makes the calm, and regulates the minutest affairs of human life. To teach this truth, God often sees it to be necessary to reverse his prospects, to overturn his fairy hopes into the dust, and instruct him by severe lessons in the instability of every thing besides himself. Thus it was with us; for, joyous in the fine breeze, we thought of little else; our hearts went not to God; we foreboded no coming storms.

But the tempest did come, and a fearful one it was.

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The Storm.

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For a week the complaisant wind which had met our warmest wishes, now became adverse and furious, and the waves that had hitherto playfully lashed our ship, foamed with mighty rage, threatening our destruction. They broke fearfully over the deck, washing us from side to side, and so alarming was their violence, we expected every moment to be buried beneath the briny flood, deep in some ocean cave. Terrified by these magnificent displays of omnipotence and sovereign power, I sought relief in solemn prayer to Him who calms the "raging seas," and "holds the waters in the hollow of his hand."

During the prevalence of the gale, I remained on deck as much as possible, to watch the progress of the storm, or read the feelings of the crew by their expressive physiognomy. After two weeks it subsided, and we met and spoke several ships, which, every one who has traversed the ocean knows, is a very enlivening and cheering event.

At length, after many storms and dangers, we heard the welcome cry of "land, ho!" from the man at the mast head, which proved to be the American coast, and, as the wind was now fair, both troops and crew anticipated a speedy entry in the noble river St. Lawrence, when unfortunately the ship ran aground. Much confusion of course followed. The water was thrown overboard; two anchors were let go, and after much arduous labor at the capstan, the vessel floated again, to our great satisfaction. But, meeting again with adverse winds, we kept beating up and down the mouth of the gulf for several days, and nearly suffered the worst of deaths, that by thirst. The supply of water was very nearly exhausted, and we were restricted to half a pint a day per man; and that so filthy and loathsome, that with all our thirst we could scarcely drink it. The excessive heat of the weather served to heighten our distress, and reduce us to the last extremity of misery. My suffering was

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A Narrow Escape.

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so great that I endeavored to quench its violence by the use of seawater, which only increased my wretchedness. Once I broke through the restrictions of the ship, and stole secretly down to the water cask, and obtained a draught of water, which, though delicious to me, would have been refused, on shore, with disgust.

We were at times enveloped in a thick, damp fog, so dense that no object could be discerned a rod beyond the ship's bows, and in this predicament we sailed several days, until one morning, between the hours of twelve and four, the captain was aroused by a tremendous grating, as if the ship had run upon a rock. He rushed on deck in his night clothes, and shouted with a voice that thrilled through the stoutest heart, "about ship, or we are lost." This command was so sudden and unexpected, that the crew seemed paralyzed, and no one moved. After a momentary pause, in a voice more terrible than before, the reiterated shout of the captain, "about ship, or we are lost!" aroused them to a sense of their danger and duty. Every man flew to his station, and in a few moments the peril was escaped. It was then discovered that the delay of some seconds would have run our bark upon a dangerous ledge of rocks, where we must have become a perfect wreck. The intervention of a kind, indulgent Providence, alone effected our deliverance; for had the captain not awoke at the precise instant he did, we must all have perished. After narrowly escaping a similar danger, we cast anchor, to await the dawn of day.

During all this time of danger and alarm, two watches, amounting to more than one hundred men, were locked fast in the embrace of sleep, ignorant alike of weal or woe. When, therefore, the anchor was dropped, drawing after it the huge chain, with a noise like the crash of falling timbers, they were suddenly aroused, and, believing we were all going to the bottom, rushed upon deck in great alarm, and

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Superfluous Rigor

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nearly in a state of nudity, screaming and crying aloud for mercy. The scene was at once ludicrous and painful, and it was some time before their fears could be allayed, and they prevailed on to return to their berths below.

At daylight the fog and darkness disappeared, and we found ourselves riding gaily at anchor, in the majestic St. Lawrence. We soon weighed again, and with wide spread sails, caught a favorable wind, that wafted us rapidly up this noble stream; and from which, in a few hours, refreshing draughts of water were obtained to quench our burning thirst. A pilot came on board, and our spirits were highly exhilarated with the prospect of being speedily on shore; but the wind, however, soon depressed our rising hopes, for by a sudden change it became adverse, so that we could only sail at the changes of the tide, and to add to our discomfort, the captain compelled the troops to remain below with closed hatches the greater part of the time. This arbitrary step prevented us from enjoying the beautiful scenery of this queen of rivers.

Several instances of superfluous rigor occurred during the time we were on board, one of which I will mention. One day, after washing my clothes, I hung them in the rigging to dry; at night, when I went to take them in, I found they had been stolen, and, on inquiry, discovered them in possession of the thief, one of my comrades. I reported him to the proper officer, and requested him to have my property restored; but the petty despot, insolent under the weight of his limited authority, bade me begone, and threatened to confine me if he heard another word from me. Thus I was compelled to be silent and submit to a grievous wrong, because chance had placed an ignorant fellow a step higher in the scale of power than myself, which was abused by him in the grossest sense of the term. Nothing is more ridiculous than the supercilious airs of superiority assumed by a soldier

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Quebec.

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the instant he sees a stripe on his arm, and an extra penny a day of pay dresses him with a little brief command over those who were his equals of yesterday, and probably vastly above him in every other endowment; not more intellectual than the traveled monkey, he puts on all his airs, and less harmless, relieves his vulgar mind of its overcharge of importance by paltry acts of cruelty and oppression. To this indiscriminate plan of giving unfitting men rule, most of the crimes and vices in the British army may be traced. Well has it been remarked by a certain author, "When subjects are ill-treated by subaltern officers, and make remonstrance to the prince, because of the too great authority of his ministers of state, their lot is like that of a man, who, half dead with thirst, approaches a river to drink, but perceiving a crocodile, is obliged to perish for lack of water, or submit to be devoured."

We arrived after a tedious passage of seven weeks, in front of the impregnable city of Quebec; its buildings and fortifications rose full on our sight, filling every heart with animation, and each eye with delight. The salute from the battery, that greeted our arrival, was innocently taken by us as a welcome from the Canadas to her future heroic defenders, and the plentiful supply of provision sent from shore, as a substantial earnest of kindness; which affected us at the time nearest of all, and enabled us to see every thing else in glowing colors. But these ideal images of a young soldier's heated fancy were doomed soon to be dispersed by the austere hand of reality, and sad, sober experience.

The following day another ship, containing two hundred troops, which had made the passage in four weeks, cast anchor beside us, and that ensuing we were all embarked in a steamboat for Montreal, where we arrived in health and spirits. The officers of the regiment came on board the moment we touched

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A Motley Regiment.

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the wharf, and, with much urbanity of manner, congratulated us on our safe advent. We were then paraded on deck and marched to the barracks, where we were rapturously hailed by the old soldiers, who cheerfully divided their provisions among us, to relieve our immediate wants, as we had to remain in the barrack yard until divided and allotted to our respective companies. Whilst this was going on, two English officers, evidently attracted by my extreme youth, kindly questioned me regarding my history, parents, &c., in a manner that afforded me great gratification. I was subsequently much pleased to find I was drafted for their company.

For some days we were treated with considerable lenity, and being allowed many hours of spare time, we visited the ancient and curious buildings of the city. These, to my mind, looked mean compared to what I had seen in my father land. The character and appearance of the regiment were also matters of surprise to me. It was made up of an odd mixture—a curious medley of the representatives of almost every nation on earth. There was the grave Englishman, the hardy Scotchman, the thoughtless Irishman, the gay Frenchman, the sober German, the cunning Portugese, the treacherous Spaniard, the musical Italian, and the boorish Dutchman—an assembly that made any thing but a pleasing impression. Many of them were fierce as the untutored Indian, and mostly all retained the different characteristics of the nation to which they belonged. A few bore the marks of distinguished zeal and piety, though most of them were entirely destitute of every religious principle except superstition, and every feeling but what led to vice, whilst others seemed as insensible to all ideas of human obligations as the beast of the field.

I, moreover, felt surprised that British soldiers should be required to emulate semi-barbarians by



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Reminiscences of Departed Days.

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wearing hair on the upper lip, a dirty, inconvenient practice, at that time, which was discontinued shortly afterwards. Our officers, like the men, were collected from various nations, and were kind and affable; but our commanding officer especially, colonel Fitzgerald, an Irishman by birth, and a gentleman by education, possessed qualities that endeared him to every soldier under his orders. His lady was equally admired and beloved, as her benevolence was only paralleled by the urbanity and kindness with which she exercised it. Her influence was great, and the manner so pleasing in which she exerted her sympathy and efforts in behalf of the poor delinquent soldiers, that she obtained among us the honorable and distinguished appellation of "*the prisoner's advocate.*"

Owing to these trifling privileges, the urbanity of the officers, and the novelty of all around me, served to keep my mind engaged, and prevent settled despondency, yet there were moments when my spirit clung with painful tenacity to things of other days—to departed hours—to a lost home and sacrificed friendships. Then my soul would pour out its troubles in solitude, and give itself up to the luxury of grief. There is a charm in musing over the lost pleasures of days gone by, which enchains and makes us captive to their spells; a lonely void in the heart whilst reviewing the past, so ably drawn by the poet, that I can not refrain from laying it before the reader, as expressive of my state of mind at this period of my changeful experience.

' Days of my childhood, hail!  
Whose gentle spirits, wandering here  
Down in the visionary vale  
Before mine eyes appear  
Benignly pensive, beautifully pale.  
O, days forever fled, forever dear  
Days of my childhood, hail!

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Reminiscences of Departed Days.

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The loud Atlantic ocean,  
On England's rugged breast,  
Rocks with harmonious motion  
His weary waves to rest,  
And, gleaming round her emerald isles  
In all the pomp of sunset smiles.  
On that romantic shore  
My parents hailed their first-born boy  
A mother's pangs my mother bore;  
My father felt a father's joy."

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Light without darkness, without sorrow joy,  
On earth are all unknown to man;  
There, while I roved a heedless boy,  
There, while through paths of peace I ran,  
My feet were vexed with puny snares,  
My bosom stung with insect cares;  
But oh! what light and little things  
Are childhood's woes! they break no rest;  
Like dew-drops on the sky-lark's wings  
While slumbering in his grassy nest,  
Gone in a moment, when he springs  
To meet the morn with open breast."

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"Too soon my mind's awakening powers  
Made the light slumbers flee;  
Then vanished with the golden hours  
The morning dreams of infancy;  
Sweet were those slumbers, dear those dreams to me;  
And yet to mournful memory, lingering here,  
Sweet are those slumbers, and those dreams are dear;  
For hither, from my native clime,  
The hand that leads Orion forth,  
And wheels Arcturus round the north,  
Brought me in life's exulting prime  
Blest be that hand! whether it she  
Mercies or judgments on my head,  
Extend the sceptre or exalt the rod,  
Blest be that hand—it is the hand of God "

## CHAPTER V.

‘ The boy was sprung to manhood; in the wilds  
Of fiery climes he made himself a home.

on the sea

And on the shore he was a wanderer.”

BYRON.

After being allowed ample time to recover from the effects of our long confinement on ship board, we commenced the duties of our military career in Canada, by being placed under the charge of an experienced sergeant, to be more fully fitted, by constant drillings, for the several parts of a soldier's life. As the older soldiers were worn down by toil, this work was prosecuted with much vigor, and we were kept in the field from early morning to dusky eve. Of course we had no time for recreation, for we were glad to retire to bed as soon as we were freed from drill, and this was only the beginning of our trials — the first initiation in our experience — which ere long dissipated our airy dreams of rest and ease in America.

The insect tribes soon ranked themselves among the most formidable of our foes, by depriving us almost entirely of sleep during the night. That *man-loving* genus, the inexterminable bedbug, had quartered itself in myriads in our barracks, and whenever sleep sealed our eyes our bodies became a prey to battalions of the enemy. The various schemes we formed for their destruction failed, and some of my comrades, fairly beaten from the field, sought repose in the square until the night air threatened to be more injurious than the nocturnal marauders. I conceived the novel expedient of placing my bed on the floor, and surrounding it by

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Tyrannical Colonel.

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a trench filled with water, which I supposed would free me from invasion; but my opponents were not to be so easily baffled, for they came dropping from the ceiling like drops of rain. Finding no alternative, we finally gave ourselves up to be devoured, and submitted with a good grace like soldiers who can not conquer.

Many of our number being the devotees of vice, in its varied and hideous forms, we were frequently called upon to witness their punishment, which was generally that used by military law, an application of the *cat*. On these painful occasions our humane colonel would often turn away his head and weep, and he repeatedly remitted a great portion of the sentence. Had it not been for the regulations of the army he would have dispensed with *that kind* of punishment entirely in his regiment, and happy would it have been for us had his successors and brother officers possessed a kindred spirit. But unfortunately for our peace he was shortly after removed on being appointed to a higher and better situation.

His successor, Colonel Andrews, a Scotchman, was his very reverse, and upon assuming the command he seemed resolved to ruin the corps by his cruelty and tyranny. He began by ordering all the troops, old and young, to the field for exercise; a measure highly offensive to the veterans, who for many years had been exempted from this unnecessary fatigue. They grumbled and complained without any relief, still to their no small chagrin they were daily drilled, and punishment for trivial offenses was also made unfeelingly severe. As an unavoidable consequence, many of the men deserted; some of these deserters were taken and sentenced by court martial to the dreadful doom of *seven hundred lashes*, which was too faithfully inflicted.

These spectacles, as already mentioned, were barbarously severe:

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The Flogging.

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———The poor, condemned soldiers  
Sad culprits, doomed to cruel torture  
Would sit impatient and inly ruminate  
Upon the morning's danger. Their gestures wild  
Pale cheeks, fixed eyes, and trembling hearts,  
So changed them, that to our gaze they seemed  
Of their former selves but horrid ghosts.

The unhappy wretch found guilty of the *crime* of desertion from military tyranny and condemned to suffer by its blood-thirsty regulations, was confined under an argus eyed guard until the morning specified by his relentless judges for the disgusting exhibition. Meanwhile the *triangle* is erected, composed of three poles placed triangularly, and fastened at the top with an iron bolt. It is spread wide enough to fasten the limbs and hands of the victim to two of them, and a board secured across for the breast to lean upon, completes this instrument of torture, unworthy the egotistical nation, who vaunt of their benevolence and enlightenment, yet degrade themselves by its use. On the day notified, the troops in the garrison are marched into the yard, and formed into a large hollow square; then comes the miserable criminal, between a file of soldiers, and attended by an officer. Upon reaching the triangle, they halt, whilst the adjutant reads the decision and sentence of the court; the commanding officer next gives the dread command, amid breathless silence, of "proceed to punishment."

The poor fellow is stripped to the waist, and his arms and ankles firmly bound to two arms of the triangle; thus stretched, and somewhat leaning forward, he awaits the application of the lash. The musicians, with the drum and bugle major, take their stand behind him, in single file, and there, too, stands the surgeon of the regiment, whose duty it is to watch the symptoms of the sufferer, and stop the butchery when in his judgment he is *able* to endure no more. The bugle major then orders the musician who stands

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The Flogging.

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first in the rank, to take the post of duty, which he does by laying off his coat and advancing to within one pace of the prisoner. Raising his body with a strong, muscular effort, he applies the "cat-of-nine-tails" with all his strength, and a peculiar whirl that brings it to his right again, ready for a second blow. He continues striking about once in four seconds, until he has given twenty-five lashes, when, at the order of the major, who counts the blows, he desists, and his place is supplied by a fresh hand. If any of the executioners do not strike with their utmost force, they are themselves whipped by the major, who is provided with a cane for this purpose.

The cat-of-nine-tails is composed of nine separate cords, twisted very hard, and having three knots on each cord, at regular distances from the end; sometimes, indeed, the ends are bound with wire, to increase the pain, a refinement of cruelty rather inconsistent with the airs and graces assumed by officers in civil society, to varnish over the grossness of their military character. This whip is usually about eighteen inches in length, and the stock fifteen, making thirty-three inches in the entire length; and in the hands of skillful practitioners, it is a most severe weapon of torture, befitting the days of the early Christian persecutions, from which it is doubtlessly derived.

The effect of this infliction is appalling in the extreme. The first blow forces a deep groan from the hapless culprit; the first twenty-five bring blood; and at the close of the first hundred, the back is literally torn to pieces, and the warm gore flows in copious streams to the ground! Sometimes the sufferer begs in the most suppliant tones for mercy, or his rending groans fill the air, and anon he howls for very agony, until he exclaims, like a second Cain, "my punishment is greater than I can bear."

Our colonel — with a heart of adamant — used to stand unmoved at these scenes, or, biting his lips (one

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The Culpit after Punishment.

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of his peculiarities), walk up and down with apparently no feeling or concern. The troops, on the contrary, were affected to an astonishing degree, and I have seen some of them faint and fall lifeless to the ground, whilst nearly all turned away their heads in disgust.

After the fiendish exhibition is over, a wet cloth is thrown over the mangled and blood-stained back of the suffering wretch, and he is conveyed to the hospital to recover or die, which is sometimes the result. Some, indeed, have been known to die at the whipping-post! and others have had their bodies so torn that their intestines have appeared from their wounds. Horrid barbarity, unparalleled except among *savages* and *inquisitors*. Alas! for my country, that such dark deeds should yet blot the annals of her fair fame! and may such foul stains soon cease from among her children! That the reader may not think I have over-colored the deep lines of this dismal picture, I insert a note of Dr. Adam Clarke, on the 25th chapter of Deuteronomy, and the third verse: “*forty stripes ye may give him, and NOT EXCEED.*”

“According to God’s institution, a criminal may receive forty stripes; not one more! But is the institution from *above*, or *not*, that for any offense sentences a man to receive *three hundred*, yea, a *thousand* stripes? What horrible brutality is this! and what a reproach to human nature, and the nation in which such shocking barbarities are exercised and tolerated! Most of her sons have heard of Lord Macartney’s embassy to the emperor of China; and they have also heard of its *complete failure*; but they have not heard of the cause. It appears to have been *partly* occasioned by the following circumstance:

‘A soldier had been convicted of some petty traffic with one of the natives, and he was sentenced by a court martial to receive *sixty* lashes! Hear my author: ‘The soldiers were drawn up in form in the



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Secrecy of Flogging.

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outer court of the palace where he resided; and the poor culprit, being fastened to one of the pillars of the great portico, received his punishment without mitigation. The abhorrence excited in the breasts of the Chinese at this cruel conduct, as it appeared to them, was demonstrably proved by their words and looks. They expressed their astonishment that a people professing the mildest, the most benevolent religion on earth, as they wished to have it believed, could be guilty of such flagrant inattention to its merciful dictates. One of the principal mandarins, who knew a little English, expressed the general sentiment, *Englishmen too much cruel, too much bad.*”

I ought to have remarked, that these punishments were always inflicted within the walls of the barracks; every avenue to the streets being closed and guarded, to prevent the entrance of the public, and keep them from the knowledge of these insufferable cruelties. No wonder that they were kept thus partially secret; for even a fiend might blush to have it known that he had so cruelly maltreated a fellow fiend. Wickedness delights in darkness, and its perpetrators should remember that *Hell is dark*, and there they will have to practice at last.

Our oppressor still continued his severity, and hard drill, and harsh treatment for minor offences, thinned our ranks every week. To prevent this, he confined us all for one month to the barracks, upon which many of the men swore they would desert at the first moment of their liberation from this confinement, and accordingly, very shortly afterwards, we lost one hundred men by desertion! This wrought the exasperated colonel to the highest pitch of insane anger, which he hardly knew how to vent. One day he gathered us into close rank, after parade, addressing us in a most vituperative and insulting strain, called us rogues and traitors, and threatened us

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Knapsack Drill.

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with the utmost severity if we dared to disobey his orders.

On one occasion I fell under his displeasure. We were on parade, commanded by the colonel, manœuvred by sound of bugle. He gave the order to "disperse and fire," and in a moment we were extended; when the bugle again sounded—"assemble and form ranks in double quick." I happened to be somewhat in the rear, which was perceived by the adjutant, who struck me with his sword, and took down my name. I attempted to explain, telling him a soldier had trodden off the heel of my shoe in a skirmish, which hindered me from running; but he only answered me with an oath, as he pushed me into the ranks, and said I should be punished. The next day I was ordered, with several others, to "knapsack drill," which consisted of marching and counter-marching for hours upon the parade ground, with our loaded knapsacks on our backs. The officer in charge of this *party of defaulters* was exceedingly vexatious and harrassing in his orders, and having utterly exhausted our patience, we refused to obey him. When he gave the word "right" or "left turn," we marched in the contrary direction, and he only brought us into subjection by threatening to put us under arrest. When, considering that "prudence is the better part of valor," we quietly submitted the rest of the day, choosing the least of two evils, as we were compelled to choose one.

Every precaution was taken to prevent the increasing desertions, and we were obliged to answer the roll call at least four times a day; so that if any were missing, preparations were immediately made for their detection and recovery. This rendered it next to impossible to escape with any reasonable prospect of getting beyond pursuit before our absence should be discovered, unless possessed of some rapid mode of traveling. Still, such were our hardships, that



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Arnold.

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numbers, goaded to the attempt by repeated insults and cruelties, dared to risk the danger, and of these, some fortunately escaped, whilst others were overtaken. Amongst the latter was a young Englishman named Arnold, who was tried and sentenced to receive seven hundred lashes. Of a determined, resolute disposition, worthy a better cause, when lashed to the triangle, he placed a leaden ball between his teeth, declaring he would ask no remission of his sentence; and he kept his word, for neither groan, prayer or word was extorted from him during the terrific infliction. He put on his clothes without assistance, and even taunted the colonel by thanking him for his breakfast, and then walked out of the square, regardless of the word of command; but the brutish officer ordered him back, and made him march out in proper order. The ground where he was punished was thickly sprinkled with blood, and the whip was so completely saturated with gore that it literally dropped from the ends. What inhuman barbarity!

The ensuing spring, poor Arnold made another futile attempt to escape, in company with a comrade named Dackenhause, a young German, the pride of the regiment. They failed through the treachery of a dastardly farmer, who accidentally discovered them in his barn, where they had taken refuge. He promised to keep their hiding place a secret, until they should escape; instead of which, he immediately gave information to the officers, and a guard was sent for their apprehension. The unfortunates were brought back to the barracks, and the wretch who informed against them received sixty dollars (thirty dollars for each man) for his base act, which it is to be hoped proved sixty thorns in his heart.

Arnold was kept closely confined, chained to a heavy ball, whilst his case was laid before the government in England, which sentenced him to transportation for life! Dackenhause was also confined

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The Author's dislike of a Soldier's Life.

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to await his trial for desertion; but fearful of the fate that might be awarded to him, one night, when the guard was asleep, he passed the first sentry at the guard room door, rushed across the barrack yard, passed another sentry at the gate, and escaped. Thus he passed two armed soldiers, and opened two doors, without detection—an act of no ordinary daring. The young soldier at the guard room door said, that though perfectly aware of the fact, he was so completely paralyzed by surprise, he was deprived of all power to speak or move. The next morning a number of detachments were sent in pursuit of him, with loaded rifles, and orders to take him “dead or alive!” But after a search of several days, they returned without their prey, for he had escaped to the United States, whence he wrote back to his comrades, inviting them all to follow; and I verily believe, had it not been for fear of detection, the whole regiment would have accepted the invitation.

For my own part, I was heartily sick of this toilsome mode of life; the cruel punishments I had witnessed, and which appeared to me worse than death, alone deterred me from attempting desertion. To be *resigned* to my condition was equally impossible, especially as I learnt my regiment, from some cause or other, was a condemned corps, which rendered its return to England highly improbable; therefore, my hopes of seeing my parents, as well as the deep disgrace of belonging to a transported regiment, prayed on my spirits, and increased my disaffection; and even should the regiment go home, I should still be condemned to the evils of a soldier's life.

To increase my misery, I received no communications from my dear parents, although I had frequently written to them, and I supposed that, indignant at my disobedience, they had resolved to leave me to plod on my weary way through life, unpitied and alone. These causes united to create a mighty tu-

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The Author's dislike of a Soldier's Life.

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multitude of emotion in my mind, which well nigh hurried me into that depthless vortex of human ruin, dissipation, which the wily tempter of mankind suggested would afford relief, or at least a mitigation of my sorrows. But, thank God, I was saved from this fatal step—my mind was mysteriously directed to the author of all good for succor and strength, and often in the darkness of night have I poured out my griefs to God, the only efficient friend of the helpless children of men. Still I was little better than a heathen; knowing little else of religion than the form, yet God in his restraining grace kept me in these hours of ignorance and danger.

To divert my mind as much as possible from the disagreeables of my situation, I devoted my leisure to the acquirement of knowledge, by attending school part of the time, and studying music and drawing the remainder. My comrade, Henry Apple, a German of middle age and good attainments, assisted me materially in these pursuits. His regard for me was strong and sincere, for he gave me the advice of a parent, and delighted to speak of me as his son. I related the history of my birth and travels to him, and he strongly urged me to desert, alleging I could expect nothing but misery whilst I remained in the army; had not the time for which he enlisted almost expired, we should have gone away together. But after wasting the best portion of his strength and health in the miscalled service of his country, he thought it advisable not to forfeit the handsome remuneration of one shilling a day, provided by a *grateful* monarch for worn out soldiery.

Notwithstanding this disinterested advice, I continued to linger on, amid hardship and privation; for I had formed the absurdly romantic idea of buying my discharge by saving my pay. This required one hundred dollars, and as my pay consisted of twenty-seven cents per diem, out of which I had to purchase

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Intemperance and Vice of the Soldiery.

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food and clothing, with the utmost economy I could lay by only six shillings a month, and at this rate it would have taken me six years to amass the necessary sum. To further my design, I gave up my allowance of grog, and received an equivalent in money, an arrangement I found conducive to the health of my body, as well as that of my pocket, as that destructive habit of drinking, so lamentably in use among the British soldiers, under the false idea it is manly, only debilitates the constitution, fires the brain, and finally hurries the victim into the perpetration of every abominable crime. The indulgence in intemperance to excess, which the soldier seems to put on, when he assumes his uniform, as part of his military duty, disgraces the profession in the minds of the thinking portion of the community, and has cast upon it a species of opprobrium which deters the superior class from entering it; but until the English government raises the standard of her army, by making each feel himself responsible, as a rational being, and not a mere misused machine, nothing better can be obtained from the incongruous material of which it is composed, than a herd of untamed reprobates.

The difficulties which stood in my way were so gigantic that I was compelled to lay aside the plan as impracticable, and directed my efforts to obtain admission into the band, by persevering diligently in my musical studies, with the hope of attracting the notice of the officers. Just as I began to make considerable progress, I was sent for by Capt. Pierce, to act as his servant, which I accepted, as at first it seemed to offer an amelioration of my condition. But I soon found it was only soldier's life in another phase, and attended by a full measure of discomfort and bitterness. My tasks were arduous and difficult, and my rest continually broken by setting up to a late hour for my master, who seldom returned from his revels till midnight, or else he had company at

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Becomes an Officer's Servant.

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home, where, regardless of morality and religion, their orgies were prolonged to a late hour. Such is the example set by men of education and good birth to their more illiterate brethren, who, if they presume to imitate these lessons of villainy, are severely punished; and if, therefore, the poor English soldier is an adept in all that is vicious, it may generally be laid to the door of their *gentlemanly officers*, whom they are taught to look up to as shining lights.

The captain, like most of his fraternity, possessed a great taste for show, which led him to spare neither pains nor expense to attain, and he required the nicest attention to his wishes. I endeavored to meet his orders with promptitude and carefulness, but being an indifferent *cook*, I frequently got into trouble, as I had to prepare breakfast every morning, and occasionally a supper for the guests. One day he gave me a beef's tongue to prepare in a particular manner, for the following morning, which, after great care, I accomplished, and put into the oven, where it remained all night, through my forgetfulness, and a large fire having been kept under it, it was actually baked to a cinder. Afraid not to put it on the table, I pared off the burnt portions, which so reduced it in size and form, I was ashamed to place it before him. But there was no alternative; so after setting the dish on the table, I retired to watch the motions of the astonished consumer. He eyed it with wonder and surprise, unable to divine what had occurred, until he called for me, and drew from me a confused account of my *harsh cookery*. Observing my contrition and disorder, he passed over my offense with a slight reprimand.

On another occasion, having to prepare a handsome repast for the entertainment of a large party, my help mate and I spread the table with its various luxuries, among which were two richly dressed fowls. Happening to leave the room for a short space, we were

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Meanness of the British Officers.

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dismayed on our return to find one of them in possession of a huge cat, which had dragged it from the table, and was busily tearing it to pieces. Here was an embarrassment; if we threw it away, we were sure to incur censure and punishment, so we cleaned it the best way we could, and replaced it on the table, trembling all supper time lest we should be discovered. Fortunately for us, the fowls were not touched, and we escaped detection.

I do not relate these simple facts from any importance they possess in themselves, but only to lay before the reader, in some measure, the painful state of mind engendered by being under *despotic* authority, like that displayed by most British officers, and as was exercised by my master. It fosters a degrading, slavish fear — a fear which produces misery in the object, and demonstrates the depravity of mankind, by bringing into action numerous little subterfuges by which we strive to evade reproach. Were men upright and pure, this unhappy state of mind would neither be caused nor felt, inasmuch as the cause and the object would alike be unknown, and this destructive hiatus on the dignity and peace of the human race fall into abeyance with the by-gone ages of ignorance, whence tyranny took its rise. Morbid fear warps the intellect, cramps the energies, and paralyzes the powers, until every principle of liberty and action become so mildewed and rusty as to defy every effort to arouse them.

Circumstances like these kept my mind in a continual excitement and slavish dread; and although I labored with the utmost diligence to obey the commands of my master, his rigid demeanor was not relaxed, nor his aristocratic haughtiness diminished. Beside this, he allowed me no compensation, over and above my pay and rations as a soldier, although it is customary to give the servant the extra remuneration of five shillings a week; but as there is no



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Resolution to Desert.

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compulsory regulation to enforce this extra equivalent, it depends on the generosity of the employer. Seeing, therefore, but little chance of any mitigation of my condition, and no prospect of being freed from my military servitude, except by death, I finally determined to escape, and risk the consequences, in the desire for liberty and comfort in civil life.

At this season of the year, the month of February, there was a vast amount of travel to the United States, which filled me with the hope of being able to escape with some of the numerous commercial travelers. But upon reflection it appeared the safest method to trust to no one with my destiny, or I might, like my companions before mentioned, have been betrayed.

About this time my comrade, Henry Apple, received his discharge, and left the scene of his toil and trouble with a light heart. His departure raised my resolution to the "sticking point," and I commenced preparation for immediate desertion. My plans, however, though laid with much skill, were not of the most honorable description, for I intended to take a suit of plain clothes from my master, a horse from Lieut. Col. Rumpley, who lived under the same roof, and a small sum from each officer to supply the required funds. My conscience rather seriously combated the matter with my understanding, ere I should put the scheme in execution; but I silenced its upbraidings by pleading the example of two fellow soldiers who had deserted a short time previously—one in the full uniform of his master, and the other in servant dress. Thus accoutred, they hired a horse and sleigh and escaped, passing as an officer and his servant. Yet this was a poor plea for dishonesty, and no excuse for its perpetration. At the time, however, it appeared to me I was justified in taking any thing from men who had deprived me of every comfort; and as to the horse, I firmly made up my

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Suspicious Servant.

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mind to leave him when I reached the United States, in a place of safety, and inform the colonel by letter where he could find him. Stern morality and true religion recognize none of these excuses. RIGHT is RIGHT, and ought not to be violated under any consideration whatever — no, not even to save life. Death ought to be preferred to crime, and he who dies for virtue and duty shall receive honor from the great author of his being, which will transcend, to an infinite degree, the trifling, temporary advantages that sometimes momentarily flow from the commission of sin.

The day at length arrived on which my project was to be put into execution. If I succeeded, a happy deliverance was mine, from my numerous troubles, and if I failed, deeper misery was my certain lot. Early in the evening in question, Captain Pierce accompanied Colonel Rumpley to a splendid ball, and having waited impatiently to hear talloo sounded, which called every soldier into barracks, I prepared to make my exit. At this crisis, I was unexpectedly interrupted by the entry of Colonel Rumpley's servant, who, by my confusion and occupation, evidently suspected my design; for he tried to coax me into the servant's room, where, no doubt, with the assistance of his companion, he intended to secure me. At least I thought so, and when, on my making an evasive reply, he left, apparently to report me to the guard as intending to desert, I saw no alternative but to escape at once, or receive the same punishment as if I had actually fled.

That was the decisive moment of my destiny, and I *felt* it, and although I had not yet supplied myself with the required change of dress, not even an outer garment, I rushed from the house into the stable, saddled and mounted the horse, and in a few moments was leaving the barracks, its guard and sentries far behind. But although I thus escaped the soldiery, I



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Deserts.

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encountered another cruel and relentless adversary—the unrelenting cold, for my dress was totally unfitted for a night journey amid the snows of Canada; consisting, as it did, of a pair of woolen regimental pantaloons and vest, a light fustian jacket, hat, and thin calf skin shoes. Sometimes I put my ungloved hands under the saddle, or pressed my feet close to the horse's sides; then I would dismount and run, but every expedient was vain. The cold was intense, until my feet and ears, though I rubbed and thrashed the parts affected, were past all feeling, and continued to grow worse and worse, that at last I thought I must actually freeze to death. I dared not, for fear of detection, seek shelter for the night, and to stay out was death, but having finally lost my way, I came to a house which appeared by the reflection through the windows to have a bright fire burning within. I approached, and after peeping in, gave a loud halloo, having at the same time put my horse in such a position that I could gallop off should there be any appearance of danger. Two men armed with muskets came to the door to answer the summons, but fearing they were some of those unfeeling, unprincipled characters who make it part of their business to look out for deserters, my fears took alarm, and I rode off at full speed.

Filled with dread and harrassed by alarm, I drove my horse very hard, until he became so jaded he could scarcely be forced out of a walk. Daylight at length, to my great joy, appeared, and ended the most painful night I ever experienced. Upon inquiry, a man whom I met told me I was forty miles from Montreal, and about equally distant from the frontier of the United States, news which, with the fact that I was in a by road, encouraged me to seek rest and refreshment. I stood in immediate need of both, and indeed, I doubt not but a few hours longer exposure would have put an end to my existence. Accordingly, on

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A bitter cold Night.

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coming to a tavern, I gave my horse to the ostler, and staggered with much difficulty into the house, my limbs being all stiffened, and my physical power benumbed by the intense cold. Seating myself before the fire, I fell into a heavy sleep, from which I was soon awakened by the most excruciating pains, occasioned by the action of the fire upon my torpid extremities, and on removing my shoes, my feet presented a pitiable appearance, covered with blisters, and so tender I could not place them on the ground without extorting an involuntary groan. The family soon gathered around me, not to administer to my wants, but merely to gratify a mean curiosity, which had no higher aim than to rid themselves of what might become a troublesome burden. They began by expressing their surprise at my unseasonable dress, and at my traveling so far in the night, as from my appearance they judged I had. To these vexatious queries I replied the way I thought best suited to avoid suspicion; but in vain, for the landlord doubted my veracity, and sent for several neighbors, who examined me closely. By this time the pain had so much increased that I was almost insensible, and answered their questions very incoherently, and on one of them inquiring whence I came, I thoughtlessly replied—

“From Montreal.”

“From Montreal! then he is a deserter,” exclaimed half a dozen voices at once.

“I thought so from his appearance; he looks plaguey much like a soldier,” said one of the tavern gossips, who had just stepped in for his morning’s libation.

These suspicions alarmed me, and shaking off my stupor, I pleaded my case so eloquently that most of them were satisfied their suppositions were false, and they went away expressing their belief in my innocence. Not so, however, with the avaricious landlord; he fixed his hawk-like eyes on me and asked:

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The cunning Landlord.

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“Are you willing to go back with me to St. Johns, where I can inquire if such a lad as you has lately deserted?”

“Yes, sir, I am perfectly willing, provided you will bring me back to this place free of expense,” I readily replied, in order to produce an impression of innocency.

“That I will do, if you are no deserter,” said he, with a most cunning expression of countenance.

This was a death blow to my hopes; for if carried to St. Johns, where a company of my regiment was stationed, I was certain to be detected. I already felt myself given up to my tyrants, the helpless victim of their vengeful wrath; but escape was impossible, as I could not even move without assistance. O! what were the forebodings of my young heart in that sad hour! To conceive them, the reader must fancy himself in my situation, a poor, destitute stranger, with limbs sore and blistered; and moreover, a deserter from that stronghold of heartless despotism, the English service, in the hands of a cruel man, about to be delivered up to barbarous punishment, if not *death* itself. Imagine all this, and perhaps he may form a faint idea of the agonies endured by my lacerated and afflicted feelings.

Probably it will be as well to explain the *cause* of this selfish land!ord’s anxiety to ascertain my connection with the army, not that he cared for the interest of the military; but he knew that if he delivered up a deserter he would receive a reward of thirty dollars for his trouble. To gain this price of blood, this miserable pittance, he was willing to render up a fellow creature to the torments of the nether world; a sordid love of money, which triumphed over humanity and the better feelings of the man. Yet, he does not stand alone! Thousands are influenced by the same earthly god, at whose shrines they immolate every thing, even to self. Oh, how deceitful, how deeply damning is the love of gold. Well might the

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Given up to his Regiment.

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heathen exclaim, whilst contemplating the grave of one who was murdered for his wealth, "Oh! cursed lust of gold! what wilt thou not induce the human heart to perpetrate?"

After partaking of some refreshment, the landlord carried me to St. Johns, where we arrived about two o'clock P. M., and leaving me in charge of the owner of the inn where we put up, he proceeded to make inquiries. He soon learnt what was to him pleasing intelligence, that I was a deserter, and that parties were busy scouring the country in pursuit of me, and no sooner did he communicate my detention to the officers, than a file of soldiers was sent to convey me to the guard room. I was soon in close confinement — an arrested deserter, and my captor received his reward of thirty dollars, and returned home rejoicing in his gain, for which he had bartered a wretched lad to the fiendish malignity of tyrants.

The soldiers of the company treated me with sympathy and kindness, and the lieutenant in command also visited me, whose mild language and compassionate air did much to console me in my lonely condition. He sent me food from his own table — a very opportune relief to my exhausted energies; for by reason of my frozen limbs, I should indeed have been forlorn without such acts of commiseration. With an officer like this, I thought even a soldier's lot might be tolerable, and how fortunate I should be were my fate to rest with such men, instead of the flinty souled spirits into whose power I was soon to be consigned, to undergo the utmost rigor they could inflict for violating their imperious fiat. At night, the soldiers, feeling for my scanty supply of clothing, spread their great coats to form a bed, and the officer likewise thoughtfully furnished me with some articles for covering, but my bodily pain, coupled with mental perturbation, kept me on the rack of dark reality, mingled with gloomy anticipation, so that

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Carried a prisoner to Montreal.

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sleep refused to lend its balmy solace to my harrassed mind, and

Thus  
Musing o'er sorrow's fount, silent  
I gazed upon the gloomy past;  
Till, worn with watching, I sought the aid  
Of gentle sleep. I slept and felt refreshed.

The morning's dawn witnessed busy preparations for my conveyance back to Montreal; and immediately after breakfast, I received orders to hold myself in readiness for the journey. I wrapped my feet in some rags, over which I drew some old stockings, borrowed a soldier's great coat, and with my shoes in my hand, I limped as best I could between a file of the guard, with drawn swords, to the stage, a melancholy contrast to the upright carriage and proud bearing of my captors.

The escort and their prisoner were soon seated in the vehicle, and we proceeded on our road, which was almost as painful to me as the fatal night of my desertion, in consequence of the cold striking the frozen parts and affording me exquisite pain. Nor was my mind less distracted as we drew nearer to the theatre of my future sufferings. I felt like a victim about to be entombed within the blood stained walls of the Inquisition; for I looked for no more mercy than does the ill starred *heretic* who falls into the clutches of those remorseless fiends, against whose doleful verdict there is no appeal. When we reached Montreal, I was quite unable to walk; therefore they had to place me on a lumber sled, in order to convey me to the barracks, and so melancholy was my appearance that one of my particular friends who happened to be sentry at the gate, turned ghastly pale, unable to speak with emotion at the change a few brief hours had wrought. Here I was placed in the guard room, under strict surveillance, until the adjutant came, who

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Committal to the Main Guard.

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expressed his surprise to see me, as they had not heard of my arrest until my sudden arrival among them. He informed me that my crime was of such magnitude as to be *unpardonable*, and that, charged with the two crimes of horse stealing and desertion, in all probability my punishment would be *death*!

My case was soon reported to the commanding officer, Colonel Andrews, who made out an order for my committal to the main guard, to which place I was immediately marched, handcuffed, and guarded by a strong escort. As I knew that none except the worst characters, in the most desperate cases, were consigned to this wretched place, I felt as it were the signing of my death warrant, and hope utterly died within me.

My new abode was the very personification of misery, devoid of aught that could afford even a glimpse of comfort, and here I was left with my sore, stiffened limbs, to await the trial that in all probability would consign me to an untimely and dishonored grave. How often and how deeply I sighed over the recollection of the checkered past! and, as I turned my chafed and agonized limbs in vain attempts to rest on the hard floor of my dungeon, the warm tears rolled freely down my cheeks — the outward emblem of inward grief. How ardently I wished that I had been more obedient to my parent's wishes, that I had followed his advice, and awaited his pleasure; but these were fruitless regrets, they undid nothing, and only afforded me momentary solace.

Low as I had fallen, Providence had not ceased to watch over my weal, and raised up an unexpected friend, whose intercessions procured for me some slight mitigation of my hardships. That friend was Lady Fitzgerald, who, hearing of my youth and deplorable state, obtained the removal of my handcuffs, and permission to sleep in the guard room, and the privilege of warming myself during the day, at the



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Gentlemanlike Demeanor of Captain Pierce.

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fire. The doctor of the regiment, too, examined and prescribed for my wounds, but his good intentions were frustrated by the harsh and bungling manner of "the orderly" he sent to dress them. He handled me as roughly as if I were a brute, and caused me more pain than relief—an evil I was compelled to submit to with all patience.

Captain Pierce, my offended master, did not omit to express to me in person the vituperative workings of his acrimonious temper, saluting me with the most impious threats and awful imprecations, which, had he been able to execute, must have eternally chained me to the lowest abyss of hell.

"I have not the least pity for you," he said; "you may expect no mercy shown you here; you shall suffer *death*, you villain, that you may be held up as a warning to others. Had I overtaken you on the night you deserted, *I would have shot you dead on the spot!*"

I omit the fearful blasphemy and intemperate oaths with which this *polished* gentleman and courageous officer, honored in society because he held a commission, addressed one who, by the dictates of the world, was immeasurably his inferior; but who, even at that moment, would have scorned to exchange places with him.

It is frequently a cheering thought that the evil designs of men are often happily overruled by the interposition of Divine Providence, whose omnipotent arm is ever stretched forth for the accomplishment of its own designs, and of this my case was an illustration.

The night of my desertion the servant had, as I supposed, hastened to give the alarm; but instead of going direct to the guard room, he went to my master at the ball, which gave me ample time to elude pursuit; had he gone directly to the guard, my route must have been discovered, and the soldiers who pur-



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Carried to the City Jail.

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sued me with loaded rifles would probably have shot me. Thus this slight misapprehension of the servant saved me from a sudden and violent death, and offered me time for repentance.

After several days confinement in the main guard, I was told it was the Colonel's intention to commit me to the city prison, and immediately after the intelligence, a noncommissioned officer, attended by two privates, brought me my clothes and informed me his orders were to take me to the civil jail. The reason assigned was, that as the military law could not be cognizant of horse stealing, I had to be delivered to the civil power for trial and punishment on that charge, and then, if the penalty *was less than death*, after it was undergone I was answerable at the regiment for the crime of desertion.

At first the idea of this change raised a gleam of hope, which, after thought, was replaced by a deeper shade of gloom; for at that time the British law visited the act of stealing a horse with death. There was even a relief in this, for death was vastly preferable to laceration by the ignoble, debasing infliction of the blood-stained lash; but still, with my utmost efforts to appear resigned, my soul sank within me when I was ushered into the cheerless prison of Montreal. The harsh grating of the heavy iron doors, the massive bolts and bars that secured them, and the sombre, dismal aspect of the building, struck an indefinable chill over my shrinking frame; but there was no retreat.

My associates in this abode of crime were of the lowest order, the very scum of humanity, who seemed by long participation in vice, to have almost blotted out the image of their creator, and received instead the impress of the arch-fiend. Here I endured hunger and privation without relief, as the allowance of one pound and a half of bread per day, seasoned with water, barely allayed the cravings of nature

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Associates in Prison.

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and my heretofore robust frame began to yield under its accumulated burdens, until dissolution threatened a speedy close to this weary scene. Although a strong constitution enabled me to struggle through, yet a weakness of the system was produced, which the lapse of many years did not wholly remove. I finally appealed to the generosity of the regiment, and the liberal hearted fellows, with true nobility of soul, immediately commenced a subscription for me out of their mean pittance of a few cents per day they could call their own. But Captain Pierce hearing of their intentions, with the malignity of his despicable mind, forbade a single copper to be raised.

However, despite his malevolence, protecting Providence again raised me up a friend in the hour of extremity. Mr. Weidenbecker, who knew me when a servant to Captain Pierce, had then formed a favorable opinion of my character, and formed a strong personal attachment to myself. He fathomed the true reason of my indiscretion, traced my violation of military regulations to a hatred of despotism, not wantonness of character or depravity; and whilst he censured the breach of duty, he was more inclined to pity than condemn me. I received occasional supplies of food from him, and others whom he interested in my behalf, and he promised to secure me all necessary assistance at my trial, which was expected to come on the ensuing spring. These tokens of friendship tended to afford me comfort, and helped to ameliorate my condition, but notwithstanding all this assistance I had much to endure, and much to suffer.

When I had somewhat recovered from my lameness, I turned my attention to reading and study, especially that of music, but this recreation was soon forbidden by the jailor, who had a great dislike of all kinds of melody. Being a pious man, he kindly supplied me with an abundance of religious books, to which I applied with persevering industry, and thus laid the

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Kindness of the Jailer.

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foundation for a habit of study, which has been a peculiar advantage to me ever since. Thus from what at first appears the most discouraging parts of human experience, fruits result sometimes that prove to be the most rich and profitable in our lives.

Whilst my diligent habits pleased the jailer, they excited the indignation of my fellow prisoners, who, in consequence, treated me so rudely, I was compelled to petition to be removed to another apartment. To this request he kindly consented, and gave me a pleasant room in the front part of the prison, commanding a full view of the street and market place.

As the time for my trial drew near, I became extremely impatient, from my mind being continually on the rack of torturing suspense, regarding my destiny. But when I was brought to the bar, my accusers did not appear, and my case was deferred for six months, until the setting of the next court. A procrastination that abandoned me for that period of time, a prey to every species of disquiet and anxiety. In the interval, my regiment was removed to Kingston, Upper Canada, which inspired me with a fallacious hope that my prosecutors will fail to appear at the next session of the court, when I should be remanded to a third setting, and then, through default of witnesses, I should be set free. Vain thought! for my cruel persecutors only failed to attend in order to prolong my imprisonment, and increase my suspense; a refinement of animosity *true gentlemen* would have scorned to practice, and utterly unworthy their professed standing in society; but few can be judged by external appearance, for a magnanimous soul is not to be implanted by the stroke of the pen, nor imparted with a gaudy garment; as many a fool wears a star, and many a coward carries a sword.

Previous to the meeting of the next court, I addressed a note to a celebrated counselor in the city,

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The Trial.

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who answered the summons, and in a very friendly manner promised to become my advocate; and I moreover prepared an address, soliciting the compassion of the court. At last it sat, my accusers arrived, and, escorted by a strong guard of constables, I was brought to the bar. The solemnity of the scene, the importance of my case, and the hard hearted bearing of my merciless persecutors, overcome my self-possession, and I almost fell, fainting to the ground.

After the charges were read, the question was put to me:

“Guilty or not guilty?”

“Not guilty,” I replied with a faltering voice

For some reason not explained to me, it was determined to defer my trial until next day, and I was ordered back to prison.

This seasonable delay gave me time to fortify my mind, and recover my composure, so that next day when I entered court I had more firmness of manner and bearing. The crowd was excessive, as many persons were attracted by the rumor of my extreme youth, and the thrilling interest they manifested throughout the trial afforded me a slight alleviation of my discomfiture. When the jury was impaneled, I challenged all whose countenances were not indicative of youth and sympathy, under the idea those in the prime of life, whose feelings contact with the world had blunted, would be less accessible to the promptings of mercy and justice. Once I was sadly embarrassed, when the lawyer who was to plead my case suddenly left the court, and left me to the mercy of my enemies; but the jailer, seeing my distress, whispered to me to ask the court for another advocate, which I did, and gained my request.

The landlord who apprehended me was one of the principal witnesses, but he was so altered I scarcely knew him; a death-like palor had overspread his cheeks, and I subsequently learned he died soon after

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The Verdict.

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my trial. An hour passed, and all the testimony was given in. After my counsel had eloquently pleaded my case, the jury received their charge, and retired, when, after a brief consultation, they returned a verdict of "*guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy.*"

Although this terrible announcement was expected, it fell upon my ears with stunning violence, and the recommendation to mercy, which at first rang like soft symphonies of hope, amid the thunders of despair, yielded to a crushing sense of terror. I trembled like an aspen, and my lawyer, who observed my emotion, came to the bar and said much to my encouragement.

"Young man, you need not fear death, for the jury have done an act, in recommending you to mercy, which will, in spite of all opposition, prove your salvation. No doubt you will receive sentence of death; but don't despond, it will not be executed. In the course of a short time you will be reprieved, and will probably have to undergo one or two years' imprisonment, as the governor may determine."

Then with a few words of advice, and my hearty thanks, all I had to bestow, he left me, and I was remanded to prison.

The session of the court lasted several days, owing to the number of commitments, which resulted in the conviction of nine prisoners for capital crimes, besides many others for minor offences. At the close, myself and eight others were brought up to receive sentence, an indescribable scene, to which no pen can do due justice. Then, every man's strength failed him, each countenance betrayed the secret workings within, the stout hearted trembled, every fountain was opened, and many hardened sinners gave vent to their sorrows in tears. There we stood, in a long, melancholy line before the judge, not a whisper broke the death-like silence that pervaded



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Sentence of Death Pronounced.

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the court, until he made the inquiry whether we had any request to make. In reply, we all fell on our knees and sued most imploringly for pardon, to which he laconically replied:

“It cannot be granted.”

The senior judge next arose, and, with much solemnity of manner, pronounced sentence of death upon us in the following words:

“The sentence of the court is, that you shall be taken back to the place from whence you came, and from thence, in four weeks, be conveyed to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God Almighty have mercy on your souls.”

Notwithstanding I had little apprehension of undergoing this awful sentence, yet I could not hear it so solemnly pronounced upon me without the most sickening sensations of horror. Although I affected indifference, a deathly weight hung round my heart, that chilled my blood as it coursed along its channels, which no effort could shake off. On our return to prison we were loaded with chains and thrown into the condemned cells, where none were admitted except the clergy, whose business it is to prepare and reconcile the criminal to his doom.

The third day after my condemnation, my friend, Mr. Weidenbecker, accompanied by another gentleman, came to see me, and suggested the propriety of petitioning the Earl of Dalhousie, the governor, for a reprieve, which they offered to prepare. Of course I joyfully assented, and next day Mr. W. returned with a petition, very ably put together, for my signature, below which he placed his own name, and then, after obtaining those of the jurors who sat at my trial, he forwarded it to the governor. The benevolence of this worthy gentleman and these proofs of his strong attachment to me, will never be effaced from my memory, and his name be ever remembered

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Petition for Mercy.

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with the deepest gratitude; a friendship which bore the nearest approach to disinterested love I have encountered in my checkered career. In the hour of gloomy adversity, when the smiles of fortune seemed utterly to have deserted me, he unexpectedly stepped forth as my champion, with a favor that remained staunch and inviolate. What acquisition so precious as that of a true friend, and yet how rare!

Nought is seen  
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,  
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen  
In darkest day. And many sounds were sweet  
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;  
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;  
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm  
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget,  
My early friends—friends of my evil day,  
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too  
Friends given by God, in mercy and in love."

It may not be disagreeable to the reader to have a brief description laid before him of the character and feelings of my fellow prisoners, condemned like myself to a sudden and violent death. Seven were Roman Catholics, natives of Canada, except one, who was a South American, and the other a Protestant mulatto, from the United States. In the early part of their imprisonment, they were extremely profane, and disgusting in their manners and conversation, the natural consequence of their profligate manner of life; but gradually they began to pay great reverence and attention to their priests, who visited them daily. The clergyman of the Church of England, also, labored zealously to instruct us in the wisdom of the gospel, and impress our minds with the importance of obedience to its precepts; but we understood little about the vitality of religion, or of its operation upon the heart. For my own part, though



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Letter from Henry Apple.

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I had conceived some knowledge of God in early life, I imagined a strict attention to morality was all the Bible required; true, I knew likewise that the blessed Jesus suffered death, but for what purpose I had no clear idea. Hence, when questioned about faith and repentance, my answers only exposed my utter ignorance and mental blindness; a discovery which led the clergyman to spare neither time nor efforts to exhort us, seriously and earnestly, to attend to the salvation of our benighted souls. He pointed out the true and living way, with a simplicity and affection that brought down the blessing of Jehovah on his labors. His fervent prayers and faithful application of divine truth produced many serious reflections upon death, sin, and my own personal guilt, which, although it produced no immediate practical effect, proved ultimately the foundation of my conversion to God. His labors were not, however lost on the tender mind of the mulatto; he became powerfully convinced, and beginning to call on God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, he soon found a present and glorious salvation in the Redeemer's precious blood, and during the remainder of his short existence, he gave the most undeniable evidences of the soundness of his conversion, being truly "a brand plucked from the burning."

Whilst under sentence of death I received the following letter from Mr. Henry Apple, my former comrade, who, as will be remembered, had recently obtained his discharge

*"Laprarie, Oct. —, 1823.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Your unfortunate situation is a subject of the deepest concern to me. Nothing ever gave me more exquisite pain than the news of your being sentenced to death. But the fact that the jury plead for your life, upon the day of trial, is a subject the most interesting and cheering that I can conceive of;

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Letter from Henry Apple.

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and I have no reason to doubt but that you will be pardoned. Indeed, I am impatiently waiting to hear the result of your case. Believe me, comrade, I feel for you as I should for a son, and would as soon fly to your relief. Let me advise you to endure your sufferings patiently. Don't be dispirited, but submit your case to the all-wise disposer of human events, who alone is able to sustain the afflicted, and make way for their escape. And, although your situation is apparently the most dismal that could well be imagined, yet, let me cheer your gloomy mind with the fond assurance that you may safely hope soon to receive pardon; for the circumstance I have mentioned is proof that you can not — will not suffer. Let my sympathy, together with the little sum I send enclosed, cheer you, till you are more happily relieved. Did not the distance and the pressure of business prevent, I should visit you. You will therefore kindly excuse me, and believe me to be your sincere friend.

HENRY APPLE

His simple and friendly communication came very opportunely, and produced a very favorable effect upon a mind sinking with the wretchedness of my fellow prisoners, whose terrors daily increased, as the time for their execution approached. Their fervent and ardent preparation to meet their fearful fate; the gloomy isolation of our place of confinement, but most of all their deep groans in the night season, occasioned by terrific dreams, would have disturbed the peace of one in possession of liberty — how much more one under the same condemnation. The receipt of this letter, therefore, was a cordial to my fainting spirit, which cheered and sustained me, by awaking the fading inspirations of hope in my well nigh disconsolate bosom. Those who have been in distress know how to appreciate a similar epistle, which comes as a messenger of mercy, and is prized as a

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A Reprieve.

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stream of water in the burning desert, by the thirsty Arab.

At length it was communicated to me that my petition had been successful, and the jailer at the same time promised me that my chains should be taken off and my lodgings changed, welcome news, that filled me with exultation, and, despite my heavy irons, I paced the cell, scarcely feeling their weight. The same evening he removed me to another room, where I was no more disturbed by the miserable convicts' groans, though I slept little myself with joy, and in the morning my irons were removed, and I reinstated in my old apartment, opposite the public market. The delight I experienced beggars my powers of description, and had I been wholly liberated, I hardly think I should have felt more joyous; I seemed as one who had been dead and made alive again, and at this moment I recall the devotional fervor of my thanks to God for his mercy and goodness in delivering me from an ignominious death.

## CHAPTER VI.

“Is this the place our forefathers made for man?”

A few days after my reprieve came, the death warrant for the execution of one Canadian and the mulatto was received; the remainder were reprieved and brought into my apartment to await the governor's pleasure. This reunion was as pleasant as unexpected, and we heartily congratulated each other on our good fortune, but in the midst of our rejoicing, one of our number was cast back into the deepest despondency by the entrance of the jailer, who informed him his death warrant had also come. He was conducted again to the condemned cell, to await his execution; a sudden and agonizing change, rendered the more painful from the momentary respite which had gleamed like a bright star on the winter night of his soul. The poor fellow's countenance fell; he wrung his hands in an agony of despair, and gave vent to his feelings in deep and piteous accents.

We all sympathized in his distress, and amidst our tears and affectionate adieus, he was taken back to his dreary abode, to join his companions in death. The night previous to their execution, we were permitted to pay them a visit, and found them chained and handcuffed, sitting on their iron bedsteads, engaged in devotional exercises. They talked feelingly and freely of their views, and one of them, with much solemnity of manner and expression, remarked:

“I have been looking from my grated window at the sun, and watching him set for the last time; for before his next course is run, I shall be in eternity. I am willing to suffer,” he added, after pausing to wipe away the falling tear, “for I have evidence that

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The Execution.

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my sins are all forgiven, and that through the merits of Jesus Christ I shall be saved."

The mulatto was equally composed and submissive; his mind seemed to be scripturally serene, and he said little in answer to our questions, as if reluctant to disturb the inward tranquillity granted him. Our visit was very impressive, an effective school, in which to learn the awful retribution for crime. Here were three healthy beings in the vigor of life, in a few hours to be numbered with the dead, as an expiation to the honor of the laws of God and man, they had violated, and who called on us, from the brink of that grave on which they were standing, to take warning from their untimely fate and lead hereafter virtuous lives. They shook us each by the hand, as with stifled emotion, we with much difficulty pronounced the last sad "good bye" on this side the boundaries of that distant land into which a brief space would usher them.

Early the following morning; the prison yards and every adjacent spot were crowded with spectators, who came to witness the awful, practical tragedy of three fellow creatures put to a violent death. At noon the victims were brought from the cell, and with tottering steps marched in solemn procession to the drop. The ropes were then carefully adjusted round their necks, and after the offering up of prayer to God by the clergymen present, who earnestly pleaded for them with the Almighty, the bolt was withdrawn; they struggled a few moments and then all was still; they had passed that bourne from which there is no return, and learnt that *great secret*, of life beyond the grave. Never were my emotions more painfully excited, than as I gazed through a chink in the wall on that sickening reality, and I pray God, I may never be called upon to witness a similar scene.

The crimes, for which these unfortunates suffered the highest penalty of the law were burglary, by two

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A Mysterious Visit.

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who were accomplices, and stealing live stock by the other, which was afterwards recovered. The magnitude of their punishment, it is obvious to every reflecting person, was more than commensurate to their delinquency. Yet such, at that time, were the laws of Britain and her dependencies; a severity not only unphilosophical, but contrary to the dictates of sound Christianity. This, I am happy to state, has been felt by the law-makers of my *still* beloved country; some important modifications have, within the last few years, taken place in relation to offenses of every grade, and death is only now inflicted on crime of magnitude.

The serious feelings engendered within us by the solemnities just recorded, were soon worn off by anxiety for ourselves. What would become of us, was a question we could only answer by conjecture, and which a few weeks later was solved in the following mysterious manner:

It was evening, and we were engaged pacing our apartment, and conversing on the probabilities before us, when our ears were suddenly alarmed by a noise resembling the rattling of chains, accompanied by approaching footsteps. Fear and apprehension filled our hearts and appeared in each pale countenance; some dreaded we were about to have the fatal sentence executed whilst others ventured to suggest we might be ordered to leave the country and were about to be carried over the frontier—a vain though pleasing thought. But in the midst of our wonder the door opened and a number of men entered loaded with chains, which without the least explanation or ceremony they proceeded to rivet on our limbs, and we were then ordered down to the prison yard. There a horse and cart was waiting, into which we were desired to scramble, and were directly driven away, through the main street to the wharf, to be put on board the steamer for Quebec. No solution of this



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A Sudden Removal.

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mysterious proceeding was vouchsafed us, and our fruitful fancies at once put twenty interpretations on this strange movement, equally vague and improbable, until our jailer, who formed one of our attendants, informed us, instead of a trip to Bermuda, as we vainly pictured, we were on our way to undergo a term of five years' imprisonment in Quebec jail.

At Three Rivers the boat stopped to take in another prisoner, under the same term of sentence as ourselves, and next morning we were at Quebec. Our new jailer came on board, and after ascertaining our number, left us, until he returned with a horse-cart, in which we were conveyed to our new abode — a most gloomy and forbidding place. After passing through the main entry, which was strongly guarded with iron gates and huge wooden doors, we ascended a flight of stairs, and traversed a dismal passage to a room in the north part of the prison designated "the work room," where we were received by several companions in misery whose wretched looks and language enlisted our sympathy.

The turnkey, accompanied by a blacksmith, much to our satisfaction, soon relieved us of our irons, which had already produced swollen limbs and sore hands among us. Our apartment too, was one of the most agreeable in this atrocious prison, as it afforded a view of the street and the barracks, the liveliness of which tended much to mitigate the gloom of prison life. But the jailer, fearful lest we should escape, soon deprived us of this indulgence, and confined us where we were more secure, and so secluded we could only see the sentry, as he paced up and down at his post in the back yard.

We, however, enjoyed one advantage here we did not possess in Montreal, which was of great value to us. Visitors were admitted every day, to see those who were undergoing an imprisonment of a few months, and by means of these we were enabled to



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Breaking Stones by the Tread Wheel.

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send out for almost any article we could purchase. As our imprisonment was to be connected with hard labor, we were employed to break stones for the public streets, by means of the *tread-wheel*. The wheel upon which we wrought, was very large, and admitted a number of persons upon it at the same time, who kept it in motion by means of steps connected with the shaft; and as their weight propelled the machine, they were compelled to step with the utmost regularity, or incur the risk of dislocating a limb. Fortunately for us, the scheme did not answer the expectations of the projector, and to our great joy it was laid aside, and we thus escaped this arduous species of labor. That we might not pass our time in idleness, each man was required to pick thirty pounds of oakum per week which was no easy or pleasant occupation.

With our labor our appetites increased, and our scanty allowance was far from sufficient to satisfy these clamorous demands. The daily portion of a pound and a half of coarse bread, with water, was quite insufficient to support nature, or perform our tasks, and on our mentioning this to the jailer, accompanied by a petition for better fare, he replied, "*I can not help you; I am not authorized to give you more. You must apply to the governor.*"

Accordingly we drew up a memorial, setting forth our wants and grievances in the clearest and most forcible manner; praying for immediate and effectual relief, and after signing it in due form, sent it to the governor, who, however, paid no attention to our prayer. We then addressed the citizens, representing our distress to them, as we had done to him, and implored them to assist us out of their abundance with a few of the necessaries of life. This appeal met with success, and for a season we obtained substantial relief; but as we continued our appeals for a continuation of these favors, our situation became a matter of public notoriety and common conversation, until

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Occupation in Prison.

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the officers of the prison, discovering they were likely to be charged with inhumanity, published us as *impostors*. Having more influence than a party of poor criminals, they were believed, and our supplies were stopped, and our hopes of obtaining further assistance from that source blasted.

Such was our distress for food, that on one occasion the turnkey happening to leave a favorite cat, which followed him in his rounds, behind him in our apartment, the prisoners immediately killed and cooked it, and in less than two hours puss was devoured, whilst those who partook of the meal declared it to be as savory as veal. Where is the blush of humanity, for generous, noble England and her glorious institutions! that can thus drive helpless criminals to the last extremities of hunger and want?

We next made skewers for the butchers out of part of our firewood, for which we received in return the offal of the market, such as beef's and sheep's heads, that at times was little better than carrion of the fields. Yet it was devoured by us with greedy gusto. This business was soon spoiled by the competition of the other prisoners, who, observing our success, adopted our mode, glutted the market, and thus cut off a considerable portion of our supplies. I also put into requisition some slight taste I had for drawing and painting, but my productions gained me nothing except disappointment, as my pictures would not sell. However, their preparation served to beguile me of my grief and made the stream of life flow more smoothly.

The want of food was not our only source of distress. We suffered greatly from cold, as our only bed covering was one blanket per man. Our dress, too, had become so torn and threadbare, that many of us were nearly destitute of clothing, and the prison not being properly aired and cleaned, caused us to be infested with that loathsome insect that "becomes in twenty-

four hours a grandfather." So that we presented an appearance at which humanity might shudder and decency weep. But we were criminals, and no man pitied us, for it seemed as if our crimes shut us from without the pale of human kindness. No wonder that such prisons become colleges of vice, seminaries of iniquity! Happily for the prosperity of our glorious constitution, her institutions are all based on better principles, in consonance with the illustrious mind that framed our commonwealth, and conducted in a manner calculated to reform the prisoner, whilst it teaches him habits of wholesome industry.

In despair of relief, we resolved to lessen our amount of toil by destroying portions of the rope sent us to pick into oakum, which we threw into the common sewer of the city, through a drain connected with the prison, and out of thirty pounds we seldom returned more than half. In this way we cleared the prison of the article, and for a time we were left without any labor; but the great failure in the return of oakum at the end of the contract created suspicion that we had destroyed it, yet as there was no proof our misconduct remained for a time undiscovered. Finally, the drain becoming filled up, the jailer inspected it and found an enormous pile of rope frozen into a solid mass. Enraged at the discovery, he told us we should pick it all out when the spring opened, a threat, however, that was never put into execution, for soon after the thaw commenced a heavy freshet carried it down into the river, and we heard no more about it.

The hardships we endured drove some of our number to the verge of despair, and led them to contemplate the awful sin of death by their own hands, and the distant hope of escaping at some favorable opportunity alone hindered them from committing the deed. Suicide, at best, is a coward's resort, who, afraid to face the ills that threaten him, shuts his eyes and madly rushes upon the dread unknown realities of the

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Contemplates Suicide.

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eternal world. How terrible must be the meeting with his Creator to that guilty soul who rushes unbidden into his presence, and how replete with disappointment and retribution the piteous state of the soul that strikes on that rock! It is far better to endure the griefs of this mortal life, even though they press our shrinking frames to the very gates of death, than throw off the mantle of mortality and plunge recklessly across the shores of eternity.

Prompted by my urgent necessities, I bethought me of my old patron Mr. Weidenbecker, at Montreal, and sent him a plain statement of my situation. He returned me a very condescending and affectionate reply, sending me the names and addresses of two of his acquaintances in Quebec, to whom he recommended me to write. I took his advice and wrote to one of them, but he only ridiculed the idea of being addressed by a criminal; however, I was not to be easily discouraged, and enclosed Mr. Weidenbecker's letter, which had the effect of causing him to send me some food and a dollar in money.

Next to my physical suffering was the anxiety I experienced at not receiving any communications from my father, to whom I had frequently written, both from the regiment and in confinement, and given a circumstantial account of every occurrence. Yet I had not heard from him since I left the Isle of Wight, which induced me to believe he refused to notice me further, and the idea added bitterness to the accumulation of anguish that already overwhelmed my mind. But my father, as his letter will subsequently show, did reply to me, and the letters were retained at the regiment for the contemptible and paltry purpose of increasing my punishment.

The hope of permanent relief seemed daily to grow fainter, whilst the hard fare and severe toil continued without mitigation, and at length wearied out by deferred expectations I resolved to try my fortune in an

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Designs of Escape.

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attempt to escape. To accomplish this from the room where I was confined was apparently impossible, so that I had to direct my attention to a more feasible spot, in the upper part of the prison or garret, where we deposited the picked oakum. In this storeroom were three windows, unprotected by iron bars and of easy access from the inside, from whence some prisoners of war had escaped during the hard fought contests that gained for the undaunted patriot band the independence of their country and taught Britain that "the Almighty goes not forth" with the tyrant and oppressor. On my weekly visits to this place, I used to open the window and look down on the free, busy multitude below, and such was the excitement the probability of escape produced in my bosom, I could scarcely refrain on some occasions from making the attempt in open day. To use the effort I was quite decided; for if retaken my situation could not be worse, and if I succeeded—how my heart revelled amid the sweet idea, that liberty and subsequent happiness might be mine. I resolved to secrete myself among the oakum at one of my visits to the chamber, and at night escape by means of a rope from the window, a plan that seemed easy of accomplishment.

To put it in execution, however, many things were necessary, the most important of which was the confidence of my fellow-prisoners and their consent to keep my absence a sufficient time from the knowledge of the turnkey, to enable me to effect my escape. I explained my plan to them, and succeeded in obtaining a solemn pledge of secrecy, though they thought it a very daring attempt, as the window was four stories from the ground, and a very trifling mishap might cost my life. But to me a chance for freedom was of greater weight in the scale than the possibility of losing a miserable existence, and I told them, in spite of every argument, I should risk it.

The next time we carried oakum to the loft, I suc-



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The Oakum Garret.

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ceeded, amid the hurry and confusion incident to the occasion, in secreting myself beneath the piles of oakum. The prisoners retired, and I thought to myself, "all is well, it will soon be dark, and I will be away from this dismal hole," when, alas! these sanguine anticipations of my swelling heart were doomed to annihilation by the sound of footsteps and a voice exclaiming as the door opened:

"Lighton! come out, or the turnkey will discover you!"

To this appeal I made no reply, and the man continued:

"Lighton, I am your friend; come out, and I will not tell the turnkey; it is impossible for you to get away, and for your own sake do come out!"

Finding that my detection was inevitable, I crept forth from my retreat to see who was the intruder. He proved to be an orderly prisoner, who had the liberty of the yard, and assisted the turnkey in his duties. Having missed me from among the rest, he divined the cause, and returned to the garret in search of me. After eyeing him for a moment, I gruffly asked:

"What do you want with me? Why not let a poor fellow escape if he can?"

"I have suspected your design, and come to dissuade you from it; for it will expose you to death if you fail, and bring me under severe censure for not keeping a closer watch," he replied, with much evident friendship, and as I stood silent a moment he continued:

"You may possibly make your escape some other way, where I shall not be implicated; and I will say nothing of this affair if you will come away peaceably."

Seeing I was discovered I retired to my room much disappointed, to meditate on some new and more successful project of getting on the other side of the

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A fresh Attempt to Escape.

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gloomy walls of my hated prison. This futile attempt was soon followed by another equally vain; for, perceiving a possibility of rushing past the sentry when we went for water near the outer door of the jail, I told my companions that I meant to try this mode.

“Get away if you can!” they exclaimed, pleased by the reckless daring I exhibited.

To aid my undertaking they appointed me orderly, and in order to avoid suspicion, I went to the tank without my hat, having an old woolen cap stuffed beneath my waistband. Thus prepared, one day, whilst deliberately filling my tub, the sentry chanced to turn his head to gaze at something passing by, I instantly seized the precious moment to spring into the street and run off at the top of my speed. Here, again, my evil genius attended me, for just as I passed the door, the turnkey, impatient at my delay, came to the head of the stairs, and stooping down to see what I was doing, discovered a pair of heels. Suspicious of foul play, he rushed into the street, shouting with a loud voice, “stop that prisoner.” The roads were slippery, being covered with ice, and my shoes dry, so that my course was much impeded by slipping and tumbling; still I kept onward, until the turnkey overtook me and brought me to the ground with a blow, then firmly grasping me by the collar, he led me back to the prison, an unwilling follower. The guards were already mustered for pursuit, and the sentry whom I had passed was so enraged that he would willingly have run me through with his bayonet, had he dared. Many spectators, too, had assembled, and the jailer, also, when he saw me, inflicted a number of blows on my head and face, pulled my ears shamefully, and then cast me, heavily ironed, into a dungeon—a cold, dark, comfortless hole, unfit even for a wild beast. Strange it is such loathsome places are invented to reclaim man from



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Determination of the Prisoners to Break Jail.

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folly, and stranger still how utterly devoid men are of sympathy for their suffering fellows.

My place of confinement was opposite the guard room, and the ignorant, vulgar fellows, of soldiers such as chiefly constitute Britain's glory, her army, amused themselves mimicking me. This, with the agony of my disappointed feelings, produced a state of exasperation almost amounting to insanity. I shook my irons, knocked at the door, and screamed with great vehemence, until my mad efforts exhausted my strength and brought me to my senses. Ashamed of my folly I sunk down in silence on the floor, until I was removed from the place to mingle once more with my companions in the old apartment, though the irons were continued for a week longer on my person.

The condition of the prisoners not being ameliorated by better treatment, they continued to make most bitter complaints, which passed unheeded, like the breeze amid the forest trees, and they at length made a solemn compact, to which they mutually pledged themselves, to break the jail the first favorable opportunity. The next question was where to make the attempt, as it was utterly impossible to force our way out of the room we then occupied, on account of its contiguity to the post of one of the sentries. The apartment we first occupied, however, offered advantages that facilitated our design, and it became a point of the first importance to obtain it; a favor that could only be granted by permission of the jailer. To gain his good will, we behaved ourselves in the most unexceptionable manner, and having secured his countenance by our quietness and good order, we humbly requested him to permit us to occupy the *workhouse*, on account of its superior size and means of comfort, and, likewise, our room being small was apt to promote disease from impure air. He believed us sincere, and granted our request; moreover adding

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The Oath.

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in addition the privilege of walking occasionally in the yard. Our time being now chiefly occupied in breaking stones, at one cent per bushel, we had but little leisure to mature our projects.

To secure the faith of all, we bound ourselves by an oath to stand or fall together, and an old man, named Pireau, acted as judge and administrator. He went through the ceremony in a fair, deliberate manner, requiring each person to repeat the form of oath after him, which concluded with, "I agree to the design proposed, and in every respect will prove faithful; so help me —," and also kiss the Bible after the English method of swearing. This done, we commenced operations, and Pireau was elected our chief. He proposed to cut away the bars of the windows, the only practicable mode of escape, he said, and this was so apparent that it was unanimously decided to carry out the scheme by means of a knife and file sent by a visitor. The knife, however, was so thick that it was useless, and we had reduced it to a proper size by dint of much rubbing on a stone, after which the old man, whom we named for his extraordinary cunning "Old Fox," made it into a saw, and hid it over the door frame.

As we were closely guarded, it was difficult to decide where to make our attempt, but we ultimately resolved to try the window on the north corner of the prison, as the only one affording a rational probability of success, being close to the prison wall, which rose about three feet above the window. We proposed to cut away the inner and outer bars, and then by means of a plank, which we had already secured, mount to the top of the wall and descend on the other side with a rope fastened to the remaining bars of the window.

We accordingly began our work, but in order to avoid detection by the numerous sentries, we only worked on wet, stormy nights, when they were shel-

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Pireau Cuts the Ears.

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tered in their boxes. On these occasions, old Pireau used the saw, whilst the rest were stationed round the room to give timely notice of the least alarm. One of our number was posted where he could see the soldier immediately next to us in the yard, with a string in his hand attached to the old man's foot, to pull as a signal for him to desist; and he not unfrequently received some pretty severe jerks, that made him curse roundly for the pain occasioned him. Our scheme was in rapid progress, when the introduction of a new companion, a boy who was to be confined for a month, stopped its prosecution for a time. We had resolved to postpone our enterprise until his departure, when he by accident discovered our intention, and after half frightening him to death we compelled him to take an awful oath of secrecy, and proceeded with our work. Preparatory measures were now so nearly concluded, that we only required another night to apply the finishing stroke and escape. Animated to an unusual degree, we entered upon our day's labor with unwonted cheerfulness, and whilst we hammered the hard rock, bright visions of freedom floated before our minds like spirits of peace. But these brilliant anticipations were too glowing to be realized, and there was something ominous in our excessive cheerfulness, when, about eleven o'clock A. M., the turnkey entered our apartment, and ordered every one out, saying as we left it:

"I believe some of you are adopting measures to escape; I am come to see whether it is so or not!"

He examined the beds, and in mine and Pireau's—for we were comrades and slept together—he found the saw hid among the straw. The bars of the windows next underwent a minute scrutiny, and as if aware of the place, he gave particular attention to the one subject to our operations, and notwithstanding the cuts were filled up with a composition of charcoal and tallow, he soon made the discovery.

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The Author is Ironed.

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“Ah, here it is! I have found the place where they are breaking away;” he exclaimed.

This painful drawback was a sudden disappointment, that was testified by the mournful looks we cast to each other, as he called us together and drove us like slaves into the *dungeon*! Pireau and myself were suspected as ringleaders of the affair, and immediately put in heavy irons, and when the matter was made public, we were announced as such, though in fact we were not more deeply implicated than the rest. After a few days' confinement in the dungeon, our irons were removed and we were placed in our old apartment, the small, unhealthy room at the back of the prison. Old Pireau had still to wear his irons; for when the unfeeling blacksmith who took them off our limbs was about removing his, he did it so brutally that the old man complained bitterly, and the smith, growing ugly and snarlish, went away without finishing his task. In consequence of this untoward proceeding he was compelled to endure his galling fetters nearly a month.

Sixteen months of my dreary imprisonment had elapsed, when it was rumored my regiment was ordered home and had actually arrived in Quebec for embarkation. The wretched are ever ready to grasp at every straw that floats by on the stream which has wrecked their hopes; and I with a similar desperation seized the idea that I should be released from confinement and taken back with the regiment to *my country*. “There,” whispered hope, “your friends will obtain your discharge.” My old comrades visited me nearly every day, but though I made every possible inquiry of them they could give me no satisfaction, and unwilling to lose the opportunity, I petitioned the officers humbly confessing my error and soliciting their official influence to procure my liberation. A few days after I had sent in this request, Captain Pierce came to see me, and, more in the spirit of a fiend than any sem-

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The Adjutant's Visit.

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blance to a *man*, heaped unmerited obloquy and contumely on my head. This unexpected and unjustifiable continuity of his malignity struck me dumb, so that I could hardly utter a word during his stay. He told me the officers had received my petition, but neither would or could assist me, and that I must content myself to endure the full term of my imprisonment. At last, as if some slight trace of pity yet glowed within his seared heart, he presented me with a dollar, saying as he gave it to me:

“I give you this, that you may apply it to your immediate necessities.”

I bowed and thanked him, as he rose and took his departure.

I next addressed a letter to the adjutant, who also made me a visit. His kindness and urbanity soon relieved me from the restraint his presence first produced, and enabled me to give full vent to my sentiments. I told him my impression was, that having been delivered up to the civil authorities, and my discharge from military obligation having been given to the court at my trial, it must be rendered to me when my term of incarceration expired. But he corrected my erroneous impression, by informing me my name was continued on the military roll, and that I should probably be joined to some other corps at the close of my confinement.

This news annihilated my last, lingering hope, and plunged me into a sea of despair, for it showed me that after my arduous trials closed in a civil dungeon, I was still liable to the military code for desertion, which would doom me to the lash or banishment in a condemned corps. This last was the saddest prospect of all, and filled my soul with gloomy forebodings.

Just on the eve of the departure of the troops, I wrote to Colonel Rumply and requested an interview, who now commanded the regiment in consequence of the death of Colonel Andrews. When he feelingly

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Interview with Colonel Rumpley.

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answered my summons, I submissively acknowledged my faults and earnestly implored his interest to effect my release and restore me to my former position in the corps. He told me influence would avail me nothing, or he would willingly exert it; he was sorry to see me in such a miserable plight, but trusted it might be of ultimate service to me. And concerning my discharge, he said I was still a soldier, though not under his command; hence he must leave me behind in the power of the governor, who would after my release do with me as he thought best. Again, did this inexorable fiat throw a deeper shade of obscurity over my future, and sink me lower in the hopeless depths of despondency. Before the regiment left Quebec all *foreigners* were discharged, and these old comrades rendered me more important assistance by their noble, voluntary generosity, than some who vaunted their superior sphere and attainments, and for which both will doubtless reap their reward in that land to which all are hastening.

Notwithstanding the failure of our repeated schemes of escape and the subsequent sadness of heart, we did not wholly despair. We were always devising new plans, which as often only proved as the pinions of a bird, mocking the empty air. Again we resolved to petition the governor and implore his clemency, but to these numerous applications we received neither written reply nor assistance, and finding we had exhausted every channel that offered for alleviation, or liberty, we sank into a kind of morbid resignation to our fate. We were, however, completely exalted from this pitiable state for a short time by a very unlooked for occurrence; the arrival of a line of battle ship at Quebec in want of seamen. The officers came to the prison to look for able bodied seamen for the service; the jailer introduced them to our cell, and on their inquiry how many were willing to volunteer as man of war's men, every prisoner eagerly expressed their



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More Hopes Crushed.

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willingness. Our names were taken down, and we were told we should be sent for in a few days, intelligence that cheered our spirits and well nigh intoxicated us with joy. We fondly dreamed of a safe and speedy deliverance from our irksome captivity, but it proved only a fantasy, an idle chimera, to be dispelled by the news that the ship had sailed. Why we were not sent for we never heard; probably because the consent of the governor could not be obtained.

By my good conduct, I in the course of time moved the sympathy of the jailer and obtained such a share of his confidence that he permitted me to act as waiter to a gentleman confined for debt. This service somewhat mitigated the rigor of my servitude, as it procured me the liberty of the yard and other indulgences, although I was shut up in my apartment by night.

The prisoners were now contriving another plan of escape, at once hazardous and venturous. This was to descend a drain that connected with the common sewer from our room, and follow it until it brought them under the streets of the city; from thence to cut through and ascend without the prison walls. This scheme required great caution, for as there were several other drains in the prison, any person who should happen to pass them whilst we were operating below must inevitably discover our lights. They depended on me to procure these lights, because I having the liberty of the yard could obtain them with more facility and less suspicion. No sooner had I supplied them with sufficient candles to meet the emergency, than Mr. Pireau was sent to reconnoitre and ascertain what difficulties had to be overcome. With a strong rope, which we constructed, he was lowered down the narrow drain, with much trouble, into the sewer below, and in a brief space the "*Old Fox*" gave the signal by jerking the rope for us to draw him up, declaring as we did so that nothing could be more encouraging, as there was only one obstacle to cut through,



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Unexpected Difficulties.

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which was an iron grating of single bars, directly under the prison walls. He jocosely observed, that of all the ways he had traveled in his life this was the most foul and offensive, a matter of little surprise, as this was the passage for all the filth of the city. Materials to cut the bars were soon forthcoming, and the old man speedily accomplished the task; after which, I was deputed to descend with him, inspect the ground, and report the probabilities of success. We accordingly went down, and after a short examination returned to report to our anxious companions, that in our opinion, our escape might be easily effected.

As it was not our intention to make the hole till we were all ready to pop out, we agreed to descend altogether, but when the decisive day came, one of our number declined on the plea of ill health, and because the term of his imprisonment had nearly expired. He promised, however, to remain in his bed until the turnkey brought in the wood to make our fire, and to affect an utter ignorance of our escape. Satisfied with this understanding, one night after the turnkey had gone his nine o'clock rounds, and all was quiet in the prison, we made our exit, nine in number, and proceeded up the channel to the scene of our anticipated flight. Here we encountered unlooked for difficulties, in consequence of the narrow dimensions of the drain, a great flow of dirty water, occasioned by a recent rain. Crawling upon our hands and knees, we could but just contrive to keep our heads above water and sometimes only narrowly escaped drowning.

The prisoners were sadly disappointed on finding such an egress; they had expected to be able to walk erect, without danger or difficulty, and most seriously and blasphemously did they curse us for bringing them into such a hole. Some unfortunately drowned out their lights, and were involved in utter darkness, which so discouraged them that they would fain have

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Impatience of the Prisoners

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gone back; but this miserable privilege was denied them, as the passage was too narrow to turn round, therefore go ahead they must. Old Pireau, who led the van, used his endeavors to encourage them, but his efforts were merely replied to with disgusting oaths and bitter profanity, whilst to me the scene was so truly ludicrous I could not forbear a hearty laugh at their misfortunes, for indeed it was a spectacle worthy the pencil of Hogarth. There they were toiling up a narrow aperture, on hands and knees, up to their very chins in water, each man dragging a bundle after him as best he could, and all moaning forth the most varied strain of complaints, and in this guise we reached the spot for operations.

Here it was more spacious, and we paused with hearts beating high, in hopes of in a few moments breathing a purer air. I was ordered forward to assist old Pireau to make the excavation, as only two could labor together. After we had dug and strove for some time, the men began to grow impatient and cried out:

“Well, are you ready?”

“No,” we replied.

Then a few more minutes passed away without interruption, when they would shout out with stentorophonic voices:

“Have you got the hole made?”

“No,” we again answered.

While some swore and others joked about our laziness, followed by a brief pause, soon however broken by the running colloquy of,

“Is the hole made now?”

“Not yet.”

“Well, what is the matter? Don’t you get ahead?”

“Yes; we shall be through by and bye, only keep still.”

The vein would then turn, and they would praise our diligence, shouting,

“Halloa, there, old Fox, what are you about? Is the hole made now?”

“No,” was our rejoinder, “and we are afraid we shall not be able to accomplish much, the water is so high, and we having nothing to dig into the wall with.”

Having no implement except the bar, we had cut out of the grating, and the channel being walled on each side, overlaid with large timbers, we soon found it impossible to make any available impression; therefore when the prisoners again demanded if we were ready. We replied:

“It is impossible for us to succeed to-night; we had better return to our room until the water subsides and we are able to procure some implement to aid us to force away the stones and timber.”

Then commenced the most infamous and diabolical scene I ever witnessed. They cursed our ill success, and wished ten thousand evils upon us for bringing them into such a predicament; they yelled, howled, and blasphemed, and, had their oaths and imprecations been fulfilled upon them, they would have been eternally sunk in the lowest abyss of perdition. At last we regained the drain, when the man we left behind lowered the rope and drew up the lightest of the party. One after another we returned to our dreary abode, wet, cold and miserable; and well it was for us one of the number remained above, or we could never have regained the room, and must have stayed below, perhaps to perish before morning.

After wringing out our clothes we retired to bed, where, having only a single blanket, we spent the night, cold and shivering. Next morning as I passed out to wait on the gentleman debtor, as usual, no notice was taken of my wet dress; and it was highly probable our attempt would never have been discovered, had not one of our number, regardless of the

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Detection.

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oath he had taken, treacherously revealed the whole affair to the jailer and turnkey. On hearing the fact, they drove us all down into the dungeon to examine us, and find out the ringleaders of the plot. Old Pireau and myself, having been found guilty on a former occasion, were condemned as the instigators of this movement, and loaded with heavy chains.

Two of the prisoners, conceiving me to be the cause of their detection, increased the misery of my situation by the most violent abuse, and robbing me of my food. This was both cruel and unjust, as I was suffering more severely than themselves from the additional stigma of being the ringleader of the abortive attempt.

Finding his irons very troublesome, old Pireau, with the help of a piece of iron, contrived to cut them in such a way that he could take them off at pleasure, and through the day he walked about free from their incumbrance; but when the turnkey approached he slipped them on. This contrivance was, however, discovered one day by the turnkey, who came unexpectedly into the dungeon before he had time to replace them.

Upon being again restored to my room, I made a firm determination never to attempt another escape with my faithless and unprincipled companions, as it was evident some of them would betray the rest, either from fear, or a desire to gain favor with the jailer. This determination was tested only a few days later; for some of the prisoners tried to escape by the way we had so recently used, and a few minutes after the turnkey had gone his rounds, one of them descended the drain to examine the grating and prepare the way for the rest. Hardly had he arrived below than the keepers sprang into the room, and began asking for Pireau and myself, taking it for granted we were concerned in the plot. Fortunately we were both in bed, and though we informed them

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Resignation and Occupation.

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of the fact, they would not credit their senses without a sight of our persons. We told them that we had nothing to do with the matter, and never meant to be guilty of the *crime* again.

The poor fellow who had descended into the channel was taken out by means of a trap door, and beaten shamefully with a cudgel by the turnkey, as he drove him down to the dungeon, where he was heavily ironed and kept for a considerable time. This circumstance had such an effect upon all the prisoners that they abandoned all idea of liberation until their time should expire.

As I had also adopted a similar resolution, it struck me as a wise expedient, to devote my leisure to mental improvement, and prepare myself for future usefulness and happiness. My means of attaining this object were very small; I had but few books, yet I sedulously employed every spare moment in the study of writing, drawing, and arithmetic. These employments had a happy effect on my mind, as they soon relieved me of that insufferable load of prison melancholy to which I had heretofore been addicted, and ultimately paved the way for the glorious change I subsequently experienced. Still the time spent in prison was a vacuity in my existence, which even now seems like a whole link struck from the chain of my past life, and the wonder to my mind is, how I escaped utter ruin, associated as I was so long and closely with unprincipled characters. Doubtless the restraining grace of God saved me, and to its great Author I would ascribe an eternal song of praise, for plucking *such* an unworthy brand from the burning.

## CHAPTER VII

One struggle more, and I am free."

We had now an addition made to the number in the prison, of a young Englishman, convicted of some petty crime. He was well educated, amiable, and of a character differing so much from the rest, that he soon won the love and esteem of the other prisoners. By a long train of misfortunes he had become greatly reduced in circumstances, and to banish recollections he had plunged into the more culpable and degrading vice of intemperance, to gratify which he committed the offense that brought him to a prison.

This young man had not been long with us before he and I became united in the bonds of intimate friendship. Both fond of reading, we joined together in study and read every book we could obtain. Among other borrowed books was that inimitable work, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which, as neither of us had seen, we read with avidity, until we were fairly captivated by the fascinating style of the author, and the peculiarity of his descriptions. Nor was it without a moral influence on our minds. His description of the pilgrim hasting from the city of Destruction, struggling through the slough of Despond to the little wicket-gate, and his pursuit of the heavenly journey with so much watchfulness and effort, taught me the necessity of repentance and regeneration. I saw that I must be cleansed by the washing of the Holy Ghost, and be united by a spiritual bond to our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that unless by his grace I became obedient to his will, I must forfeit eternal life. When we read of Christian losing his burden at the foot of the



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Convictions of Sin.

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cross, a strong desire for a similar relief awoke in my oppressed heart, and ere we reached the close of the work I was laboring under deep and genuine conviction of sin. What a blessed book is that of Bunyan's! Many souls in eternity will thank God for its production, and owe to its truthfulness that strength which enabled them "to fight the good fight" and receive the "crown of glory" laid up for all true believers.

How varied are the means used by the Holy Spirit that his word "shall not return to him void," but produce some conviction in the obdurate heart. Sometimes it speaks in the thunder, anon in the whispers of the breeze; now in the lightning's flash, or in the midnight hour with the clear, clarion voice of conscience. To one, it speaks with the hoarse murmur of Sinai; to another with the sweet sighing of Calvary; to some by the voice of the living minister, to others by the silent book, wonderfully adapted to the various circumstances and conditions of every one who peruses it in sincerity and truth.

By a kind ordination of Providence we were at this juncture visited by the Rev. Mr. Archibald and another gentleman, whose name I forget, an officer in the royal engineer department. Moved by the spirit of Jesus, they came to the prison in hope to find a disciple of their Divine Master within its walls. Theirs was a benevolence of the right stamp—a Christianity developed through a proper medium; they labored *personally* with sinners, in the manner the Head of the Church requires. They manifested the utmost amiability of disposition; piety shone conspicuously in their deportment, and their mildness and suavity soon inspired that confidence that induced us to listen to them with respect.

Perceiving my earnestness of manner, Mr. A. used to take me aside, and with much gentleness and affection, urge me to seek that change of heart necessary for salvation. He warned me faithfully of my danger



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A Pious Visitor.An Effectual Sermon.

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showing me I was a sinner, at an almost infinite distance from God; and that if I would be at peace, I must sincerely repent of my sins, and take the Lord Jesus for my Savior. But, like too many others, though under deep conviction, I thought I could not seek religion *then*, surrounded as I was by what might justly be called "the devil's own children," who would doubtless make me the butt of their filthy wit and low ridicule. After I was liberated seemed a more convenient season, and thus I strove to grieve the Holy Spirit by quelling my tender feelings. Yet, like the patriarch's dove, I found no rest for my foot, for though I strove against conviction, I could not resist it, and the stings of conscience would not be lulled by any procrastinating effort. Blessed, thrice blessed be God for his long suffering and tender mercy.

Whilst in this conflicting state of mind, I attended the prison chapel one afternoon, when we were addressed by an entire stranger, an elderly gentleman, dressed in the garb of an old fashioned Methodist preacher; such a garb as I had often seen worn in England. His peculiarly solemn appearance arrested my attention, and prepared me to hear him with profit. His prayer was fervent and powerful; he seemed to wrestle with God, and like the Patriarch, was unwilling to let him go until Jehovah had blessed him and his sinful auditory.

Christ, the sacrifice for sin, was the lofty theme he chose to speak upon in his sermon; he showed the exceeding weight of sin and its damning effects, from the fact that to redeem the world from death, so *great* a gift as the son of God was necessary. After dwelling a sufficient time on the grand *doctrines* of the text, he applied it with deep pathos to the prisoners; showing us how our past wretchedness and sufferings were the result of *sin*, and that sin would still be our ruin. He invited us to Christ, urging the most

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The Confession.

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weighty motives to repentance and faith, and pointing out the glorious and peaceful results. My soul could not resist the pleadings of his eloquence, and it was only by violent efforts that I prevented tears from revealing the inward workings of my heart to my comrades.

At the close of the meeting I went to this venerable messenger of the new covenant, and taking him aside, I said, as I burst into a flood of tears:

“Sir, I am desirous to become a better man; I wish to be pious; I know I have hitherto lived as an enemy to God. Will you give me your advice, and pray that your labors may not be lost on me?”

Taking me affectionately by the hand, he replied with much earnestness of manner.

“Do not stifle your good impressions, but submit to them until they are followed by an evidence that you are born of God. Pray for mercy and pardon! Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; confess your sins and forsake your evil doings, and he will receive you.”

“I can not pray, sir; I do not know how,” I said.

“Not pray! can not you repeat the Lord’s prayer?” he answered in astonishment.

“Yes, sir, my mother taught me that when a child,” I replied.

“Then use that, my young friend, and make it your model for addresses to the throne of grace.”

He then offered me some advice relative to my future course, and left me with an earnest wish that my heart might soon be filled with the fruition of divine love.

My mind now labored under the deepest distress; I saw God’s holy law condemned me, and my guilt pressed like an insupportable load on my conscience. To increase my apprehensions, the Evil One suggested that, in yielding to religion *then* and *there*, I should,

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Serious state of mind.

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like Samson of ancient story, make sport for my Philistine companions, who were still bitterly opposed to religion. Under the impulse of these wicked promptings, I buried my feelings deep in my bosom, revealing them to none but the Rev. Mr. Archibald, who continued his visits. I gave him a circumstantial account of my mental conflicts, and received in return the best possible advice, with the loan of such books as he supposed would be useful in my state of mind. One of these, called the Prodigal's Life, was blessed to my advantage, and such were the effects, that my convictions daily increased.

I spent my time as much as possible alone, occupying myself chiefly in prayer, reading, and walking the room in serious meditation. Once having thoughtlessly joined the sons of Belial, in their walk to and fro, they began to talk of what they would do when released, and wished me to concur in their wicked plans, and as they warmed on the subject, their feelings waxed hotter and hotter, until they seemed ripe for the perpetration of any diabolical scheme. Suddenly I paused; an overwhelming view of my sinfulness and danger passed before me, and I felt I must either yield to God *at once*, or be lost forever. Thus overpowered by the truth of God, I left the company, and rushing to my bed-side, fell upon my knees, with my sins swelling like mountains before me, and prayed God to have mercy upon my soul. Whilst thus engaged, one of the prisoners came into the bed room, and it being dark he stumbled over my feet; as he struggled to rise he was about to speak, but discovering my occupation he stopped short, astonished and confounded. After giving vent to the feelings of my soul in prayer, the load upon my heart was removed, and the insupportable burden was gone. My spirit felt refreshed and renewed, and I felt as if I could forever travel the heavenly road without weariness or pain. I was like

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Persecution.

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a new man; every thing was different, or at least appeared so, as by the power and grace of God, a new creation, transformed my soul from darkness to light, from Satan to God. New feelings animated me—a love for God and my fellow prisoners filled my heart, and I could willingly do good to the worst among them. A few minutes before, a consciousness of the divine displeasure bowed me to the dust; now a knowledge that Jehovah smiled propitiously, and owned me for an heir of bliss, elevated my feelings to a state of holy serenity and peace. The Lord Jesus was my advocate, and I was justified and pardoned by his precious blood; lost to every thing beside, my heart was filled with thanksgiving and praise.

On the return of Mr. Archibald I related my experience in his eager ears, and after asking me several questions, gave me much useful instruction, with a promise, to my no small consolation, to continue his weekly visits.

With this steady frame of mind, my enjoyments continued some time, when some of the prisoners commenced a system of persecution that for a season marred, but did not destroy my peace. My persecutors were the most hardened and vicious of this guilty crew, and their devices to annoy me were of the most cunning and malicious character. One time they reported to the turnkey that I had conspired to mutiny; that my plan was to arm myself with a cudgel, and as he came round at nine o'clock, knock him down, take his keys and clothes, and in his dress liberate myself and them from durance. Strange to say, the turnkey gave credence this egregious, though ingenious lie, and actually prepared himself for the anticipated contest. When the hour they had mentioned as that for my intended plot arrived, he came into the room and inquired for me. I was in my cell, quietly engaged in my studies, and wholly unconscious

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Disappointed Hatred.

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of the reason of his demand, yet, notwithstanding my peaceful occupation, he came forward, saying to me:

“I understand, Lighton, you are calculating mutiny—to knock me down, take my keys and clothes, and escape with the rest of the prisoners.”

As he spoke he became highly excited, swore like a maniac, and holding up his bunch of keys in my face, declared he would beat out my brains with them if I dared to attempt any such thing. This unlooked for, and to me mysterious address, so filled me with surprise that I was utterly unable to defend myself clearly from the charge, and it was only with an effort I at last made out to tell him that no such plan had entered my head, that I was disposed to be quiet and harmless, and should continue so till the day of my discharge. At length he became convinced that the report was a fabrication of the prisoners for the purpose of injuring me, and they were condemned, whilst I triumphed in the vindication of my honor and innocence. Thus was Satan entrapped in his own snare, and God turned the wrath of man to confusion.

Amid these petty though painful persecutions, the grace of the Lord Jesus sustained and enabled me, as a good soldier, to endure hardness; and by degrees I grew bold in recommending the Savior to my fellow prisoners, interfering to heal their frequent broils, and for my success in which they honored me with the appellation of “peace maker.”

About this time my heart was rejoiced at witnessing the awakening to concern of soul in one of the prisoners, named John Hart, occasioned by the following incident:

His comrade, named Robinson, who, with himself, united to abuse and rob me of my food in the dungeon, had been dismissed from jail, on the expiration of his time. Soon after his discharge, in attempting to

John Hart.

Condition Ameliorated.

rob a house, he fell from the roof, and was so seriously injured that he died. This appalling news filled Hart with remorse and horror; and trembling lest his own death hour was nigh, he begged me to send for Mr. Archibald, which I did immediately. This worthy minister of the gospel came, and my deeply afflicted comrade, though his anguish had partially subsided, promised if God would spare his life, that he would live better, and never do again as he had previously.

Alas for this resolution! it passed speedily away like the morning clouds and early dew. Ere a few days had elapsed he forgot his fears, neglected God and returned "as a dog to his vomit;" and I may here add that after his dismissal from prison, this spurner of the overtures of divine grace engaged in robbing a church, and finished his black career on the gallows. What an awful lesson does this solemn fact teach us, of the danger of grieving away the spirit of our holy God. Reader, beware! carefully follow its sacred teachings, and it will lead you to the blissful realms of paradise.

Soon after this the gentleman who had accompanied Mr. A. in his visits of mercy to our gloomy habitation, was called by Divine Providence to leave Quebec. His farewell visit was an interesting and profitable season; for after giving us much valuable advice, and fervently commending us to God in prayer, he took us each by the hand and bade us an affectionate adieu. The scene was so touching that every eye was bedewed with tears — every heart was full, and as he left us, the blessing of those ready to perish followed him.

During my intense sufferings, the Almighty kindly vouchsafed to open a door through which I received some mitigation of my condition. The jailor perceived the change which had come over me, and acquiring confidence in my integrity, employed me to



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Prison School.A Gift.

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mark the prison bedding, clothes, &c., which gave me a lighter employment, and the occasional liberty of the yard.

It was proposed to establish a school in the prison for the benefit of the more illiterate prisoners, and by the advice of Mr. Archibald, I was chosen to teach the English branches, with a young man of suitable talent to instruct in the French language. Liberal rewards were offered for our encouragement, if we succeeded in gaining their approval, and for a time our success was such as to call forth the unqualified approbation of the committee.

Whilst engaged in these duties, my old friend, Mr. Weidenbecker, sent me four dollars—a present which came very opportunely, as I received nothing for my teaching, and had only the miserable prison rations for my support. Standing in need of better provisions, I sent out and purchased a whole sheep, some peas, &c., with Mr. W.'s donation, which, as ill luck would have it, the man brought in just as Mr. A. came to visit the school. Unwilling that he should see it, I hastened to secrete the carcass in an adjoining cell; but my haste attracted his notice, and excited his suspicion, leading him to look into the cell, where he saw, to his utter astonishment, a whole sheep ready for cooking. Returning he asked

“William, is that sheep yours?”

“It is, sir,” I replied, with some confusion.

“Well, then, you mean to live well, I see,” he rejoined.

In this matter I committed an error. I ought to have told Mr. A. the facts of the case, and no doubt in the benevolence of his heart he would have exerted himself in our behalf; but as it was he never gave me any remuneration. Probably he thought we were well enough off without any pecuniary aid.

On the approach of spring, the prisoners growing weary of study, the school ceased, but the jailer,



## Doctor Moruia.

## Plans of escape.

having nothing against my character, permitted me to enjoy the liberty of the yard.

Things were in this condition, when a French gentleman named Moruia, a doctor by profession, was unjustly consigned to jail for six months. He soon conceived an attachment for me, and as he occupied a private room, he succeeded in gaining permission of the jailor for me to room with him—a circumstance which made me comparatively happy. He also gave me some clothing, which, with the prison allowance, made me quite comfortable.

The providence of God still wrought in my favor, for the boy whom the jailer employed to take care of his horses left him, and, his stables being in the prison yard, he put me into that situation. Here I soon discovered an almost sure way of escape, and as it appeared to me, my happiness and usefulness depended on my being once more a member of society, I felt it was my *duty* to attempt it. Filled with the thought, I told the doctor, who, transported with the idea, warned me to be careful, and he would accompany me, for the sake of making my flight complete, when the favorable hour should arrive. Meanwhile he commenced sending out his books and other articles to the care of a city friend; but as his term had about expired, this excited no suspicion.

The motive that influenced the doctor in his determination to escape with me was disinterested, as his own sentence was about completed, and by so doing he would only expose himself to an increased penalty; therefore this act was undertaken purely for *my sake*. Speaking of it, he said, “When I think of your situation, the misery you have undergone, and very probably will have to undergo all your life; when I take into consideration your tender youth, and the probability of your future usefulness, both to yourself and the world, could you be free, I can not decline an act which I well know will be the

## Facilities of Escape.

## The Plot.

sure means of your deliverance from all your present and future misery, and may restore you to liberty and happiness. With these feelings I sacrifice all regard to future consequences, for your sake. Should I be taken, I shall have the satisfaction to know *you are free*, and that my memory is cherished in yours as a benefactor."

I had occasionally some compunctious thoughts on the propriety of escaping, but the dread of ultimate *transportation* was a goad to urge me onward, a justification of the attempt, and methinks every reader will concur in my sentiments.

As ostler or groom to the jailer, I had access to the south garret of the prison, which was used as a granary, for grain. This garret was close to our room, and my plan was to secure the keys of it, and with the aid of a rope, descend from the window, which had no bars, to the street. The doctor prepared every thing for departure, and it only remained for me to obtain the key.

One evening, being in want of grain, I went as usual to the kitchen for the keys; I found no one there except a little girl twelve years of age, and taking them down I passed out unobserved. I first ran up to the garret and took the grain, after which the doctor and myself made all necessary observations, leaving the inner door unlocked, whilst the outer one we secured as usual, to avoid suspicion. This done, the doctor carried the keys to our room. During the interval I attended to my horses, and performed my duties, in order to avoid any semblance of a doubt. How my heart fluttered at the prospect before me; how nervously anxious for the success of the enterprise, and impatient for the hour to attempt it.

Every thing remained tranquil throughout the evening, and at nine o'clock the turnkey came his nightly round; he entered our chamber, looked

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Groundless alarm.The Climax.

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around, wished us a "good night," and retired. We now fancied ourselves secure, and our feelings were elated proportionably; but about ten o'clock we were greatly alarmed by the sound of unlocking the doors which shut across the passage leading to our room. To our uneasy consciences it seemed like the forerunner of discovery, and we threw our half prepared bundles under the bed; each seized a book, as if engaged in deep study, and sat down to await the event. It proved, however, to be only the advent of a new prisoner, who was placed in a neighboring room. After performing this duty, the turnkey just peeped in upon us, and wished us a second "good night," evidently without the least suspicion it would be the last compliment of the kind he would have the felicity of offering us—a narrow escape truly.

Feeling no disposition to sleep, we spent the night watching for the moment which was to free us from the gloom of a prison. Every thing was perfectly silent, save the city watchmen, whose occasional cry of "all's well" fell on the ear, and found a cordial reciprocity in our hearts. At four o'clock, on the dawn of the new day, these guardians of the night vacated their posts, a favorable moment for us, whilst darkness still overspread the face of nature, and men were locked in the fast embrace of sleep. Taking our bundles we carefully unlocked the garret door, which we fortunately executed with little noise, and securing the rope to a brace, dropped it over the eaves of the building. The roof was covered with tin, and made considerable noise, which obliged us to pause for a few moments, as we were fearful we had alarmed the sentry, who was in the yard at no great distance; but happily he was oblivious to sounds. I was so much transported with the prospect of freedom, and equally excited lest any impediment should arise, that I could not wait for my bundle, although urged by the doctor not to abandon it. I was, how-

## The escape.

## An accident.

ever, deaf to his wishes, and, seizing the rope, was speedily in the street below, when I stood aside in the distance to await my companion. His descent occupied more time than mine, as he had encumbered himself with my bundle, and thus burdened, had only one hand at liberty to descend. At first starting he contrived to place the rope between his feet, but on turning the eaves they slipped, and he slid down four stories with such suddenness, the friction burnt his hand so that he nearly lost his hold, and narrowly escaped a deadly fall. For some time after his hand was useless from the injury received, and thus did we providentially escape from a prison in which I had been confined two dreary years and two months. *How joyfully I bade it an eternal farewell*, can only be appreciated by those under similar circumstances.

Dark prison dome, farewell

How slow the hours

Have told their leaden march within thy walls!  
 Toil claimed the day, and stern remorse the night  
 And every season with a frowning face  
 Approached, and went unreconciled away  
 Ah! who, with virtue's pure, unblenching soul  
 Can tell how tardily old Time doth move,  
 When guilt and punishment have clogged his wings!  
 The winter of the soul, the frozen brow  
 Of unpolluted friends, the harrowing pang  
 Of the last prayer, learned at the mother's knee.—  
 The upturned hope, the violated vow,  
 The poignant memory of unuttered things,—  
 Do dwell, dark dome, with him who dwells with thee  
 And yet, thou place of woe, I would not speak  
 Too harshly of thee, since in thy sad cell  
 Repentance found me, and did steep with tears  
 My lonely pillow, till the heart grew soft  
 And spread itself in brokenness before  
 The eye of mercy.       \*       \*       \*       \*

\*       \*       \*       \*       But when I view

Once more my home, when mild, forgiving eyes  
 Shall beam upon me, and the long-lost might  
 Of freedom nerve my arm, may the strong lines

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Farewell to Prison.

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Of that hard lesson sin hath taught my soul  
Gleam like a flaming beacon.

God of heaven!

Who, not for our infirmities or crimes,  
Dost turn thy face away, gird thou mv soul,  
And fortify its purpose, so to run  
Its future pilgrim-race, as not to lose  
The sinner's ransom at the bar of doom."

MRS. SIGOURNEY

## CHAPTER VI

“ Vex not thy spirit with fears and surmises  
But wrestle with care, and thy firmness restore;  
There’s a star for thee yet, and till brightly it rises  
Thou hast one friend at least, if thou can’st not find more.”

As the bent bough, relieved of the obnoxious weight that drooped it to earth, springs back to its original position, and yields gracefully to the passing breeze, so my mind, freed from the shadows of the prison wall, and the depressing influence of tedious confinement, rejoiced in its own elasticity. Emotions indescribable in language, filled it almost to bursting with tumultuous joy, a perfect storm of bliss, that seemed inexhaustible.

As soon as the doctor joined me we hastily passed out of the city, and crossed the river St. Charles on the ice, which, although it was April 25th (1825), was still traversed by teams. Whilst on the ice my companion fell upon his knees, to offer his thanks to Divine Providence for our deliverance; but though I felt equally grateful, I was too anxious to consummate our escape to follow his example, and kept running on, praising God by the way. Such was the mixture of fear with imagination, that I scarcely knew what I did. Sometimes I hurried the doctor, who, being somewhat advanced in years, could not keep pace with my buoyant footsteps, beckoning him to follow. Anon I jumped, talked, and sung, frantic with joy, like one whose mind had lost its balance.

We determined to travel down the St. Lawrence, among the French population, partly because the circulation of news was limited and slow in that direction and partly that our pursuers would not probably

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Thoughts of Home.

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suspect us of taking that route, but would conclude we had gone towards the United States. By sunrise we reached a piece of woods, from whence we had a view of the city and prison, and we paused to take a retrospective glance of its gloomy walls, picturing the consternation of the keepers when they discovered our flight, and we dwelt on their astonishment with merriment and frequent bursts of loud and hearty laughter. How pleasant was that hour—the hour of *prime*. The sun was climbing the eastern cloud paths, the songsters of the grove were commencing their matin songs, and to us all nature seemed to rejoice in our deliverance. Similar morning hours spent in the groves of England returned to my memory, and begat a strong desire to return to the hearth of my parents, and breathe once more the free, salubrious air of my native clime.

At first we resolved to spend the day in the woods; but the keen morning air compelled us to keep traveling, for the sake of circulating the animal heat, and we pursued our way across fields into the back country. To prevent suspicions, Dr. Moruaia proposed to assume the character of a physician, and that I should act in the capacity of his servant. At noon we dined with a French family, which was the first social meal I had eaten since I quitted England, and towards night, having reached a retired spot, we humbly united in prayers of thanksgiving for our deliverance, and ardent requests for future guidance. This exercise was peculiarly refreshing to our souls, and we arose from our knees with increased confidence in God. We then sought for a house, and having found one, put up for the night.

Our next day's journey was retarded, by having to cross a river, which we dare not attempt till dusk, fearing lest the bridge might be guarded, and as we approached it we hesitated, until, seeing no cause of alarm, we paid our toll and boldly passed on un-



heeded by the collector. That night we spent with a friend of the doctor, who had visited him in confinement; yet he had no idea we had broken jail, but supposed we had been regularly discharged, and as he was not particularly curious in his inquiries, we were careful not to undeceive him. He hospitably entertained us the following day and night.

My feelings of anxiety completely marred my enjoyment of the visit, as the doctor was well known to the community—a fear to which our host contributed by inadvertently relating the circumstance of a convict who had escaped from prison being arrested whilst living with him. I made no reply, though well acquainted with the fact, for he was an inmate of our room at the time. He fled by the front entrance, when on duty, and was returned amongst us after being retaken at the close of nine month's absence. Our surprise was great on seeing him escorted back to his old quarters, and we could not forbear upbraiding him for his want of courage to leave Canada, to which he jocosely replied:

“I got tired of prison life, and took the liberty of going home on a visit.”

The doctor's profession afforded us ample means of support, as he seldom visited a family without some ailment to relieve for one or other of the members; but unwilling to be dependent on his charity, I determined to leave him and find some honest employment. At first he dissuaded me from the step; however, finding me firm and decided, he turned his attention towards procuring me a situation, and to facilitate this plan, he thought it advisable I should assume another name, which I did, calling myself Thomas Ellencourt.

Arriving at a large farm in the parish of St. Joachim, on the St. Lawrence, about thirty miles below Quebec, my companion inquired if they wished help. After some conversation, and abundant recommenda-

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He hires himself outDullness of his situation.

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tions from the doctor, I agreed to work for the owner at *fifteen shillings* a month, low wages, certainly, but it was rather out of season to hire then, and, moreover, the man said he took me more out of charity than need of my services. The highest wages paid in that vicinity never exceeded *four dollars* a month. The bargain made, I accompanied the doctor a short distance, who, after a promise to see me again in two months if practicable, bade me an affectionate farewell.

My first task was to chop wood; but as it was my first attempt at such work, I was very awkward, and could accomplish little. Seeing this, and in consideration of my weak, fragile appearance, my employer gave me some lighter and easier occupation. My situation, however, soon became irksome, as there were none with whom I could converse in my own tongue, except an aged Englishman who had been a soldier, but after a residence of thirty years among the French he had almost forgotten his native language. He was my only companion, and life without congenial society soon ceases to charm.

The family were rigid Catholics, and required of their domestics the strictest conformity to the outward *formula* of their creed. The first time I entered the church, being ignorant of the usages and ceremonies, I acted as I had done in Protestant churches; but observing myself an object of merriment to the congregation, I looked around to ascertain the cause, when I saw each person as he entered dip his finger in a basin of water, cross himself with it, and murmur a Latin prayer. Although this appeared to me wrong and rather repugnant to my feelings, I was aware of the importance of conciliating those about me, and accordingly followed the example, passing afterwards current among them as a good Catholic.

After a while I discovered the farm whereon I labored belonged to the Catholic seminary at Quebec,

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Fears of Discovery.A Visitor from Quebec.

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and was frequently visited by the priests; some of whom had seen me in prison, and caused me much alarm lest they should recognize me. My clothing, too, bore the word "*jail*," or rather had borne it, in large letters of white paint, and though I had carefully scraped them off with a knife, yet on a close scrutiny they were still traceable. In order to destroy this clew to my real character, as soon as my wages were sufficient I purchased other garments, and buried the prison garb deep in the ground, beneath the roots of a large tree in the woods.

Another little incident also gave me extreme uneasiness. My employer had a son resident at Quebec, who occasionally visited the family, and as he spoke English very fluently, they used to order me into their room to talk with him for their amusement. Once he returned again almost immediately, after a visit, and my fears, ever on the alert, construed it into a discovery of my relation to the government; which was strengthened by the old gentleman's calling for me, to inform me his son had brought home some newspapers, which I must read. Suspicious of foul play I hesitated whether to obey or run away; but thinking this might excite suspicion, I complied, determined if detected to struggle vigorously for liberty. My alarm was, however, groundless, as they had not the most remote idea of my history, and the papers contained no advertisements concerning my flight from prison.

Next Sunday, at church, my consternation was aroused to the highest pitch to observe a gentleman present who had been confined in Quebec jail for debt, and of course knew me quite well. With a great effort I restrained my feelings, and hastened home in a very agitated and painful state of mind. To stay there any longer was dangerous, and to leave was equally so, as I was profoundly ignorant of the

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The prison baker.Resolves to leave.

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geography of the surrounding country, and had no way of crossing the St. Lawrence without exposing my life. What to do I scarcely knew, and on the whole, after due reflection, I determined to await the return of the doctor, coupled with a resolution to keep myself as retired as possible.

It appeared to me as if the fates had conspired to molest my peace; for when the following sabbath I declined attending church, the family assailed me with high indignation, calling me a dog, a heathen, and other hard names. To escape this fire I accompanied them, with a palpitating heart, when, to my dismay, who should I confront but the baker who supplied the prison with bread, and who had frequently seen me. As on the former occasion, I retired precipitately, for he was looking towards me as I entered; whether he recognized me or not I cannot tell, but it is pretty certain had I remained he would have done so, and the frowning walls of Quebec jail would have again claimed me as an inmate.

These repeated alarms determined me to run off into some other part of the country, and I resolved to do so that same evening; but whilst revolving my plan, two hired men of the family came into the house, talking French together in a low, confidential tone, which sounded to my suspicious mind like the history of the doctor and myself. Anxious to hear their conversation, I crept close to them, when they immediately ceased, and advised me to retire to bed. I had designed to lie down on my bed undressed, and to get up and escape in the night, but fearing from this remark they intended to watch me, I gave up the idea for that time, and submitted to my fate, in a very unhappy state of mind. Hearing no more of their talk, I finally conceived that my fears were mere creations of my heated brain, and I became more easy until they were again aroused shortly af-

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An agreeable surprise.The Doctor returns.

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ter, by my employer asking me whether I had ever been a *soldier*, to which I returned a disdainful negative.

This question confirmed my conviction of the necessity of leaving the place; which I happily soon found an opportunity of doing. Whilst busily engaged in chopping wood, one of the hired men ran hastily towards me, exclaiming:

“Thomas, you must come home; a gentleman wants to see you.”

“Who wants me?” I asked, whilst an alternate flush of heat and cold passed over me.

“A gentleman; who it is I can’t tell,” he said.

Upon this my face became as pale as death, with agitation, which the man perceiving, said

“It is the doctor.”

Not understanding his dialect, I thought he said *turnkey*, and the dictate of my heart was to run, until he repeated more distinctly:

“It is the doctor who came here with you.”

This was indeed good news; my fears were scattered in a moment; joy lightened up my countenance, and lifted an intolerable weight off my soul. I hastened with delight to meet him, a pleasure that was mutual, almost as ecstatic as on the night of our escape, and we forthwith proceeded to make each other the depository of our experience since our separation.

The doctor had been some distance down the St. Lawrence, and whilst practicing in one place, he was recognized as a run-a-way prisoner by an individual who betrayed his knowledge by the minuteness of his inquiries. To appease him, the doctor politely promised to visit him next day, but immediately hired a man to take him up the river in a boat during the night. He had also been in Quebec to purchase a fresh stock of medicine, and whilst in the store the jailer’s wife entered. As it was dark he contrived to

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Quits his employer.Separates from the Doctor.

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escape her notice by keeping his head averted. One of his old friends informed him that our unceremonious departure had excited a mighty uproar in the city next day, and thousands of citizens went to look at the window from which we descended.

The following morning I quitted my employer, and we proceeded to the island of Orleans, where the doctor was called to attend a sick lady, and intended to stay some time, wishing me to remain with him. This I positively refused, as it was my intention to tempt Providence no more, and reach the United States as soon as practicable. Finding he could not prevail on me to accede to his plans, he engaged two men to carry me next day to St. Thomas, a distance of eight miles.

On my departure, the faithful doctor, with his eyes filled with tears, gave me the true kiss of friendship, wishing me peace and prosperity; and I in return bestowed corresponding blessings, mingled with unfeigned thanks for his constant kindness. It was an interesting scene—the parting of friendship—a separation of hearts knitted together by adversity. Our hands remained clasped, as if unwilling to let each other go, till with an effort he commended me to the care of heaven, and we parted—perchance to meet no more on earth.

Never will that hour be blotted from the pages of memory; it was the last link of a precious friendship—a *genuine* friendship, rarely or seldom paralleled in this cold, selfish world. My mind loves to dwell on him as the instrument under God of delivering me from infamy and suffering, and placing me in a position to respect myself and benefit my fellow men. The singular circumstance that first united us, the success that attended our escape, and this last interposition, all convinced me that a higher hand than that of man overruled my destiny, and as long as I live his name will ever mingle with my aspirations



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The journey.Passes Quebec.

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at the throne of him who ordered his doings in my behalf.

About noon I landed at St. Thomas, and traveled towards Quebec on the opposite side of the river; but fearful of discovery, being only eighteen miles from the river, I walked slowly, and secreted myself till dark in the woods. Towards night I called at a house where I procured refreshment, and, it being now dark, the external world hushed in silence. I proceeded to pass through the city. On my way I suddenly came on a female form bowed before one of the numerous crosses erected for religious purposes by the way side; and this sight to my timid soul was hailed as an omen of gladness and peace.

I was much startled on nearing a low swamp to perceive the air to be filled with innumerable sparks, which increased as I advanced, until the woods appeared to me to be full of fire, sent, as I believed, by the agency of the devil. As the sparks flitted close by without injury to my person, I at length mustered courage to catch one, which, on examination, I found to be a species of bug, well known to the reader as the fire fly or lightning bug, yet a stranger to me, the native of a more northern land, where they do not exist.

At ten o'clock I was opposite Quebec, that spot associated with all that was dreary and miserable in life; there it lay, calm and still, interrupted only by the monotonous splashing of water against the sides of the vessels that lay at anchor on the noble river. Soon it lay far behind me, and I continued my road unmolested except by numerous savage guardians by the way side farms, which assailed me, much to my discomfort, with loud and clamorous vociferations. By daylight several miles separated me from the scene of my captivity; but still apprehensive of detection, I prosecuted my journey without intermission.

After two tedious days' walking, a gentleman who



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A pleasant rencontre.An unpleasant night.

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spoke English told me of a new road which would much shorten my route to the States, and following his direction I arrived about noon at a log cabin, where I stopped to rest. This hut—for it deserved no other name—was owned by an Englishman from Wakefield, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. Being both from the same wave-washed isle, we met as countrymen in a foreign land, and were soon engaged in an animated conversation about home and other et-ceteras which usually engage wanderers in a distant clime.

Whilst thus pleasantly occupied, we were interrupted by a man who, after asking me some questions, charged me with being a sailor, run away from my ship. On my denial he cursed and swore like an infidel, probably under the idea he would terrify me into a confession, and gain a few dollars by my apprehension. But finding this trick unsuccessful, he left me to pursue my road, which I did as speedily as possible. Passing through a piece of forest thirteen miles long, I came to a clearing with a log cabin, where I asked permission to put up for the night. A little coarse food was offered me for supper, which I ate, and then sought repose on the hard floor—an operation rendered entirely out of the question by the attacks of black flies and musquitoes, which compelled me to act on the defensive, and robbed me of any rest so ever.

My road now became exceedingly difficult; for it appeared quite out of use, being overgrown with bushes, and was in many places impeded by wind-falls. At the close of a hard day's travel it suddenly terminated, and I was quite bewildered, until, looking closely around, I discerned ox tracks, which I followed to a clearing, and there I learnt that I was on the banks of the Saint Francis river, ending a journey of twenty-six miles through the woods.

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The hornets' nest.Reaches the United States.

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Seven shillings and six pence comprised my whole exchequer when I parted from the doctor, and, as this was now exhausted, it appeared essential to replenish it as early as practicable. As it was many miles to Quebec, and in a retired part of the country, I thought it politic to seek employment at once, and accordingly let myself to a man named Abercrombie, at R———, twelve miles below Shipton.

One day, in walking through the woods on an errand for my employer, and musing on various topics, I met with an awkward accident, owing to my ignorance of sylvan life in America. I chanced to espy something in the bushes, which, to my unpracticed eye, looked curious and like the knot on a young tree. I was anxious to secure it as a walking cane, and placed my hand on it to ascertain whether it was of a convenient size, when the ball broke beneath the pressure, and out flew a host of angry hornets, which stung me in a most unmerciful manner, in revenge for the assault on their mansion.

About the 20th of October I left my employer, and proceeded towards the United States; but my need of clothing for the coming cold weather induced me in a few days to let myself again. There I remained about six weeks, when I set out once more, resolved this time not to stop short of the land of freedom. In the course of two days I crossed the boundary line that divides the Canadas from the great republic of America, and so rejoiced did I feel when my feet pressed the sod of glorious Columbia, that I could fain have kissed the spot whereon I stood. Now, said my fertile imagination, liberty and happiness awaits you under the protecting EAGLE'S WING—a feeling none can truly realize, unless they have smartly felt the pressure of the LION'S PAW

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An old desire gratified.

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The desire which had been lighted up in my young bosom in the earlier periods of my life, had never been extinguished by the floods and trials through which I had passed, but had brightened and burned vigorously to the moment that gave birth to my republican advent. Unto God who guided me by his omnipotent hand, be *endless praises!*

## CHAPTER IX.

‘ Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land -  
The voices of thy kindred band,  
O! midst them all, when blest thou art  
Deal gently with the stranger’s heart.”

HEMANS.

I now resumed my original and proper designation, determined, as I trod the confines of the land of my adoption, to begin life anew, and regulate my career on the same principles of virtue and integrity that are the basis of her constitution. As my age hardly numbered twenty summers, I resolved to learn a trade, and for this purpose, one of the Atlantic cities seemed to offer the greatest facilities; but the information I received at Waterford, Vt., of the vicinity of a countryman, changed my intentions. I called on this gentleman, whose name was Furby, a cabinet-maker, who at first was disposed to engage me as an apprentice; however, on reflecting, he declined, as he was ignorant of my character, and the disadvantageous circumstances of my arrival alone and unknown, also operated against me. He advised me to call upon another Englishman, named Bellamy, a Methodist preacher, who resided in the same village.

From him I received a very cordial reception, and a warmth of interest in my undertakings, such as countrymen should ever feel for their less fortunate compatriots in distant lands. He told me of a chance to acquire the saddlery business, with a Mr. Cobb, who required an apprentice, and next day when I waited on this gentleman, he agreed to take me one month on trial. At the expiration of the term, if both parties were satisfied, he was to engage me for an apprentice. When the period of probation ex-

## Serious feelings.

## The Camp Meeting.

pired, we formed an agreement, by which he was to teach me the business on condition I should devote three years of my life to his service.

Whilst in this place my mind was powerfully aroused to a consideration of my spiritual danger—to a sense of guilt for having wandered from the good and right way. So strong and deep were the monitions of the holy spirit, that rest forsook my heart, peace and sleep fled my pillow, and left me a wretched, forlorn sinner. My wicked heart labored hard to evade the force of these convictions, by a compromise with itself to be pious at some future day; but the dread lest after all my alarms I should finally be cast away, overruled my indecision, and in the month of September, at a camp meeting at Concord, Vt., my mind was led to seek the great essential of life. I decided to obtain this precious blessing if I could, before the close of the meeting, and henceforth make my delight “in the law of the Lord.”

On the second day of the meeting, I attended in company of Thomas Bellamy, a son of Mr. B., who has since become an able minister of “the word;” but he was then a backslider, and so indisposed to serious things that we parted soon after our arrival at the place of prayer. The solemn appeals of the preachers pierced my heart like a “two edged sword,” and increased the trouble of my mind to such a degree as to make me feel forsaken of God and man. I retired into the woods to pray, but was followed by an overpowering temptation, which whispered, “your sins are too great to be forgiven; and if you dare to pray, the Almighty will crush you in a moment!”

But the remembrance of the precious promises contained in the Bible scattered the temptation, and encouraged my mind, as it heard the Savior say in his word, “Ask and it shall be given you; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto

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The backslider restored.

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you." Kneeling beside a log I prayed, but without experiencing any special relief or consolation.

At a class meeting held that evening in the Lancaster tent, an invitation was given to those who were anxious for their soul's salvation, to manifest it by going forward for prayers. At first none arose, although the tent was crowded with persons yet in their sins; till taking courage, I stood up and told the people I was determined to get religion if it was to be obtained. Many others followed the example, and we were all joined in solemn prayer to God the father of spirits. Several found peace, and went away rejoicing. My mind, though not wholly relieved, was comforted, and I left the tent deeply convinced of the value of religion, and the necessity of speedily obtaining it.

On my way home I reflected on my newly formed resolves, and felt more strongly confirmed in my determination to perform them forthwith. From that night I began to exercise the practical duties of Christianity, and to cultivate a further acquaintance with the word of God. Not having much leisure to devote to study, I used to spend some time every night after nine o'clock, in reading the Bible—an employment that proved very profitable and instructive to me. My friend, Mr. B., was very instrumental in aiding me in my cherished project of improving my mind. He allowed me to lodge at his house, and have free access to his library—a privilege I indulged in until midnight. As my experience increased my unbelief gave way, and I obtained a clear, undoubted evidence that God, for Christ's sake, had blotted out my sins, and adopted me into his family.

Being now solicitous of attaching myself to the visible church of Christ, and conceiving the doctrines and usages of the Methodist to be strictly in accordance with the spirit and doctrines of the gospel, I was received into the class at Waterford, on the usual

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Removes to Bradford.

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probation of six months, by the Rev. Chauncy Richardson.

My progress in the study of the way of salvation taught me to meditate on the state of a perishing world, till my heart burned with a desire to engage in the ministry, and by punctually attending every means of grace, my poor heart was greatly blessed, and watered by the great shepherd of the sheep, the Bishop of souls. I was actuated by a strong wish to attend a course of study that would prepare me for this cherished object, and I wrote to the Rev. Mr. Fisk, principal of Wilbraham Academy, Mass., soliciting his advice; but receiving no reply I was disappointed, and began to abandon the idea. This will be no matter of wonder when it is remembered I was young and inexperienced, and still imbued with strong feelings and prejudices. Moreover, as my whole time was spent in the shop, I had little opportunity to become acquainted with the American character, which I judged by the English standard of pride and aristocratic selfishness. In this I erred, and had any one at this period of my life befriended me, I should doubtless have devoted my energies to the ministry.

The following February Mr. Cobb and myself parted by mutual agreement, and I left Waterford to seek further employment. I found employment in the shop of Mr. Corliss, at Bradford, Vt., and on presenting my certificate, the class received me into its bosom the first Sunday after my arrival. Here I enjoyed many blessed privileges among my Christian brethren, especially in the family of my employer, the heads of which were sincere and devoted followers of the Savior. Among my other advantages was the use of the town library, which was kept at my employer's house, he being librarian.

During my stay in this place my mind was again powerfully exercised upon the subject of preaching,



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Becomes an exhorter.

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and after much fervent prayer I disclosed my feelings to those who knew me best, who thought it my duty to go forward. Still I was unwilling, as my talents and information were limited; but it was suggested for my encouragement that many able ministers of the gospel, whose services now do honor to the church and themselves, began young and feeble like myself, and who, by pursuing a course of untiring study, by the aid of divine grace, have risen to celebrity and usefulness. Animated by these considerations, I divulged my sentiments and views to the Rev. P. C. Richmond, the preacher in charge, who counseled me to go forward, and improve in exhortation and prayer. He furnished me with his written permission to exercise my gift as an exhorter, which I continued to employ to the best of my ability.

From Bradford I removed to Lisbon, N. H., and entered the employment of Mr. Stevens, on Sugar Hill, the 20th of May following, where I devoted myself to the duties of my profession with the utmost punctiliousness, having been received into full membership by the church, and my license of exhortation renewed. I adopted a systematic course of living, by dedicating my business hours strictly to my employer, and my leisure to the improvement of my mind by study. As an assistant, I procured a copy of Dr. Adam Clarke's invaluable Commentary, together with some other theological works, which gave me much important information.

My manners were so reserved that many, no doubt, thought me proud or scornful, though my restraint originated in a laudable desire to prevent myself being drawn away by the example and conversation of the ungodly, who surrounded me on every hand. This caution was doubly necessary, from the fact that Mr. Stevens sold spirituous liquors, which drew many wicked and profane men to his shop, who, when the fumes of their potations filled their brains, in-

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The Drunkard.

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dulged in grog shop oratory, loathsomely disgusting to ears less contaminated. How miserably debasing are the gibberings of the sot, who talks in his hallucinations with the wisdom of a statesman, or the devotion of a Christian, and sees not the pit at his feet, into which he is slowly and surely sliding.

- What a wretched picture does the inebriate present. Ruined in prospects and character, burdened with a sin which sinks him beneath the level of the poor brute, and murders his soul, he totters on into the eternity of night. Let conscience speak, ere it be forever steeped in the rum cask, before the subsistence of your family dissolves into the remorseless runseller's inexorable grasp, give ear to her warnings and turn your feet from the edge of the precipice, your blood-stained soul from the gates of hell, and repent whilst the ear of mercy is open to the suppliant's cry. Oh! may that happy day arrive when this "liquid fire" shall be cast into oblivion—when men will practice that restraining grace that will preserve them from the deadly fascination of the wine cup, Satan's choicest weapon of destruction, and vice shall succumb to virtue.

Thus encircled by profane characters, I could not refrain from occasionally administering a word of reproof, which brought on me a volley of dreadful oaths and fearful imprecations; but by resolution I ultimately restrained them from swearing in my presence.

Another and most strange pretence for annoying me was my adhesion to study, which some maintained was inconsistent with the character of a minister of the gospel, arguing that he ought to preach entirely by revelation. These absurd persons also circulated a report that I had a large number of prayer and sermon books, from which I committed to memory all my public improvements. This silly report, though it injured me for a time, soon met with its deserved

## Ill Reports.

fate, for if deprived of the fellowship of my brethren in the church of my choice, I enjoyed many privileges with my Free-will Baptist friends, whose evidences of brotherly love and affection will ever dwell on my mind. The occasion of this declension I could never imagine, unless it was the malicious reports regarding my sources of information, as on a strict examination of my conduct, I was never sensible of either word or action that could be construed into a just ground of offense. But "man is born to trouble," and these petty trials are doubtless sent to teach us this is not our abiding place, and wean our hearts from the fleeting vanities of earth.

Amid these chilling repulses, my soul felt disquieted, and I vainly looked around among the hundreds who surrounded me for a congenial companion—one into whose bosom I could pour my sorrows, and find sweet sympathy; but I found none. I naturally sighed for an opportunity to change my relation in life, and seek a partner who should relieve my loneliness, encourage me in well doing, and with whom I could claim kindred. Like the poet I could say:

' There are no friends or fathers here,  
Nor spouses kind to smile on me;  
A brother's voice I can not hear;  
A mother's form I never see;  
A sister's love I may not share  
While here in *exile* still I roam  
O, could I breathe my native air  
Beneath that dear ancestral dome  
I'd rest content  
Till life was spent,  
Nor seek abroad a better home."

I again, about this epoch, addressed a letter to my father, informing him of my condition and prospects, and expostulated with him for his supposed neglect of former communications, which I supposed he had

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A letter from England.

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not answered. Though much offended with my previous conduct, this, as will hereafter appear, was an erroneous opinion on my part.

As I continued to improve my gift, my acquaintance with the neighboring families enlarged, among whom especially ranked that of Mr. N. Judd, and if not above mediocrity in worldly wealth, they were rich in faith and the knowledge of divine things. My first introduction took place in the month of August, 1827, and in April following, I was married to Susannah, their daughter.

A few weeks previous to my marriage, a gentleman informed me that there was a letter for me in the post office, and, as it was directed to North America, he presumed it was from England. I hastened to obtain it, it proved to be from my father, and that the reader may have a just idea of his feelings, I insert it:

FRAMPTON, *December 1, 1827.*

My dear Son,

“I received your letter, dated October 6th, 1827, and am very much surprised that you have not received any letter from me, which is the cause of your most unhappy complaint. I have received many letters from you, to which I have immediately sent answers. Your information that you have not received any since you left the Isle of Wight, gives me but poor satisfaction. The cause of these failures is, no doubt, owing to the great distance which separates us from each other; and my letters have probably been lost on the way.

“Dear son, your request has been gratified, in that I have attentively perused your letter; and in the first place I commend you to God, and pray earnestly that he may be your guide, protector. and redeemer; that you may honor and fear him all your life, be a useful and dignified member of society, and, eventually, that we may all meet in heaven, where nothing

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A letter from England.Becomes a farmer.

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shall separate us from that union and felicity which have been purchased for us by our blessed Redeemer.

“Let me also affectionately advise you, as you have escaped your unpleasant condition and situation, for one of a more social and endearing character, to preserve it with deep-felt gratitude. Use every effort to make it agreeable to you, and be content in those fortunate circumstances in which providence and the mercy of God have placed you.

“You will accept the ardent love and best wishes of your parents, and also the same sentiment of respect from all the family. We should be glad to see you return to your native land, which may God grant. This leaves us all enjoying good health, except your mother, whose weak constitution obliges me to say that at times her health is very precarious. Your cousin, James L——, of S——, died about twelve months ago. Your brother J—— is no better of his lameness. May this find you in the enjoyment of health; and, O, may God be with my transmarine son! and bless and save you in his heavenly kingdom, is the prayer of, dear son,

“Your affectionate father,

“WILLIAM LIGHTON.”

The perusal of this letter had no small effect on my feelings; *as it was the first news I had received from my dear parents for seven long years.* My heart was relieved from a load of sorrow, that crushed it under the idea I was not cared for; since which period I have maintained a regular correspondence, and nothing has occurred to mar our cordial affection.

My term of hire having expired, I went, according to previous agreement, to live with my wife's father, and as he was infirm in body, and considerably advanced in years, I took his farm, with the understanding I should support himself and his partner 'hrough life. In addition I received ninety-six dollars

Domestic happiness.

Another letter.

a year, the amount of a pension he received as a reward for services rendered during the war of Independence.

Thus circumstanced, we lived in the most affectionate and harmonious manner, a striking contrast to the misery of my early days; when, subjected to inexpressible hardships, I was doomed to bear the frowns of tyrants, and the insults of impious masters. Now, thanks to a merciful providence, I was freed from my oppressors, had a happy home, and enjoyed the best of human comforts, a pious and godly companion, who was dear to me as my own soul. Added to this I was surrounded by friends, whose generous kindness will ever endear them to my memory, and these blessings, once so foreign to my expectations, were now enjoyed with fond reality. Oh! what shall I render to God for all his goodness towards me?

A few months after I wrote an answer to my father's first letter, I received the following, which I am fain to lay before the reader, as it breathes so much of the spirit of paternal solicitude and love:

FRAMPTON, ENG., *October 15, 1828.*

"Dear Son,

"Your kind letter was received with great pleasure, and, O, what inexpressible joy I have had in perusing it, to find that you received my letters at last, after the numbers I have sent these seven years! It affords me much happiness to find you are enjoying good health, and also that you are married; but above all it fills my soul with the greatest possible satisfaction to hear that you love your God and Savior, and feel a deep interest for his glory. O, may the Lord bless and preserve you unto his holy kingdom.

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I should like to accept your invitation and emigrate to America, but my *home*, my *native isle*, has a *charm* almost too powerful to admit of a separation,



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Licensed to preach.

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in this my advanced stage of life. As yet I know not how I shall act. I am not able to determine, at present, so as to give you a satisfactory answer, but return you my sincere thanks for your tenderness towards me. \* \* \* \*

“In closing this, I commend you to Almighty God, who alone is able to watch over and bring you to his kingdom. O, may he bless and enlighten you as to your duty, that you may live a devoted and useful life. We are all well, and all join in giving our love to you and your dear wife, and her relations, praying, if we should never meet each other on earth, we may be so unspeakably happy as to meet in heaven, to receive a crown of glory, where we may mingle our friendly souls in praising God forever, through Jesus Christ.

“I am, dear son,  
Your very affectionate father,  
“WILLIAM LIGHTON.”

I continued to improve as an exhorter for about two years, when, with the advice of my brethren, I obtained a license to *preach* at a quarterly meeting conference held at Lisbon, April 25, 1829, the Rev. John Lord presiding elder. With this renewal of my commission, I felt the vast importance of honoring it to the glory of God, and I wrote to my father, acquainting him with the interesting fact, to which I received the following reply next December:

“FRAMPTON, near Boston, Aug. 8, 1829

“Dearly beloved Son,

“I began to think the time long since I received a letter from you; but the time has arrived in which I have received yours; it came to hand August 7th, 1829. Nothing gives me more satisfaction than to hear from you; believe me, my son, when I say it is a happiness I enjoy above every other pleasure of



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Another communication from England.

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the world. Yes, thank God, I can now retire to my closet and hold converse with my dutiful son, while I read your epistles. Oh, what a delightful hour! How much I am obligated to praise the Lord, who has permitted me to see this moment! The pleasure I have received from perusing your kind letter, has animated and filled my soul with such exquisite happiness as words can not express. And why all this joy and gratitude but because I have reason to believe my long lost son is found; that you love God, and the way of life and salvation; but above all, that you are favored, by God's blessing and mercy, with the privilege of preaching the gospel of the son of God. O, this is too much for a father to bear! So thoughtless were you about your soul before, and so regardless of friendly advice, and leaving the bosom of friends and home, as you did,—who can help rejoicing? Ah, who could have thought of such a change? Truly, 'with God all things are possible.'

"With this feeling of soul, I eagerly seize my pen to communicate with you, in the form of a letter, and hasten to lose no time in so pleasing an employ. I have much to say by way of encouragement to you; but I can not express myself. Let me advise you to be humble; abstain from every thing that does not bear the impress of that blessed gospel you profess to preach. Live near to God, and then I have no fears concerning your prosperity and usefulness.

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"May the God of peace be with you, and remain with you, and keep you from all danger through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"I remain  
Your most affectionate father,  
"WILLIAM LIGHTON."

The contents of this letter filled me with the highest concern for the general happiness of my father

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The author urges his father to emigrate.

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and his family, and I wrote him an impressive reply, urging him strongly to emigrate to this country without delay. One of his answers to this appeal is as follows:

“FRAMPTON, *October 31, 1831.*

‘My dear Son,

“I received your most grateful and intelligent letter, dated July 10th, and am truly enamored with your simplicity and kind treatment; it breathes a sincerity too powerful to be doubted, that fills me with true parental affection and sincere respect to a loving and dutiful son.

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“I received your kind invitation with warm emotion, and should like to come to America to pass the rest of my life with you in your free republican country, where peace and retirement alone can be found to refresh and relieve the suffering sons of oppression. But, my son, the thought of leaving home and friends to traverse the ocean in quest of a more free country, at this age of my life, might be probably an imprudent step. I know not what to say any further upon the subject, but would give you my hearty thanks for your kind invitation, and pray the Lord he may, by his divine influence, bring us to heaven, where waves and billows shall no more rise between us, to obstruct us from the enjoyment of our beloved fraternity.

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“Your most affectionate father,

‘WILLIAM LIGHTON.

Finding my letter did not produce the intended effect, but merely set him reflecting upon my propositions, I wrote again upon the same subject, to which I received the subjoined reply:

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Letter from home.

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‘FRAMPTON, *September 2*, 1833

‘Affectionate Son,

“Through the blessing of God, we received your important communication, dated April 24th, 1833. Your argument for me to come over is strong and sincere, but I can not, at present, determine so as to give you any decisive satisfaction about the subject. Yet, let me tell you, my dear son, the ties of parental affection are so strong as almost, at times, to induce me to resolve upon the undertaking. I should be very happy to see you all, and to enjoy sweet solace, and end my days in your free and happy country, and in the bosom of an affectionate and grateful son; but the distance seems too far, and the journey accompanied with a degree of mental anxiety and danger, which are the only difficulties that seem to prevent that happy meeting, which would be accompanied with all the feelings of an affectionate father.

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“Our country is progressing in oppression and wretchedness, which almost induces me to believe its fate is fixed. The reform bill has proved a dead letter, at least at present; in consequence of this failure, the people have turned a deaf ear to all plans of reformation. What will be the consequence, I know not, but I fear it will result in a bloody contest. May the Lord have mercy upon us, and deliver us from the evil. We are all in sentiment as usual, and enjoying good health. Accept our love and best wishes. Write at every opportunity; and may the propitious smiles of our heavenly Father attend you and your beloved family forever, which is the prayer of, dear son,

‘Your most affectionate father,

“WILLIAM LIGHTON.”

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Reverses of fortune.

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About April of this year, 1833, I was visited with a very serious affliction in my temporal circumstances, which effectually taught me the mutability of all earthly things. For five years I had lived in the connubial bond with the utmost content and happiness. Providence had blessed me with a young family of three children, a son and two daughters, but being located where my trade was of little use to me, and feeling disposed to devote myself to it more, I concluded to sell out and establish myself in a more favorable locality. I accordingly disposed of my farm to Mr. MacBain Jamison, a man who had hitherto been upright, and of whose honesty I had not the least doubt; hence I confidently reposed my property in his hands, with no other security than his notes. Knowing he had obtained command of the property, some notorious wretches advised him to sell it and leave the country, which he was mean enough to do, and so defrauded me of the principal amount. He proceeded with his family out west, where, for aught I know, he may be at this present.

This untoward occurrence threw me into deep trouble, which came like a winter cloud across my mind, and darkened my rising prospects of comfort and prosperity. The ensuing fall, I hired a house in the town of Landaff, about five miles from my former abode, where I devoted myself to my trade, and, with the blessing of God, enjoyed comparative ease and tranquility.

Thus, dear reader, I have presented you with a plain, unvarnished narrative of the past thirty years of my life, now fled forever! and what wonders God has wrought for me during that short time. I have had my share of suffering and difficulties from the hands of unfeeling men—I have felt their frowns—I have endured their wrath; but the mercy

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Summary

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of God interposed to save me from every evil, and brought me to a land of liberty and prosperity, where, in common with millions of freemen, I enjoy, encircled by my own dear family, the sweets of civil life. To Almighty God be ascribed everlasting praise!

END OF PART FIRST.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
WILLIAM BEEBEY LIGHTON.

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PART SECOND

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CHAPTER I.

Be firm in faith, and truth will bear  
Thy pure and spotless spirit o'er  
That sombre, silent valley, where  
The wicked fail to trouble more."

HUNT.

During my residence in Landaff I was inclined to review the events of my life, through which I had passed, and thought from their peculiar character they might not be unacceptable if compiled into book form and published. I did not hesitate, but determined, as if the salvation of my circumstances depended upon it, to write. First I informed my wife, who laughed at the idea of my becoming an "*author*." But her laugh was like sunshine, and without delay I dashed away with my pen, in a manner that soon induced her and others to feel considerable interest in its progress. My business being urgent, I adopted a strict course of action, writing only in the early morning, from two to six o'clock, until the work was completed and prepared for the press. Such are the facts with regard to the production of the first part

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Settled at Kirby.

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of my narrative. Its sale was rapid, and the benefit realized tended greatly to help me in my temporal circumstances. From this period I proceed with the account, and shall adhere strictly to truth, so as to blend both parts into one harmonious whole, which I hope will not be less welcome to the reader.

While residing in this place I was ordained a local deacon in the ministry, by the venerable Bishop Hedding, September 4th, 1836. At the conference held in Montpelier, Vt., October 16th, in the same year, we experienced the first afflictive dispensation of Providence in our family, in the death of a beloved parent, Mr. Nathan Judd, of revolutionary memory. He was endeared to us by the ties of affection, and he died peacefully, in full hope of everlasting life.

The spring of 1837 we removed to East Haverhill, Grafton county, N. H., with the intention of settling on a farm; but subsequently visiting Vermont, I purchased a small farm in Kirby, Caledonia county, to which we moved in the spring of 1838. Thus situated, amid a generous people, we were encouraged to hope that with honest industry and the divine blessing we should enjoy rich immunities of life.

Circumstances compelling me to be much from home, I committed my farming interests to the care of my family and hired help. My ostensible business was the sale of my books, whereby I endeavored to procure means to pay for my farm.

I adopted a thorough and systematic course of action, believing that with perseverance I should overcome all difficulties, and took for my motto, "*Help yourself and heaven will help you.*" I determined, also, to make myself useful as far as my ability would admit, in preaching, lecturing, or otherwise, as opportunity presented, and I based my conduct and intercourse with man upon the sentiment of the Redeemer—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."



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Rev. John Clarke.

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In my travels I experienced a diversity of treatment, that taught me the necessity of self-reliance, and trust in God. Many were the generous hearts whose sympathy and good will encouraged me in my object; whilst the narrow minded selfishness, and ignorance of my necessity and design in others, occasioned bitter affliction to my feelings.

Prior to this, and up to 1840, I had confined myself in my travels to the New England states; but on visiting Springfield, Mass., I formed the acquaintance of a southern gentleman, Mr. Robb, superintendent of the United States Armory in that place. He strongly urged me to go south, stating I should succeed far better in my object there than in the north. And I, profiting by his advice, subsequently extended the field of my labors.

During my visit in Springfield, I also providentially became acquainted with a young gentleman, named John Clarke, lately from Ireland, a man of talent and education, whom Providence had evidently destined to a higher sphere than that of serving the world. He had sustained a local preacher's relation in the Methodist connection, and was possessed of eloquence, with good preaching ability, and it was probably owing to this, more than any thing else, that he became the subject of a secret and malignant opposition by a preacher then preaching in Cabotville, though not connected with the conference. What prompted him to this unchristian conduct was the fear of rivalry. Every avenue to encouragement to preach was closed, and to add a viler stain, the tongue of slander fell heavily upon the stranger. He designed to join the New England conference, but strong eyed prejudice stood watching to prevent him. There was evidently no hope for him, and he felt disheartened. Being almost friendless, and believing it was the honest purpose of his heart to preach the gospel, I prevailed on him to leave, make his home with my

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Resolves to visit his father.

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family, join the *Vermont conference*, and abide the providence of God. He thankfully accepted my offer, accompanied by his family, consisting of a wife and two children, and was immediately called into the work. That year he joined the conference and became an eminent and successful minister. Subsequently he was transferred to the New England conference, where he was also useful, filled some of their first stations, and died, beloved, in Boston, in the midst of his usefulness.

How many a promising young man has been dissuaded from following the path of duty from similar treatment, when a word of encouragement would have proved a help and a blessing. Perish, thou demon *jealousy*, and let enobled charity control the heart in all its ways and actions; so shall it be blest by every tongue.

The correspondence of my father, urging me to a visit, together with my strong desire to see him and my kindred, induced me to determine upon the undertaking, as I had been unsuccessful in my efforts to prevail on them to emigrate. To effect this with safety, I determined to purchase my discharge, if possible, of the government. I acquainted him with my wish, and he heartily cooperated with me, being anxious to consummate so desirable a result.

With this object, and the hope of success, as many of his letters served to confirm, I applied myself diligently to my business to obtain the necessary means. In this endeavor I received generally the sympathy and "God speed" of the people among whom I visited.

Occasionally I met with inveterate opposition from sources I least expected, which tended to alienate my confidence, and doubt the character they professed for integrity, in speaking of which, however, I have no other motive than to reprove and correct an evil so glaringly repugnant to humanity and the gospel of

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Persecution.

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Christ. Had I been engaged in a pursuit derogatory to the principles of morality, there would have been some ground for their ill treatment, and then only so far as it comported with truth and justice.

Every man engaged in an honest calling, however humble, has a constituted right to respectful treatment. The laws of the land and common sense award it him, in common with all citizens. But, because a man sustains a title or office, is no warrant that he should assume to lord it over any whom his position in the church or state gives him the advantage, and chance can make the victims of his ignorance or cupidity. The law of heaven and the impulses of our nature demand that every man shall be treated with fellow feeling. There is no greater mark of a tyrant, and want of magnanimity and Christian sympathy, than for a man to treat another in a supercilious, dictatorial, frowning and uncivil manner because he does not agree with him in his every whim.

At a camp meeting in Massachusetts, a presiding elder quite gratuitously, and with a degree of arrogance that would have been more befitting a British aristocrat, reproved me for devoting my time to selling books, wished to know my object, and why I did not go home and apply myself to something else, &c. What business was it to him? Though he afterwards invited me to preach, I could not dispel the idea of sectarian prejudice, combined with a sprinkling of high-seasoned hierarchical presumption unbecoming his station.

Whilst traveling in Vermont I was opposed by a man whose scruples of law, knowledge and justice overcame his patriotism.

"How can you," he enquired, "reconcile your escape from prison with your profession of religion?"

"My love of freedom, happiness and usefulness

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Persecution.

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are my justifications; a principle in harmony with religion."

"But you were a criminal, condemned, and under sentence of the law. You ought to have suffered the term, and then you would have been an honest man."

"In your estimation I might have been considered such, but in the judgment of every enlightened American, I should have been thought a fool. Oppression, privation, and flattery led me to enlist; oppression forced me to desert, and tyranny and suffering, and the love of happiness, drove me to escape. If there is any one thing in life for which I thank the Almighty, next to my salvation, it is my escape from prison and cruelty."

I have traveled a great deal in Vermont, but I never found his equal. I doubt whether such another can be found in the state. He must have been a remnant of the *old tory* stock, who, by some unfortunate cause, stopped short in the wilds, before reaching Canada!

In other states I have met with some, whose tenacity for their country, whether right or wrong, was so unbounded that any one who disavows the army, or navy, and abandons his government, is a traitor. Pray, then, what was Washington? What were all the veterans of the revolution? They who purchased a nation's freedom with their blood, in spite of treachery, of bayonets, and tories?

They traitors? No! They were patriots, men gifted by the Almighty to tread down the tyrants' power, and break the chain of despots' rule, which fettered and oppressed man, until he groaned and writhed beneath its weight. *They traitors? No!* They stood forth, brave and strong in God's name, and planted the banner, battled for freedom, redeemed a continent, and whilst their warm life's blood was

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Reflections on Freedom.

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flowing, every breeze wafted to heaven the victor's shout, and the sweet note of liberty, to every hamlet of our oppressed world. They who dare call such men traitors, let them be anathema maranatha.

So it is a merit to escape, with all who suffer beneath oppression's sickening sway. The time has come when we must forsake our fastidious love of country, and cleave to the eternal principles of freedom and right. The march of intellect and man's sovereignty demand it.

Another fallacy, and one I had frequently to combat, was found amongst my own countrymen. They would say, "You praise America and run down your own country." 'Tis false; I never did. The *people* and *country* are cherished, but the *government*, that mighty engine which grinds the poor and robs them of their right, *I hate with an intelligent hatred!* Why should I not love this glorious country? Why should not every foreigner love and cherish its institutions? Is not his labor richly rewarded? Does not its laws protect him in the possession of his sweet home; his farm, possessions, wealth, and all the rich immunities the heart in its rational desire of happiness can wish, far beyond what he can obtain in Europe? Then why not love the land and yield the constitution his allegiance, and become as loyal an American by adoption as Americans by nativity?

My manner of proceeding in all places where I visited was, first to call on the preacher, present him my certificate of standing in the church to which I belonged, and inform him of the object of my visit, &c. Why I did so was. I felt more at home and happier with the people of my choice, and consequently, when any severe repulse occurred from this quarter, I felt it, as the ministry were next to the apple of my eye, and I loved them. Had I, however, depended more upon my ability and the community generally, with my firm attachment to the cause of God, I

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Local Preachers.

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should probably, in many cases, have enjoyed myself better.

On one occasion, whilst attending a camp meeting in New Jersey, the ministry, many of whom were from Philadelphia, combined against me, and decided not to recognize me, for the reason (as I was informed by a local preacher of high standing in New York, who was present), that I had taken a location from the conference for purposes of speculation; which was false. I never was connected with any conference, having always sustained the station of a local preacher. Had they frankly allowed me to represent my case, I could have given them satisfaction, as men influenced by proper feelings would have done, but their prejudice and power prevented it.

One very serious objection I found existing in the minds of some ministers, was my being a local preacher; it was tantamount to interloper and loafer, as one presiding elder in no very gracious terms pronounced me. There is not found in the local system that oneness of interest, and identity in office and work, and for this reason it may be, they look down upon it with repugnance. Not that it prevails generally in the church, but only amongst a few domineering, self-conceited, self-worshipping coxcomb preachers, who are about as profitable in the ministry as a city alderman, fishing more for honor and a good fat living than for the salvation of souls. Such men would do away with the system entirely if they could. I have heard them denounce the ordination of a local preacher as an interposition with privileges of the regular, or traveling minister.

‘Is not the local minister a regular minister also?’

Yes,” say they, “but they occasionally marry a couple, and take away so much from our means of living.”

But has not a local preacher as good a right to make people happy and receive a fee as they have,



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Local Preachers.

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seeing the poor despised brother preacher is generally without benefit of salary? Such men treat the system with a exclusiveness that would be condemnatory in a bigoted and spiritless oligarchy, and would work equally good with cardinals, as Methodist preachers.

The evil does not exist alone in portions of the ministry, but it prevails also to some extent among the laity. I have frequently been amused as well as afflicted, at the remarks and sudden transitions of feeling on the announcement of *local preachers*. It is as effective, almost, as the electric spark.

Sometimes on introducing myself to ministers they would say:

“You are a minister, are you, sir?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Indeed, I am happy to see you. Where are you stationed, brother?”

“I am a local preacher, sir.”

“Oh, a local preacher! eh!” with a coolness of manner that would indicate his estimation of me as below par.

Another, when I informed him, replied: “Oh! ah! eh?” with a half grunt, turning to his book or paper, that told me at once his general feeling and estimation of a local preacher. Witness, if you will, the manner of some in the congregation when the preacher announces, “Brother ———, a local preacher, will preach in this house this afternoon!” Mark the physiognomies; some are long, some scowl, and some are pouch-mouthed, as they leave with such a pious, *contemptuous* grace, saying at least, “I don’t want to hear him.” Such is the difficulty in many cases; the infection spreads; and will, if not stayed in season, root out the system, and sever from the church some of its most available and practical talent.

On one occasion, in New Jersey, I felt abused beyond all I had previously endured. It was at a camp



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Bigoted Presiding Elder.

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meeting; the congregation met at the ground on the sabbath, and by request of the leading preacher I preached once that day. During the week in the interim of the service, I exposed my book for sale, in connection with the books of the preacher in charge of the circuit, who gave me leave. The presiding elder, instead of coming to me in a Christian spirit, uttered his vindictive decree to quit selling, and published me before the congregation as an *imposter*. He spoke under the influence of a bigoted and selfish spirit, evidently with the intention to prejudice the public mind, reckless of truth and justice.

Such treatment was uncalled for and oppressive. I had a right to expect and to receive reciprocity of feeling and fellowship. The discipline makes it obligatory on all who unite into the society to do so, and that they shall befriend each other as members of God's visible church.

Of what benefit are church organizations if they will not adhere to these principles? It is to be feared that many have sought refuge in the church as a means of support, without much regard to their religious obligations, and hence it is that we see them become proud, vain, selfish, bigoted, deceitful, and worldly; great sticklers for *usages, customs, and church polity*, with little or none of the love of God in their hearts. With such men fellowship is a curse, as when they obtain influence and power they oppress, until their rule, in many instances, is as burdensome and cruel as popery.

In giving utterance to my feelings, I do not intend to insult or abuse the true ministry, or the church, whose spirit and conduct becometh that of Christ and the gospel. But I do mean to lift up the voice of reproof against tyranny and despotism, where it exists in either.

It is to be feared that much of the declension in

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Demand for reformation.

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many churches is owing, in a great measure, to the habits and selfish spirit of the ministers. Instead of maintaining a fervent and sincere reliance on Almighty God, who alone can qualify them to preach his word, they become worldly minded and formal; hence, their preaching has too much the appearance of a mechanical and business performance, instead of vital heart service. They depend on notes and written discourses, which, to use a comparison, have a body but no soul; they need the inspiration of the Almighty to give efficiency to their teaching. They are not sermons of the heart, studied with devout prayer in communion with God, designed to make the heart feel its guilt and misery. There is no manifestation of the love of God—no weeping, lowly, melting sympathy in the preacher's heart, or manner, to win to the service of God; but all is formal and lifeless, apparently devoid of any higher aim than mere sectarian worship.

There is a crying demand for reform in the ministry. They of all men should be heavenly minded, and free from dogmatical feelings and prejudices, evils which are cursing both the church and the world; and from which they will never be rid until believers in Christ and live in the full exercise of that divine charity which teaches, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Instead of notes and written sermons, a custom at variance with evangelical spirituality, and the grace of God, we want truth studied prayerfully, and delivered extempore under the effusions of the Holy Ghost, as in the times of the Apostles and early Christians, or Ichabod will remain written on our pulpits and churches.

There are four classes of ministers I have seen, whose appearance and manner is reprehensible, and who would do the cause of God more service in digging the soil, or attending any other business than

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The proud Preacher.

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preaching. The proud preacher, the foppish preacher, the lazy preacher, and the ignorant preacher.

The proud preacher is inflated with a wonderful idea of his importance, a natural result of empty vanity. He regards only those he considers his superiors or equals, with fat purses, and fine establishments; and treating with neglect, and in some cases almost contempt, those whom the Providence of God has otherwise distinguished in life. He appears abroad with pompous mien, that would indicate a personage of exalted consequence, and scarcely deigns to salute a poor brother in the public ways. Among his clique he is very loquacious and condescending; but to his inferiors he is dictatorial, overbearing, fond of rule, and would be glad sometimes to possess power to gratify these selfish ends. His preaching is mixed up with shreds of morality, history, and science, varnished over with a thin admixture of religious truth, which in effect declares he does not wish to harm either the world or the devil. There is no Christ, consequently no salvation in his preaching. It has none of God's life in it; the most instructive of all he utters is the text. He becomes censorious if his brethren do not so and so, and should he know of any faults, he will utter them publicly, and reprove them sharply, without love or mercy. His tongue is a cudgel with which he thrashes the wheat and the tares until, by means of his burning, scathing, maddening harangue, they both become so bruised they almost seek fellowship in each other's sympathy.

I was once present when a young preacher in Providence conference commenced his services by browbeating the brethren beyond measure, for not making a fire and warming the house in season. It was cold, but what of that? Could he not have passed it by? His reproof was like a cutting nor-wester, striking internally, which, mingling with the blast without,

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The Foppish Preacher.

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chilled the heart. His preaching, though sustained by a great many general heads, divisions and subdivisions, arranged in beautiful symmetrical order of firstlies, secondlies, and thirdlies, on his scrap before him, had no effect to enliven and refresh the soul, for the reason that the first great, general feature presented in the beginning, was a *cloven foot*.

The foppish preacher possesses little of the real, either in person or work; he is imaginative, a great worshiper of self; his rig shows which way his heart is; he is the personification of vanity. His appearance as he ascends the desk, his performances, &c., declare he thinks himself worthy of regard, and to meet him in the street one would think him as devoid of brains and means, as an unfledged lawyer. With little ability to pray, he recites an essay in praise of the Deity, informing him of his greatness, eternity, perfection, attributes, works, scheme of redemption, devoid of much true confessional prayer, a perfect burlesque upon his name and worship. He reads the word of God with about as much reverence and attention as he would the Koran, or Tom Paine's Age of Reason, and his manner and preaching is imitative, in part at least, neither genuine nor original. Instead of seeking unto the Lord with a fervency declaring "I will not let thee go until thou bless me," he has been filling his light head with the productions of sages and philosophers, whose ideas, whilst they elevate and dazzle, also confound him, because he is unable to fathom their just value.

The preaching of such men at best has a tendency to lower the standard of truth; there is no dignity in the manner claiming distinction—no sublimity—no eloquence to command the hearts of the people, and thus religion declines and the "people perish for lack of knowledge."

The lazy preacher will never accomplish much; in every thing he is threadbare, even to his divinity. In

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The Lazy Preacher.

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his preaching he has nothing of the original to inspire you with soul stirring impulses. Every sabbath brings with it the same dry, lifeless strain, stale as the old musty notes that lie pinned on his Bible, and but for which his talent would be in jeopardy. You can know him by his lifelessness, and the significant a-hem, as if trying to clear a passage for something beyond measure, and which you expect; but all his a-heming does not attain that end. It is a habit. Every sentence, and sometimes word, is terminated with the habitual grunt, ah! that makes your very soul and body feel miserable to hear him. Listen how he utters the sentence:

“Time—ah—patience—and industry—ah—are the three great masters of the world—ah!”

He talks all the time as if he were fainting. He does not study and pray, and wrestle with God to fit himself for his duty. He has no gifts for visiting and doing good among the needy, but spends his time in apathy, evidently declaring he has joined the ministry more from motives of ease than from a sense of duty to God and the happiness of souls. The church might spare numbers of such preachers, whose dependence is more on their notes than on the spirit of God. You hear nothing of sublime, lofty and soul stirring truth, commanding the thoughts, and making the congregation feel its force, in his preaching.

The man whom his creator has endowed with ability to preach, and whose life is in keeping with his requirements, will need no other help than the direct grace of his spirit, to make the guilty tremble and the saint rejoice. But every thing from beginning to end has in it a soporific influence to deaden the feelings and lull the mind to a repose, fatal to its improvement, and to the encouragement of evil. Throw your notes to the flames! Live heartily to God, and preach, wrapped in the living fire of the Holy Ghost, with your heart and mind fixed on the consequences

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The Ignorant Preacher.

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of life and the judgment of the great day. Better to do so if you preach but fifteen minutes, than to live and die in rust and idleness.

The ignorant preacher is the most tiresome and teasing infliction that can be visited on a congregation, for, self-sufficient in his lack of knowledge, he judges all by his own limited standard, and is unwearied in his injudicious exertions to bring all to his idea of excellence. His badly put together discourses, flavored with misconceived ideas of authors he does not comprehend, and intermingled with his own extravagant views, are more provocative to mirth than devotion; whilst his private interviews with such of his flock, who, possessed of intelligence soar beyond his warped capacity, indulge in opinions which must, in his mind, be irreligious because not matter of fact; also tends to lower the sanctity of the profession.

Ignorance and obstinacy usually walk hand in hand, and of this the ignorant preacher is a palpable example, for, devoid of tact, he does not comprehend the delicacy of the disputant, who, unable to impart his refined, clear idea of ethereal religion into his obtuse intellect, politely appears to yield the field; but he returns to the attack in season and out of season, wholly unable to comprehend why his dull, obsolete notions are not relished. His little mind, jealous of talents he does not possess, when he finds his attempts to force his narrow minded creed ineffectual, next tries to pull down those he envies to his own level, and thus opens a gate to the critical spirit and censorious taste among the less educated of his own congregation, which redounds on his own head, and utterly annihilates what little use he might have been to any portion of his hearers. These obnoxious litigants are now but rarely met with, except in remote villages. As they die off, thanks to our numerous seminaries for the diffusion



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Evils of disputation on religion.

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of theology, their places are unlikely to be filled up by men of a similar description, and I should not have alluded to their stamp at all, were it not that a few such are still laying foundations in the sand of the wilderness, to disturb the tranquility of those around, and embroiling them in jealousies for which they may be called to answer on the morrow. Let such as are influenced by them into bringing forward their experience in a conceited manner, and treating with scorn those of different creeds, remember this is not the edifying discourse, "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another," and that it will not be behind the glaring inconsistencies or fallacies of others, either pastor or people will be able to shelter themselves on that day, when the almighty harvestman shall separate the tares from the wheat! That grosser display of outward religion, not the pure, in-born devotion of the heart, "which vaunteth not itself," the offspring of the weaker points of human nature, fostered by pride and a self-implied wisdom, must soon cease, as knowledge becomes more generally diffused, and that bane to society, an ignorant, coarse professor of divinity, likewise pass away with the contingency.



## CHAPTER II.

Come, tell me thy sorrow, and if I can aid thee,  
My heart and my hand are both thine to the end;  
not, seek comfort from the being that made thee  
But mourn not as if without solace, my friend.

But to return. Others in like positions manifested a frank and Christian spirit, that will long endear them to my remembrance and affection. Before proceeding further, I must inscribe my gratitude to that worthy veteran in the ministry, the Rev. Thomas Neal, presiding elder of the New Jersey conference, for his magnanimous and Christian feeling, in befriending me in the object I was struggling to accomplish. During my visit in this district I attended a number of camp meetings with him, at each of which he had the *charity* to recognize me as a brother and an equal. I never shall forget the man and the Christian, and the company of young and zealous hearted ministers, whose sympathy I enjoyed. The recollections are yet lovely to my memory; there was union of heart and mind—no unkind word nor deed to mar its sacredness. It was a paradise to other scenes, where pride and selfishness prevailed. He of whom I speak was above such hierarchical meanness. I esteem him to this day as a father, and always shall, and for whom I pray, and all that helped me in my need, that the Almighty God may bestow on each the constant blessings of his providence and grace.

No virtue can be more effective in its effect on the heart of man, in whatever condition he may be placed in life, than sympathy, and nothing tends more to elevate and enoble the mind. It is as a magnet, influencing and controlling the elements of our charac-

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Sing Sing Prison.

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ter into a symmetrical and consolidated union; an illustration of which will be seen in the following true and touching incident:

Visiting, on one occasion, at Sing Sing, N. Y., I was invited by the Rev. Mr. Suckey, the chaplain, to preach on the sabbath to the convicts. To me it was an affecting sight to witness so many hundreds condemned to degradation by crime. Closing the services in the male department we visited the prison of the females, numbering about eighty, and under the care of a judicious and able matron. The chaplain at the end of the services invited me to give an address. My theme was the sympathy of the Redeemer and the fitness of religion to man's necessity. Applying it, I stated that it was essential to their happiness, which I could attest from my own experience, having myself once been a prisoner, when they burst into a flood of tears, causing a sensation that would have melted the stoutest heart. Viewing the truth, with the thought of holier times, when the morn of innocence smiled in all its tender freshness upon those hearts, contrasted with their present condition, were remembrances too powerful and sacred to check; this out gushing of the guilty soul. And commending them to the God and Father of us all, we wept an affectionate adieu.

How important is kindness, especially to the wayward and erring. As the dew of heaven it falls gently and tenderly upon the feelings and the heart, unlike to any other power. A proper discipline can only be effected as we are kind in our feelings and manners. It is an essential element of success and rule over the heart. Let the unfortunate and guilty be treated with the regard becoming a rational being, evincing an earnest feeling for his reformation and well doing; let this steady aim be taken in all his ebullitions of passion and frenzy, and you are sure in time to soften down his obdurate spirit, and if he is

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Fears of lawless recapture.

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not conquered, will be greatly changed. The exercise of this benign feeling, with the ability to direct the mind in its inquiries and growth, will ultimately result so far in the reformation of the man that he will give evidence of returning consciousness to duty. His being will become a subject of interest; he will be stimulated to *master himself*, and if in this he co-operates with the teachings of Providence and truth, he will become a reformed character. The great want of society in all its ramifications is the absence of *sympathy*.

Amid comparative prosperity and enjoyment we experienced more or less of trouble and affliction in common with all men. I was greatly annoyed by a report that had gained circulation at home, that a band of lawless men in Canada were intending to sieze me under cover of night, and carry me away to deliver me up to the government. This step, though a bold one, I was aware was quite feasible, as I was living within fifty miles of the line separating the two countries, and remote from neighbors; that before my family could alarm them my captors would be far on their way, with defiance in their rear. Having once suffered under the clutch of oppression, and appreciating my freedom, I prepared myself, determined to contest the right of possession in case of a descent upon me, providing I was not surprised too suddenly.

We had experienced vicissitudes in our family circle; two of our children, daughters, had been committed to the inexorable grave, one of seven, and another of eleven years.

“ Oh! they were fair, but nought could save  
Their fragile beauty from the grave.”

There are some undertakings in life, when viewed in their results, are found unfavorable and fatal, and

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Removed to Philadelphia.

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will continue to be felt in the proportion we have ability to help ourselves, and a single miscalculation or movement will occasionally affect a man for his whole lifetime. The old adage of "look before you leap" would not be inappropriate in such a time, nor, indeed, would it be unwise to have the axiom always in view. I confess that the above is too true in its application in my case.

Feeling somewhat discontented with my condition, I sold my farm in Kirby and removed to Philadelphia, which, though in the outset appeared a favorable change, nevertheless was most disastrous in its consequences, and which I have ever regretted. My object was to travel south and west for some time, and I preferred this place as the most favorable to my object. I have wished a thousand times I had remained where I was, for what can a family do in a large city without means to fall back upon? What sorrow it causes to reflect that the old home of associations is gone, and you are where the expenses absorb all, and more, perchance, than your income. Reader, are you a man of the country, a farmer, or a mechanic, with a little yearning to city life? Remain hammering where you are, dig your rocks, cultivate your soil until your fingers literally become stumps; for your happiness' sake, keep away from the everlasting racket, and running, and stew, and bustle of a living cemetery. Thousands of our young men who go from the country to the city would gain a hundred fold by going west or remaining where they are, and clearing swamps! This idea, that in going to the city you will see every thing and enjoy every thing, and be some great body, is all a delusion of the brain. Be content with HOME, where all is loveliness around you, where you can run into your confiding, smiling neighbor's and chat with boys, and laugh with the girls. God bless them, making your heart glad and happy.

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Death of Mrs. Judd

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After remaining about eighteen months at Philadelphia, enduring much sickness and trouble, we removed to Lansinburgh, near Troy, N. Y., and from thence to Worcester, Mass., where, after a few months' residence, we committed our much loved maternal parent to the tomb. She, also, like her husband, died peaceful in the Lord.

For some time previous I had been an active lecturer in the temperance reform, and was still devoting myself to this object with zeal and faithfulness, which, while it sought to rescue the poor slave of appetite, also labored for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating drinks by prohibitory statute. I was not unfrequently assailed with most inveterate opposition; but, trusting in God and the righteousness of the cause, I never failed to triumph successfully.

On one occasion, as I was about to lecture in Dutchess county, N. Y., and whilst in the act of praying, a man seized me by the left arm and shook me violently, saying:

"It is against the rules to pray!"

Continuing, he again interrupted me by vociferating:

"Mr. President, call to order, it is against the rules of the society to pray in a temperance meeting."

At this I rose to my feet, and gave a brief, but pungent exhortation, and concluded by telling them that if there were as many devils in the house as there were shingles on the roof, I should pray! With that I knelt down again and prayed without molestation or fear.

Of all places I ever traveled, I found the most bitter opposition in New Jersey. I never before witnessed so much prejudice and ignorance combined, and in many places open and determined hate; not that it existed generally, for there were very many most honorable exceptions. To aid me in the illu

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Washington at the battle of Monmouth.

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tration of my lectures, I made use of illuminated paintings, such as the views of the stomach, and scenic representations, which served the double purpose of a lecture, as it brought the sights and horrors of the vice direct to the eye, as well as the ear.

I entertained no very favorable opinion of Monmouth. It is said that in the battle fought there, in the revolution, Washington *swore*, and it was the only time he was known to do so in his life. Indeed, I have charity for the old hero, for had his men conducted themselves as recklessly as the Monmouths appeared to me, a man need be well fortified with a feeling of self-respect and the grace of God, not to do the same.

At another place a company of brethren (*todyites?*) opposed me, saying, "you ought to be in the state prison."

"For what?" I inquired.

"Why, for robbing the people," was their reply.

You would not lecture at F—— until they paid you ten dollars; then from an exhibition got fifty dollars more."

I confronted them until they cowered, and told them the entire amount I received for lecturing two evenings was five dollars.

It is very difficult to remove erroneous impressions from a prejudiced mind, compressed within its own narrow selfishness, so as to be devoid of any worthiness or sound generosity. It is fitly described by a quaint man, as a squint-eyed devil, with one eye blind and the other half shut.

Proceeding to my next appointment, I left my paraphernalia at the place where I intended to lecture, and proceeded to visit a friend. On my return, I found my apparatus was ejected into the street, and a company of four brethren waiting, not to give me the right hand of fellowship, but an admixture of worm-



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A discourteous brother.

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wood and gall. In their treatment they were Belial-ites, the natural consequence of their extreme sanctity (*bigotry?*) and love of the good "critter."

I visited a number of places in Cape May county, at one of which was living a brother, a man not over remarkable for that frankness and true generosity which becomes one of his station. He was afflicted with a suspicious and jealous feeling, and yet withal somewhat ambitious of enjoying himself, at least when at the head of the heap. Fond of

"A little rule—a little sway "

and having by these means done me some injury previously, in the way of backbiting, I felt somewhat indifferent about noticing him. However, passing his door, something inclined me to call, and I saluted him with a regular "ran tan tan, tirra irra tir tir tir." Whether it was my skill in thumping, or what, to my surprise he received me friendly; probably he had learnt that by his previous conduct he had lost friendship, and thought it the best to be generous. Acquainting him with my object, he agreed to co-operate with me, so far as it did not conflict with his duties, which was very well. He restricted me by saying he was going to begin a protracted meeting on Cape May Island, and that he did not wish me to lecture during its session, to which I assented. But it is surprising how things will turn sometimes, in spite of one's will, almost; I mean with regard to what we do. It arises, as some would say, from a priority of causes.

Having lectured in his community, I went to Cape May court house, one of the finest communities in New Jersey. After lecturing there, I was urged by many of the leading friends of temperance to visit the Island, and lecture. I stated the facts with regard to the protracted meeting; they still insisted, many



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Cape May Island.

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of whom were members of the same church as the minister alluded to. I accordingly agreed so far as to visit the place and make arrangements to lecture at some future time. On my way I called on a reverend gentleman of the Congregational order, residing near the Spring, at the distance of about two miles from the Island. The gentleman learning my object, received me with great kindness, remarking he was very glad a temperance lecturer had come along, for they needed such efforts. He arranged that I should first lecture in his church at the Spring, and then in his church on the Island. I told him of the objection with regard to lecturing there at present, as above stated. He replied, "with respectful deference to brother —, I also have a protracted meeting there, but I will yield to a temperance lecturer." Remark- ing still further, "we need something to be done in the temperance cause, and brother — will undoubtedly consent to cooperate with us," and concluded by saying, "I will appoint a lecture there, at my house."

Every man not biased by bigotry and selfishness would have yielded to what appeared so necessary, and also a general demand. But not so with brother —. On arriving on the Island, and while in the act of arranging for the lecture, the reverend gentleman entered with evident displeasure, for the fire burnt furiously in his eye. I feared there was a condensed thunderstorm raging within, and I expected the bolt would strike suddenly, and so it happened. Addressing me he said:

"Brother Lighton, step aside a moment, I wish to see you," when he added, "why have you come here to lecture at this time? Did I not request you not to come until I had got through with my meeting, and did you not promise you would not come?"

"Yes," I replied, and stated the reasons, as already mentioned, when he opened his battery

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An unpleasant debate.

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“You have violated your promise and have *lied*, and your conduct has occasioned us much trouble by doing as you have, and I wish there was some way to bring you to trial. We are holding our series of meetings, and endeavoring to save souls, and you have come to interrupt us, and are giving your influence to the Congregationalists, who are trying to injure us all they can. The brethren are displeased with you, and don’t want to hear you preach. We disfellowship you entirely, for we believe that you are under the influence of the devil, and will go to hell!”

With that I tendered him my compliments, and requested him to attend to his own business, and I would mind mine.

The storm had spent its fury, and had I not been aware of my own identity and the scene about me, I might have supposed some most forbidding calamity had occurred. As it was, I almost thought, from the highly seasoned language to which I had listened, I was in the presence of a demoniac! Shame on such conduct!

The occasion went on, and was countenanced by many of his congregation, whose interest and frankness of manner bespoke a noble and true independence of mind.

How different the behavior of this brother to that of one with whom I spent a few days, laboring in a protracted meeting near Schaghticoke, New York. He had toiled faithfully, evening after evening, without success. The rum demon defeated him. Opposite to the church was a rum shop, of which the poet’s description was in this case true:

‘Wherever God erects a house of prayer  
The devil is sure to build another there,  
And it is found upon close examination,  
The latter has the largest congregation.’

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The rum shop.

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To this place the corrupt would go to fortify themselves for evil; and then, mingling with the faithful and truly penitent, would bow, and *feign* repentance. Breaking out with such ejaculations as "Lord have mercy! I feel I am a poor sinner! pray for me! oh, I fear I shall go to hell!" And by whining and sniveling, pretend great grief and concern of mind. Again they utter, "bless the Lord—I feel a little better—I hope God has forgiven my sins—glory to God!--I am happy—glory, glory, glory!" Another would groan, not in the spirit, but under the influence of the rum god; and, rising, give a relation of their experience, saying they were happy. Another that he was determined to serve the Lord, and, clapping their hands, would sing.

"Oh, let us be joyful."

Such a state of things was no longer to be endured. The preacher, inspired by the spirit of his mission, felt like saying with the apostle Paul, "Oh, full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord."

He appointed a temperance meeting the next evening, to which they gathered, where truth, wielded in the might of God, enabled the pious host to triumph. Their enemies were scattered, and victory turned on the side of uprightness. Temperance is the well-spring of every ennobling quality, and the effort, rightly made, shall promote the glory of God.

Had the brother above mentioned yielded in humble confidence and trust in God, and labored as truly as he should, the result would undoubtedly have proved beneficial; but narrow hearts are too selfish to be ever very profitable. And such feelings stifle the spirit of piety by blotting out all that is lovely

Bass River.

An absurd allegation.

in the Christian character, whilst they in return become censurable and unprofitable. We want a magnanimous vitality, a piety developing itself in the deeds; that lives in the whole existence, whose goodness is seen, like the glory of the Almighty, in every object of life! Awake, ye champions of the Lord! Gird on the living spirituality of the Redeemer; and, clad in the invincible armor of his gospel, ye shall be useful as the sun in his splendor.

Another instance of stubborn ignorance, combined with its twin sister, prejudice, occurred at a place called Bass River. Visiting the place, I found a home in the family of a pious brother, and in the evening lectured to a crowded and interesting audience. On returning home, I felt somewhat surprised to find him unsociable, with his hands to his face, apparently lost in the very labyrinths of moody melancholy. I asked him if he was unwell.

"No," he bluntly replied. "I never was so much injured in my feelings in all my life as I have been to-night."

"Indeed, sir, what can be the trouble?" I inquired, for I began to entertain fears that something serious had occurred. He replied:

"I feel imposed upon; I thought I was going to a temperance meeting, but instead, I have been to a theater."

"Why, sir," I inquired. "what can you mean?"

"Mean? Why, I have been to a theater. If I had known you was going to show them things (*paintings*), I would not have gone. My feelings are injured—I feel insulted."

Poor man! why didn't he leave?

I felt surprised and almost indignant at such downright stupidity, and replied:

"Why, sir, the scenes I presented, and at which you became offended, were faithful representations of the stomach of the inebriate, in the various stages

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The crime of willful ignorance.

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of intemperance, and others of actual occurrence in the lives of drunkards. Nothing can be more convincing and instructive."

"What," said he, "do you think I'm going to believe any body has seen the inside of the stomach? I won't believe it."

What willful ignorance! It was needless to add another word. I left him to his cogitations, the very picture of aggravated disappointment.

It is a criminal abuse we are inflicting upon ourselves, in not improving the means of information. Some men are entirely averse to it, as if it were a virtue to remain ignorant. They have no taste for reading (unless it is the almanac) any thing that tends to self culture and improvement. Progress to them is a term without meaning. If, perchance, it is regarded at all, it is confounded with fallacy.

Thus do thousands live, without any higher aim or object than the gratification of their grosser habits and appetites; and, darkened by ignorance, they shut themselves out from the world of true beauty and goodness. They live as their fathers and grandfathers before them, devoid of those mighty impulses of soul that elevate the mind and improve the intellect, fitting them for a lofty and exalted sphere of usefulness. They live dwarfs and die such, without having stamped a redeeming impress upon any one thing, with the curse of willful ignorance for an epitaph. Such a career is but little above bestial existence, for no man can ever hide himself, he will be seen, read and known of all men; he carries the reality of what he is upon his very manner, and he can no more avoid an open visibility of his mind, than a tree can escape being known by its fruits. And if he suffers himself to live without culture, he will, when hereafter weighed in the heavenly balance, be found wanting.

It is a lamentable fact that in many sections of New

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Purity of mind essential to piety.

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Jersey there is found, to an alarming extent, a want of taste and interest in mental culture. This vacuity has cursed the people, and must afflict and debase any race who resolutely repel the march of intellect. The corrective can be found only in a thorough, practical educational training; not a system that seeks merely how to calculate and acquire dollars and cents, which some think is the only requisite, but that rigid training of the mind and moral sentiments that fully fits a people to stand forth in the vigor of a dignified manhood—a people whose goodness and greatness is seen and felt in every act of life. This system is demanded, or they will plod on in stupid ignorance and savage selfishness, a century behind New England, entailing a train of fitful miseries on generations yet to come.

That portion of the state contiguous to New York is an exception; it has undergone a resuscitation, by the introduction of foreign influence from New York and “down east,” and may now be said to be pretty well New Englandized. But it can never be made New England, so long as oysters grow and fish and fowl live.

When the social system is lax, so will generally be the religious character; a natural result that can not be avoided. He who strives not to improve himself can never be useful in the degree he might; his habits of life are against him, and he becomes a stunted, inactive, fruitless branch of the great human family. His mind, absorbed in things of groveling interest, can never be amiable, gentle, sweet tempered and kind, and consequently will afford but little delight and happiness to others.

Enlightened piety is what is demanded; a piety encouraged by a thorough training of the mind, sentiments and passions to the will and authority of God. Short of this there can be no true goodness—no vitality in the life to make it effective. The preacher



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An awkward accident.

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may declaim until the heavens reecho with his thunder; but it is as if he dreamed; there is no fructifying power exerted over the reason and conscience, which, deficient in essentials, will be influenced more or less by the carnal spirit. The old remains of pride dawn through every avenue of the unsubdued heart. That can not be Christ like, or associate and identify itself with the glory and kingdom of God. Christianity demands a dignified and pure manner, elevated in its character and aims, through which the godhead beams in mildest majesty and power upon the heart. Such true enlightenment and government of the mind will secure purity, and give prosperity and happiness in every condition of life.

Having spent about seven months lecturing in the state, I proceeded homeward by way of the shore, where I experienced one of the minor troubles incident to a traveler. One of the fore wheels of my carriage parted from the axle, leaving me in a very unpleasant position, as I could not proceed, and there was no blacksmith within many miles. My only alternative was to pass a long rail over the hind axle and through to the under part of the fore one, and placing ourselves (for my son was with me) alternately on the end of it, sometimes astride, horseman-like, at others preferring for relief the mode of the gentle sex, a side seat; in this way we kept the equilibrium of the forward portion. The road being rough, we were shook and pounced, with an occasional pitch over, that rendered our "riding on a rail" most miserably uncomfortable.

In viewing the scenes through which I have passed during my labors in the state, I can not regard them but with feelings of commingled interest and joy; when I think of those endeared by deeds of goodness and gentle kindness, whose frank, open manners and self-sacrificing devotion to duty gave evidence of high and noble worth. For such I beseech the blessing of God.



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Serious loss.

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Of sorrow, when I remember those whose work was an array of meanness, fostered in selfishness, bigotry and ignorance, devoid of respect to God or man, and the claims of justice; and afflicting when I recall some are ministers, who, above all men, I esteem, but who, next to the most corrupt, were most slanderous.

I subsequently devoted my time to lecturing in New England, to my injury, often without much remuneration. I suffered more as I had lost the stereotype plates of my book by fire, which had been a means of support. The loss was a serious one; but he "who holdeth the winds in his fist, and feedeth the young ravens when they cry," kept us in the time of evil.

### CHAPTER III.

Gentle words, and loving hearts,  
And hands to clasp my own,  
Are better than the fairest flow'rs  
Or stars that ever shone.

I have now arrived at that part of my life when it will be necessary to speak more directly of home. I had received intelligence of the death of my step-mother, which left my father again alone, in the midst of years. His efforts to secure my discharge had proved unsuccessful, but Lord F——, secretary of war, wrote that I could make a temporary visit with probable security without it, adding—"If he should be denounced, his chance will be a bad one." My anxiety being great to visit home, I resolved to make the attempt; but I had not indulged long in this fond feeling, when my brother informed me of the death of my father. My eldest brother was also dead. With what feelings did I receive this news; my heart sunk within me, and I wept for him whom of all others I hoped to meet and embrace again; an opportunity now passed on earth forever. I had one brother and two sisters yet living, endeared by the holiest, strongest love, and I determined with God's leave I would some day see them again. For this many denounced me wreckless, foolish, &c.; however such might think or say, I was intent upon gratifying my wishes, and a feeling inspired by affection existed, that led me to look upon them as almost a part of myself, which became the more intense as link after link in the fraternal chain was broken. Every one in whose heart burns the fire of kindred, will, I feel sure, pronounce it a pardonable indulgence.

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Resolution to visit England.

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The time arrived when Providence encouraged the fulfillment of my long cherished desire—my visit home. It occurred in the following manner:

I was lecturing in Leominster, Mass., in the sultry days of June, and one night, after retiring to bed, worn down with fatigue, ruminating on the pleasure a few months' rest would give me, my feelings involuntarily broke out—"I will visit my friends," and so elated was I at what seemed a divine encouragement, that sleep departed from me. In the morning I hastened home and informed my family of my purpose. To my wife, particularly, the announcement was most unwelcome, and came almost like the signal of my arrest, an event which nothing except death could be more afflicting. The heart of a virtuous woman is the receptacle of purity, all that is amiable in sentiment and purpose is felt and known, as you fathom its recesses and yield to its love, and if in any time of life you are more sensible of its constancy and affection, it is when you need sympathy in the hour of dark adversity and trial.

Sanctioned with her consent, I felt at liberty to make arrangements for my voyage, which I soon completed with the assistance of Mr. Samuel Cox, of Malden, a devoted friend. The hour of separation was the most dreaded, being fraught with a solicitude beyond description, arising from my relation to the government, which would, if taken, prove a final parting, and the end of all our joys. But I had confidence in God, and in my ability to evade the difficulty, and when the time came, and with it anxiety and concern which I am unable to describe, we felt the power of reality, our hearts mingled in their full depths of feeling, which but for our strong hope in God, would have been like the entombing of the living. The last warm kiss impressed on each other's lips, from wife and children, spoke a meaning that will live in its holy freshness in my memory to my

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The leavetaking.

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dying days. The hand so sacredly pledged in youth was unwilling to quit its hold, as if doubtful of a future union; and the soul's holiest, strongest emotion was felt in uttering the painful "good by," with fervent prayers for the divine benediction. The anxious look, when parting from each other's view, bespoke the heart's strong emotion, and formed a contrast to the joyous world without, which, decked in gayety, told of gladness and felicity. It was the nation's natal day, the fourth of July, 1849. Every living creature, from the gray headed sire to the giddy child, were filled with rejoicings. The sun rose beautifully in the heavens, blessing the millions of the land, and repose reigned through nature's empire, as if the source of all good intended men should enjoy his holiday without a cloud to interrupt, and the full benefit of gun powder to assist! As we left Worcester the cannon thundered in the ears of all its emphatic oratory, "this is freedom's land," and I felt like saying to every peal of the church bell and the cannon's roar, "proclaim liberty to the world, and may the tidings spread, and every tongue shout with mighty voice in a universal jubilee of freedom!" I could not refrain the thought that, if evil befell me, these messengers had done their duty in fully warning me before I left.

Thomas, my eldest son, accompanied me to Boston, where we proceeded direct to Train & Co.'s shipping office, 37 Lewis wharf, where the Plymouth Rock, Capt. Cadwell, was laying, ready for sea, to sail the next day. After deliberately inspecting her accommodations, which were abundant, I engaged a steerage passage, my object being economy, and especially as I thought the whole deck would be to myself, there then appearing no evidence to the contrary. Securing my passage, which cost me twelve dollars, I procured my provisions, consisting of thirty pounds of sea biscuit, fifteen pounds of flour, ten pounds of

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Engages a passage for Liverpool.

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oatmeal, one nice ham, one tongue, a little dried beef, five dozen eggs, two dozen herring, four pounds butter, cheese, with plenty of sugar, tea and spices; this comprised my stock of eatables; enough in all conscience for a voyage to England. To this were added a small mattress, pillow, a pair of sheets and blanket, water can, skillet, pail, wash bowl, towels, spoons and knife and fork, a stock that would make any lover of camp life feel glad. Having secured "all aboard," we mingled with the multitude in sight seeing; for Boston was full of "notions," of strange and beautiful faces, smiling and happy. It would seem as if the country for many miles around had collected, forming, in some places, an impassable mass, like a swarm of bees, a glorious huddling for lovers and pickpockets. The Bostonians were not less merry, for every shop, store, place of amusement, eating house and drinking saloon appeared to welcome their forth-seventh cousin as they did brother or sister. The very fact that it was the 4th of July leveled all distinctions, and, to make us feel that we were right welcome, gave us a grand closing entertainment of fireworks, of which whoever was the boss deserved praise. We were compelled to leave the Common at slow march, as the multitude, numbering tens of thousands, filling every avenue, thronged the egress, presenting a spectacle the most grand and imposing I ever witnessed.

Arriving on board the ship we found, to our astonishment, the steerage deck occupied by a swarm of passengers, carousing as if bedlam had broken loose, and whom the darkness rendered invisible, and therefore more horrifying. No light being allowed added to the great confusion; some got lost in their venturous roving in the vast recess, incapable of identifying (as they woke from their drunken carouse) to which world they belonged. One poor fellow, drunk and raving as a mad man, I verily believed had put an

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A night on board.

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end to his voyage, for he came down the hatchway without regard to ways or means. It did not quite finish him, but I thought almost it might as well, for no one desirous of comfort could enjoy it for him. The constant tumult, quarreling, swearing and drinking, formed a *tout ensemble* that reminded me of Pandemonium struggling for deliverance, and compelled us to leave for that night, and seek repose elsewhere.

The day appointed for sailing proved unfavorable, on account of contrary wind. It was a day of bustle and confusion; the deck was thronged with passengers and visitors, whose proficiency in drinking and merrymaking was any thing but agreeable, and at night we were again in a dark Bedlandom, cursed with as drunken and noisy a host as on the previous night.

My idea of a steerage passage was anything but realized; indeed, I felt if such were to be my companions I should be hopelessly miserable. For once, dear reader, look with me upon this heterogeneous mass of odds and ends of humanity, of almost every variety of appearance and character, some degraded nearly to a level with the brute. Look at their accommodations, the hold filled up with berths two tiers deep, made of boards, which resemble large hencoops piled one above another. In these purgatorial recesses, upon these wooden gridirons, they live through the voyage, in apparent hot bed fermentation and luxuriance. Could you also behold the multitudinous productions of a certain species of marauders, whose rapacity and presumptuous daring bids defiance to all the laws of prohibition, you would agree with me it were a befitting representation of the tormented in the nether world. Fortunately for me that night two respectable men interceded for a part of my berth, which I willingly yielded, and we became avowed companions.

As soon as the morning dawned in upon us, we were on the stir, for no earthly mortal, having any

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The Rev. E. Davis.

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love of privacy, and a stomach, could do otherwise, for it smelt; "hah!" "good fortune! deliver us from this misery," was the simultaneous cry of each, "or we shall die of loathing." The most revolting spectacle of depravity was before us, showing us what we had to expect; and we instantly determined upon a passage in the second cabin, which we procured by paying eight dollars more, heartily rejoiced at our escape. Our baggage was instantly removed to our new quarters, which we found spacious and comfortable, with agreeable companions.

This morning, July 6th, preparations were made for sea. Among the cabin passengers who came on board was an acquaintance, the Rev. E. Davis, of Ashburnham, Mass., who was well informed of my history. We were cordial in our greeting. I informed him of my purpose not to be known any more than possible, and requested him to address me by my Christian names, William Beebey, the name I passed under, which he invariably did through the voyage. To that gentleman I owe much gratitude for his kindness and Christian feeling; he was a true friend, whom I shall long cherish in my memory. As the ship parted from her moorings, my feelings were deeply impressed by witnessing the parting farewell of friends—their hearts seemed to overflow with sympathy and love. Two sisters attracted general attention—one was determined upon remaining in America, the other as determined upon returning to her childhood's home. The one on shore manifested a strong feeling for (as she termed) her *recreant sister*, and finding she could not prevail on her to stay, accompanied her parting farewell with "bad luck to ye, may ye sink to the bottom before ye see home."

How many were the fervent prayers and tender expressions of this morning, as we passed "far, far away" from the land rendered dear by our loved families and homes, all of whom we committed with fer-



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Search for stowed aways.

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vent hearts to the care of kind heaven, the unfailing source of trust in our deep extremity.

An incident occurred, which, for the heroic spirit of the subject, is deserving of notice. Previous to the departing of the pilot, we were all summoned to the quarter deck, our names called over, and the ship searched from stem to stern, to find if any had secreted themselves away, to avoid paying their passage. Two delinquents were ferreted out, brought forward, reprimanded, and their passage money demanded. One, a most pitiable object, failed to produce the wherewithal. They placed him in a boat on the deck, but without any one to guard him, and, supposing others were hid, renewed a search that would have done credit to a rat catcher. Returning to the boat, behold! the delinquent had eloped—not gone ashore, that was evident, and another hunt was instituted, but he was not to be found. “Where can the fellow be?” was the general inquiry of the crew. No one could tell. Another search was made, and then another, but poor Pat was among the missing in this general game of “hide and come seek,” in which all were engaged. Enraged at the defeat, another thorough overhauling of the ship was made in every nook and corner, when, alas for Pat, he was found, hid in a ventilation pipe, deaf to every invitation to descend, and clinging to his hiding place as if he considered himself an essential part of the ship. He was, however, brought down, and for his conduct, subjected, in no very gentle manner, to the application of a rope’s end. Poor fellow! his heart was set on home, and it seemed next to death to force him from the vessel. He was put on board the pilot boat and returned to Boston.

We numbered in all about one hundred passengers; those in the cabin were principally delegates, destined to the peace convention in Paris; and those of the second cabin and steerage had each their object.

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Destinations of the various passengers.

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some were on an errand of love, to visit their friends, others to bring them over; some traveling for nature's highest boon, health; another class were returning home to live, as they could not live in America, and the country lost nothing by their departure. One poor woman, very aged, and whom I thought could not live a week, was returning to her "Erin home" to die, that her dust may slumber quietly with her kindred; such was her ardent love of home and relations. During the voyage some mean hearted villain stole her whole stock of provisions. The rascal who could nerve himself to commit such a deed would not lack the depravity to kill. Another poor fellow, whom sickness was bringing to the grave, was also robbed of his provisions; but thanks to the generosity of the captain, who made his loss good to him. A thief on shipboard is one of the meanest beings on earth, and ought, when detected, to be secured to the end of a rope and plunged overboard till the strength of his propensity is washed away.

It was amusing to listen to the conversation and remarks of many of the passengers, with regard to America. John Bull and Pat Murphy pronounced it a miserable country, so mean that a poor man could not get any thing to do in it. John was returning to live on his fine, fat roast beef, plum pudding, and his splendid home brewed ale; and Patrick an' faith, where he could have plenty of praties, sure!

Brother Jonathan, in their estimation, was emphatically poor; he had nothing worth admiring; he was a slab sided skinflint. On leaving Boston one of these (rather calfish) bellowed out, "Good by, ye old Yankees," and with a laugh and an air of conceited greatness, muttered, "I havn't any good opinion of you nor your country." He had arrived but a few days before, but not finding things to his liking, took note of the clock and returned.

Another poor fellow (a knife grinder) landed at

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The knife grinder.

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Quebec, from which place he traveled, drawing his heavy grinding apparatus, to Montreal, New York, and Boston, where he embarked, saying his trade did not pay his expenses, for but few had any grinding to do. One would think in our country, where there is so much snipping and whittling, there would be a demand for his business. There must be a fault somewhere, and I thought it was in his love for drink.

One man, who had run away from his wife and got sick in a strange land, was going back in a fit of repentance. But not having sent her any money, he expected, notwithstanding all he could say by way of concession and promise, she would take revenge, and lick him half to death. He was evidently concerned about meeting her, and I could not blame her if she gave him a confounded good thrashing.

Being now well out at sea, I found Neptune a severe old despot. He is always such to me, for I can never adventure on his dominion without an immediate demand for tribute, and as if he knew my abhorrence to tyrants, is the more stern in his extortions to the last of my means, every time he gets excited. I have yielded to his demands to such an extent that my receptacle has been so wasted and collapsed, like an empty bag, I was unable to stand up. I have often wished that, instead of paying him in this manner, I could have had a thousand hogsheads of oil to pour on his old rough face, to calm his stubborn anger. To me there is no feeling more distressing, or that so much unmans my resolution, making me feel totally indifferent which way the world rotates, or whether I live or die. So horrible is the sensation that it seems as if everything within you had got out of place, distorted and convulsed in one everlasting jumble, contrary to every law of nature and resistance.

The sabbaths during the voyage were observed by public worship, and preaching by the clergy, of whom there were a number on board. This means of grace

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Sabbath at sea.

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greatly contributed to our enjoyment, by removing some of the monotony of ship board life. How precious was the sound of the bell calling to divine worship; the idea of religious observance spread a solemnity on all, and seemed to sanctify the ship itself. A holy stillness rested upon us, which old ocean and the wind appeared to acknowledge, and acquiesce with the voice of heaven, uttering, "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." The heart felt an omnipresent Deity sustained us amid the perils of our condition, and, conscious of his great power and goodness, we could sing as we mingled in the devotions

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truths by night "

But a sabbath on ship board is not like one spent home; the associations are different, and the influences are so distinct, that it is with much difficulty you can seem reconciled. As you put on your holy-day rig, made precious by the remembrance that this little article, and that, was prepared by delicate fingers, whose thoughts were employed for your comfort, and whom you love, that you can hardly repress the tear; your mind wanders back to home, fain to enjoy its pleasures and converse, mingle with absent friends in the delights of life, and walk with them to the house of God. Awaking suddenly to the reality of your reverie, you find yourself in narrow limits, shut up, it may be, in a vault-like apartment

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Diary at sea.

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alone, with none to sympathize, to relieve your thoughts; you mingle with the soulless multitude, whose hearts, incapable of tender remembrance, bear no impress save of the passing moment. Your chapel, at the best a little cramped up cabin, which, with the perpetual rocking, tossing and plunging of the ship, and impure atmosphere, frequently occasions sickness, sometimes forcing you to leave your seat in double haste, before receiving the benefit of the benediction. What a scene we do behold in the outward world! nought but an eternal expanse of sky and water, reminding you there is but a step between you and death; and yet that such is the connection between Providence and human contrivance, that life is buoyant on a single plank. Thus thoughtful of the past, impressed with the present, and hopeful of the future, we pass the sabbath at sea.

On the 12th we were surprised at seeing, away on the larboard, a huge arctic rover, an iceberg, looking as if bent on an excursion to the tropical zone, and with an air of pompous majesty, seeming to bid defiance almost to old sol's ardent gaze; but we were careful not to make his acquaintance.

A sail at sea, especially when passing within hailing distance, affords matter of reciprocal joy. But a moment is indulged in ship parlance, and you are hurried away in opposite directions, with friendly behests dying on the breeze.

Running at ten knots an hour, we passed on the banks a fishing craft, which, when hailed, replied, "John A. Cook, Provincetown—eight weeks out—twenty-eight thousand cod a-b-o-a-r-d," and before the parley could be finished we were far away, the wind making no compromise with Yankee enterprise in such cases.

July 16th discovered a sail which appeared to be bound for Boston, and, buoyant with hope, pens, ink and paper were in immediate demand, messages of

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The misery of cooking.

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love were soon directed, sealed and delivered to the captain for transit. In a few moments she signaled to us she was bound for Quebec, and as I had no desire to send that way I withdrew my letter. She was "The Superb," from England.

Could a hungry backwoodsman look in upon us for a moment, when preparing for our repast, he would be delighted with the novelty of a scene surpassing all he had ever before known of rough and tumble life. Such an array of pots and kettles, issuing from every direction towards the caboose, dodging this way and that to gain an entrance, and which, when laboriously gained, occasionally was misspent time, for perhaps there would be no fire, and a stern denial to make one until every part of the steerage deck was properly cleaned and put in order. Had this rule not been enforced many would live brute-like in filth, reckless of comfort, and die of plague. Nothing forces a man so much to exertion as pinching emptiness; it is like a scorpion lash, driving him to a discharge of his duty. But how often did the stubbornness of these lazy elfs bring trouble and suffering upon the whole ship's company, detaining them from breakfast sometimes for hours. If now the fire is made, the next thing is to obtain your chance at it, for they are flocking by scores, and on board of some ships by hundreds. If patient you may wait all day, and go to bed hungry. You must rouse up, man like, and work your way to the tune of "push along, keep moving," maintaining resolute possession of every inch of plank, one after another, until you arrive within available distance of operation. You are perhaps then more discouraged than ever; such a host of pots, kettles, skillets, sauce pans, piled at every point before and on the grate, where fire is attainable, some completely enveloped in the smoke that seasons well the contents preparing for the stomach.



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The want of proper culinary convenience.

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Having gained the inside of the caboose, you feel a little vindictive rising, as you muse on the reality of the scene; you are annoyed with the smoke, it rolls out upon you in clouds, covering you all over, you shut your eyes and grumble (not at your companions, but at the niggardly inconveniences of the whole cooking establishment), and pronounce it, in no very sparing terms, a modern *Tophet*; but you must grin and bear it, for there is no redress. With eager eye you watch every boiling pot, as if you had staked a bet on each, and with kettle in hand, prepared to gain your neighbor's place, in which you may or may not be successful, as other anxious expectants, alike on the alert as yourself, are equally as determined to seize the first chance. Sometimes the right of priority is determined by severe words and hard blows, when a general row ensues, and kettles, owners and fire diminish together, and the luxury of the meal is foregone.

Occasionally, in the midst of a severe row, the mate and crew will deluge the combatants well with water, and if too amphibious to yield, they will next put a sack over the top of the chimney, and give them the luxury of a good smoking; should this fail, they will then finally go in upon them, pell mell, with cudgels laid on without the benefit of mercy, and which usually leads to a general scamper.

In the midst of these operations you are covered with the smoke of the coal fire, creating sensations that make you blow like a whale; your eyes, nose, mouth and stomach are filled with it to sickness, and beside, you look like a sweep, grinning a very picture of despair and misery. Issuing from this burning Pandemonium, your stomach heaving with revolt, you mutter significantly, "deliver me, ye powers above, from a worse place!" as I have said many a time. Indeed, I would rather fast until driven by bitter hunger, than cook in such a place. Fortunately



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The difficulty of dining.

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a friend rendered me invaluable aid in this particular, saving me much severe misery and suffering.

It is one of the greatest evils the poor emigrant has to complain of, want of proper means for cooking. Think of from two to six hundred persons, compelled to perform all their work at one fire, in a miserable, cramped up place, not six feet square, when even a dozen such fires would not supply the demand. It would be well for the government to attend rigidly to this fact, as the food in most cases being poorly cooked, and so impregnated with smoke (that we have been compelled to throw it away), must predispose the consumer to disease. But the love of avarice perpetuates this evil to the abuse and suffering of the poor, the helpless, and innocent, who, as if they had not been abused enough on ship board, on reaching port are beset by notorious and contemptible sharks and villains, under the guise of advisers and friends, and robbed of their last shilling.

To dispose of our meal in comfort, providing our appetite was good, was another consideration. We had to partake of it according as circumstances favored. Some enjoyed it in a very social and home-like manner; others as they could, and some any how, and others no how, for these poor creatures had only what those better provided gave them; the mean, thieving, night prowlers having robbed them of their stores. My chest, of tolerable dimensions, answered for storage and table; on one end of which I placed my service, and seating myself astride on the other, partook of my meal, taking care as the ship lurched to protect my dishes, by extending my arms around them, guarding especially my teapot, for no toper could value his bottle more than I did this little article. Lose my tea, and I lost the quintessence of vitality in the scale of drink, for the water I

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Reflections on the ocean.

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did not like, and liquor of any kind was not mentioned in the list of allowables.

Our pastimes were always of the innocent kind, and served much to contribute to friendly feeling and comfort throughout the voyage. One mode of recreation was, however, never pleasing to the second cabin passengers. Our neighbors of the cabin were very late sometimes, nearly the whole night, promenading the quarter deck, directly over our heads, which proved most intolerably annoying, depriving us of rest. The constant clatter of heavy foot falls reminded us of the marching of some host determined on victory, or in retreat. On learning the fact they became less persevering (for they treated us respectfully). But the difficulty could not be wholly obviated; we had more or less thunder and rattle, in spite of care and caution. A neighbor, a jolly looking, bottle faced lady, became grossly invective at the proceedings, and passionately reproved them. Often afterwards, I noticed among some, though they might respect our feelings, yet, on arriving over the spot where the good dame lay ensconced, commit some unaccountable blunder, and bring down the foot with such emphatic force as if they were determined to assert a priority of right to that certain part of the ship. What with their clatter, and her prattle, which at times grew dangerously stormy, we could some nights enjoy but little rest.

The expanse of ocean affords an ample scene for enjoyment, reflection, and thanksgiving to the eye and mind; that the Almighty who decks the earth, and fills all immensity with objects of pleasure, invites man to partake and be happy. True beauty, or the real power to appreciate it, is found only in the love of God and his works; the sea, with its mighty, rolling wave—its waste of waters, regulated

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A school of Porpoises.

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in its motion and vitality by an unseen hand. Withdraw that power, and relax that law—the element perishes, and nature loses all symmetry in chaos; the wisdom of the Creator, in the adaptation of his works to their various purposes, which escape us until “sought out of them that have pleasure therein.”

To me it seemed as if the Lord of this vast treasury of the universe intended we should not be strangers to his labors in the sea, and that his creatures, obedient to his fiat, had by their gambols come to “drive dull care away,” and impress our minds with his power.

We were frequently visited with schools of porpoises, whose proximity and sportiveness about the ship afforded delight to all; and, as if pleased themselves with our acquaintance, manifested a friendly purpose to accompany us a little distance on our way. We gave them a welcome, and arranged ourselves in every available point for observation, with feelings of as much interest as if we were witnessing some moral dramatic performance, or the feats of a circus.

And why not? The scene was perfectly natural, and the effect strictly moral. There was old ocean’s troupe performing before us, of more renowned celebrity than many of the dons and monsieurs of old terra firma, with the benefit besides of free seats. These actors took the bows of the ship, going through every imaginable spring, dive, roll and tumble movement they could, with surprising dexterity, whilst we cheered and laughed.

How in creation they could effect these gyrations and keep ahead of the ship I know not. We were in full sail, running ten knots an hour; nor why they took the bows of the ship, unless it were to teach us a moral lesson, that nature is above art; that in aquatic skill they yield not even to the nautical Yankees, who have distanced every thing in

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The works of God.

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the world of art. The young school, the baby porpoises, were more timid, keeping at a respectful distance, and approaching nearer as confidence in acquaintance increased, like little children, beautiful, shy, and guileless, looking up into your face with innocent astonishment, as their heads dipped the surface of the wave; harmless creatures of the sea, made for use (for naught is made in vain), ye have answered well your part—ye have cheered our spirits with laughter, and now, as we must part, for we see the last scene is ended, we shout ye thanks, and wish ye joy forever in your native, briny home.

How beautifully does the psalmist portray the works of God:

“O Lord, how manifest are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches; so is the great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them, they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.” Psalm xciv, 24–28.

A voyager's life is subject to anxiety—ever on the lookout for novelties to amuse, he longs for land, and frequently will be found on tip-toe, with outstretched neck, magnifying yon little speck in the far-off horizon into a mountain cap, but with sorrow to his heart it proves nothing save a cloud. Again a small black spot rivets his attention; in its approach we distinguish the faint rising of the top mast of a ship, then her royal top sail, top gallant sail, down to the hull of the ship, a demonstrative proof of the spherical form of the earth. Land is yet far, far away, as the following notes from my diary will show:

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Land in sight.

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July 18th; thirteen days out, moderate breeze, one thousand miles from Liverpool.

19th; brisk wind, making good progress, passengers well and cheerful.

20th; wind favorable, joyful, in hope of seeing land in a few days.

21st; good wind, run two hundred and forty-three miles in forty-eight hours.

22d (sabbath); very sick, could not attend religious worship; good breeze, anxious to see land.

23d; wind moderate; land ardently hoped for, and also some of John Bull's good roast beef, and other good things; fervent in aspiration for the "good time coming."

"Blow on, blow on, we love the sound of winds  
That waft us o'er the sea."

24th; land, ho! welcome, thrice welcome sound! Early this morning the second mate heralded the sight of land, Cape Clear, on the Irish coast; all hearts rejoice; many thank God fervently for his Providence.

25th; variable wind; afternoon and night brisk, with fast running. During the day we were much delighted with the coast scenery; its mountains and well clad fields of growing grain looked beautiful.

26th; made Holyhead, on the Welch coast, and arrived safe at Liverpool at half past five in the afternoon, just twenty days from Boston. In company with the captain and cabin passengers, I went ashore, where, for the first time for *twenty-eight years*, my feet pressed my native land. I had been away so long that I felt a stranger to the scenes around me, which affected my heart with a joyous melancholy. I proceeded direct to Mr. Brown's Temperance House, Clayton Square, where I found Rev. Mr. Davis and a number of his colleagues. As I proceeded there on foot I was quickly beset by beggars, for this class appear to have an instinctive knowledge of a foreigner,

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Liverpool.

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and will begin upon him as soon as he gets foot on shore, following you with their piteous tale, and determined not to give up until you yield to mercy's deed, or, like the seared and heedless multitude, fix your face straight forward, and push ahead like a steam engine, heeding no one.

I was soon cured of my propensity to give; indeed if I had not, I should have been compelled to follow the same trade. We amused ourselves for two hours in visiting different parts of the city, and in company with Rev. Joseph Allen of Northboro, Mass., attended divine service at St. Luke's church. Returning, we were summoned to tea, but for want of acquaintance with the English custom, were at a loss how to proceed. After waiting some time we became impatient and rang the bell, which the hostess answered, when one of my reverend friends inquired:

'Madam, is tea ready?'

'Gentlemen, your tea is ready' she said, and retired.

What could it mean? every thing was arranged invitingly on the table, the tea pots and tea canisters in due order, but nobody appeared to do the amiable for us; we rang the bell again and inquired if they would wait on us? Probably perceiving we were "*green*," the lady very good naturedly told us our tea had been ready some time, we could make choice of which we pleased, and again retired. We began to take the hint.

"I *guess*," says Jonathan, "we have to wait on ourselves."

"Yes, it must be," replied his brother.

So the tea pots were charged, and another summons to have them filled with water, which being done we were again left alone to wait on each other, which to us was a little novel, and seemed as if the English ladies were uncommonly reserved. At any rate, I felt we were like a company of forsaken old bachelors, for whom the ladies of the establishment didn't feel interest enough to turn out a cup of tea. I thought

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Custom House.

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of my wife and children, and so did my friends, and, having no one to trouble us, save to fill up the tea pots, we got along quite well, and learnt a lesson for future use.

The next day we passed the custom house, where your trunks and goods are taken in charge by the officers and opened, regardless of your feelings or any thing else; the last article must be turned topsy-turvy and inside out. The custom house officers are enough to make a Yankee almost declare vengeance. They are savage, compared with whom the American officers are Christians.

Having passed the custom house and secured my baggage until my return, I took the evening train of cars to Manchester, where I spent the night. Some of the passengers were my companions, among whom was the man who had run away from his wife. As he approached his home (Manchester) he felt subdued and serious, evidently dreading the coming tempest and her malediction; I wished him a happier reception than he expected, but reserved the benefit of my feelings for the lady. How they met, or what followed, I can not say, as I was too much occupied to inquire.



## CHAPTER IV

'Russet lawns and follows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The hovering clouds do often rest;  
Meadows trim, with dasies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide,  
Towers and battlements it sees,  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.'

MILTON.

Upon inquiry I was happy to learn that I could go to Boston direct by railroad; and we left at seven in the morning, passing through Sheffield, which, by the way, is one of the most dingy, smoky places I ever beheld, but much celebrated for its various hardware and other manufactories. As we approached Lincoln, the capital of my native country, my eye caught in the distance the old cathedral, the first familiar object I had seen, and one well known to me in my early days. I hailed the sight, for it reminded me I was approaching HOME. I was in Lincoln about ten, and being obliged to wait some time for the train of cars to Boston, I improved the time in visiting old and familiar places, rendered still interesting from their having retained their ancient and stately appearance. I passed many of the old scenes and thought of the sad reverses of my boyhood days, feeling grateful that my condition was improved.

Again I seated myself in the cars and proceeded to Boston. My memory was as active as the steam that propelled us—my eye observed every object as we passed. There I recognized the house where I last lived before I enlisted into the army, and where my employer, its stingy souled owner, paid me the enor-

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Arrives at Boston.

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mous sum of one shilling for six weeks' service, because I was friendless. It appeared familiar, but I had no desire to visit it. Yonder I beheld another place, rendered impressive to memory by its early associations. It was the first place I lived at from home, and where my poor young heart, bruised and sorrowful under its exiled condition, felt the world's frown and bitter scorn, and though long years have passed away, yet I remembered well what I then experienced. An incident occurred here at that time which has often since served to impart amusement. The family where I lived owned a ferry on the river (Witham), and my duty, among other things, was to ferry people over, a task by no means pleasant, especially in stormy weather, though the river was but a few yards wide, and myself a complete novice in boat navigation. On one occasion, the wind being high, and the tide ebbing, I was compelled to carry over a man, which I succeeded in doing, after much hard toil, but in spite of all my pushing, rowing and sculling, I could not return; the current carried me down rapidly. Fearing it was in part owing to my wickedness, I prayed with all the earnestness that alarm and fear could inspire, when, after long and repeated struggles, I gained the shore, overjoyed at my deliverance. On passing this spot my mind dwelt thoughtfully upon the past.

I was returning by the same route I took when I left home, and well I remembered my thoughts and feelings, and how I resolved to be honest and faithful in my future life as I trod on those banks to my last place of service. Since then how great has been the change in my history, and how wonderful the Providence of God!

In the midst of my cogitations we approached with speed the suburbs of that much loved place, the town of Boston, and in a few minutes more were at a stand at the depot. I had arrived within three and a half

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The market place.

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miles from home. The clock was striking twelve as I was leaving the cars, and was the same old sweet, musical sound, followed with the heart-inspiring chimes I listened to when a little boy, which I then thought nothing could surpass. It still fell on my ear like the voice of a friend, and turning myself in the direction, I beheld in majestic beauty the tower of the old church. As I gazed upon it my heart rejoiced, and I hailed it with a tender welcome. My attention for a while was fixed upon it; I fancied like myself it had grown older; it looked quite gray to what it did when I left, and whilst I had become taller, to me it seemed shrunk a few feet shorter, and withal a little corpulent, but not gouty, if some of its worshipers had. Having thus communed and wished it peace, I proceeded to visit the market place, which, as it was Saturday and market day, afforded me great pleasure to mingle with the throng and witness the stir and business as in the days of "auld lang syne." I took a deliberate tramp round the place, giving particular notice to every object. With but two exceptions, all around was as natural as the day I bid it good by—the old cross, or market house had been removed, making the market place more open and pleasant. A new market house had been built, and occupies a very good position, close by the river, on the left hand side, across the bridge. With these exceptions it was the same familiar, dear old place, where I have sported hundreds of times at the fairs and markets, and on business, gazing at this novelty, and that, until I wished I was a rich man, that I could buy out all the stock and trade and commerce. Almost every shop and store retained its same business; some of the jewelers' shops, before which I used to stand, looking with such intense delight, longing for this watch and that, appeared to have the very identical articles and fixings at their windows. The clothier's store close to the church

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Change of inhabitants.

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yard, where we used to buy all our nice new clothes, of which I used to feel so proud and happy, was engaged in the same business, but it had changed names; our old friend Sewel had disappeared, and of all the once familiar names only one remained, Mr. J. Noble, bookseller. His establishment gave evidence of prosperity. I went in to visit it, under the excuse to buy a print of Boston church.

In looking about me the same scene presented itself that first broke upon my childish vision; but the inhabitants, where are they? Not one in all the multitude did I know. O, what a change does a few years make in the life of man! Providence has removed many to their long home, and others come in and take their places. "One generation passeth away and another cometh." My heart was sad as I moralized upon the change, and so impressive was it that I could scarcely resist the power of my feelings; still stronger was that sensation when I visited a spot where oft in childhood I had gone on business with my father. The same door through which we passed into the garden, a beautiful place, remained, and I almost fancied I must see him pass before me. I would have been glad of the privilege to have gone over the same scene, but I was not in America.

Leaving the spot, I retraced my way with slow and thoughtful steps over the bridge, down High street to Skirbeck Quarter, with not the least perceptible change that I could trace from what it was in early times. Arrived at the Ship Inn, a familiar place, I entered and ordered dinner. Its appearance was quite homelike, as oft have I visited it on my father's account, to procure his bottle of beer, when working in the Wyberton field near by. It was the resort of farmers, being in the centre of the cornmarket, where their business was chiefly transacted. Its aspect had, however, greatly improved, and seemed neater and more inviting, an evidence that law and temperance

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The practical effects of temperance.

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had wrought some good results. The old screen in the kitchen remained there still, and where sat a jolly host of merry farmers, with tables, pipes and beer, as friendly as honest worth could make them. But now not one remained, no voice of merrymaking, to break the stillness of the day. It appeared for all the world as if the spirit of reform had passed over it, and every other inn in the town. And I was sensible there had been something effective done for the better, for I read at every door, licensed to sell beer—licensed to sell wine and spirits—licensed to sell tobacco, &c. The law rules in England, not avarice, and if the government was to decide for temperance, the nation would be born again, and virtue, industry and plenty would crown the people.

I have now gained that point in my progress home where I beg leave to address the reader. To me the occasion is one of the highest moment; I am visiting scenes, which, from their importance in my early days, and their associations with precious friends, demand more than ordinary attention. I shall speak of them as they affect me, and my object is to enter upon them regardless of the opinions or views of others. I intend to enjoy myself in my own way, as nature and affection may dictate, and if you can not relish my feelings and descriptions, and identify yourself with me as I pass along from scene to scene and from friend to friend, we will bid adieu, and I will indulge in my retrospect alone; but be assured that every thing I state is true to the reality.

While dinner was in progress I arranged my plan, with regard to the course necessary to be pursued in my appearance at home. I had no desire to be hasty; I was collected, and intended to take things coolly, and to reap pleasure from each foot of my way, and every object.

I thought it best to change my name from William Beebey to William Brown, fearful lest I

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Inquires for Mr. Osborn.

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should be suspected and subjected to apprehension, and that I might the better succeed with my friends, whom I wished to keep in ignorance for a short time of my presence. I wrote a letter of introduction to my brother, in which I represented Mr. Brown as an intimate friend of mine, whom I requested he would receive with the same kindness and attention he would myself, and who would also feel happy to impart any information he might deem fit to ask with regard to my family, &c.

Thus prepared I set out homeward, taking care to forbear making any inquiry about my friends. A sister named Margaret was living contiguous, and therefore I wished on that account to visit her first. I questioned a little boy for her residence without effect, but meeting a laborer I interrogated him with better success.

"Sir, can you inform me where Mr. Joseph Osborn lives?" (the name of my sister's husband).

Pausing a moment, and looking at me, he replied:

"Osborn? Yes, sir; he lives some little distance on that road (pointing in the direction), but which house I can't say;" and as if he anticipated my object, he added, "Yes, sir, Mr. Osborn married a Lighton, and I'm sure you'll find his house somewhere not far on that road."

His last reply somewhat alarmed me, and led me to mistrust that he suspected who I was, and so it proved, as report afterwards affirmed. For meeting my brother-in-law shortly after he related the circumstance, and declared he knew me from my resemblance to my father.

Taking the road he directed, and musing on the lovely scenes around me, which added fresh joy to my already transported heart, I suddenly came upon an elderly looking man, lying on the green sward by the road side, watching his cows. As I approached him he raised his head and for a moment looked me stea



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Meets his sister.

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dily in the face. I wished as I passed him he had been asleep; I am sure the sound of my footsteps would not have awoke him. He also suspected me, as I was afterwards informed.

Approaching a house which, from its humble appearance, I fancied might be the one I sought, I inquired, but was informed they lived beyond, in the second house. Glad that I had arrived so near, I hastened on and soon approached their dwelling. It was a small brick house standing near the road, in the corner of a one acre lot, inclosed with a beautiful hawthorn hedge, evidently the abode of a quiet laborer. As I approached the door I felt as I had never felt before. The sacred stillness, the luxuriance and beauty of nature, and the solicitude of seeing one so dear to me, was the most thrilling occasion I ever experienced in my life.

I lingered a moment, hoping to see my sister unobserved by her, that I might distinguish, if possible, some features so vividly impressed on my memory of her early years. In this I was disappointed, for as I approached, the door being open I could look in, I did not see her, she was engaged in another room. I rapped, when lo, she whom I doted upon presented herself, approaching the door with modest deference; for the first time for over twenty-eight years did I again behold one of my kindred.

We met as strangers, not a feature of the girl was to be traced. I did not know her; time and care had evidently wrought on her as well as on myself. Neither did she recognize me. Addressing her I inquired:

“Madam, is this the residence of Mr. Joseph Osborn?”

She answered:

“Yes, sir, it is;” and gazing intently (for with my large carpet bag and dress I presented quite a foreign appearance) asked, “do you wish to see him, sir?”



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Interview with his sister.

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"I do, ma'am, is he at home?"

"No, sir, he is not; he is working for Mr. Lighton in Frampton, and will not return till nine o'clock."

Feeling disappointed I proceeded:

"Madam, are you Mr. Osborn's wife?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, with inquisitive earnestness, "I am his wife."

I said:

"Permit me, if you please, to inquire if your maiden name was Margaret Lighton?"

"Yes, sir, my name was Margaret Lighton; Mr. Lighton of Frampton was my father."

Poor creature, she was evidently at a loss to account for these strange questions, and by an outlandish looking individual, quite unknown to her. I informed her that I was from Worcester, in the United States, and being an intimate friend of Mr. William B. Lighton, her brother, and personally interested in his welfare and the happiness of his father's family, deemed it a duty and pleasure to visit them for their mutual benefit.

Never was news more joyful to a sister's heart. She immediately invited me into the house and presented me with a seat, and expressed her gratitude at the happy tidings, bid me welcome to their humble home. Our interview became of the most animated and affecting description. Every question a fond sister could ask respecting one she loved was made, and as tenderly answered.

Thus we talked, and but for my strong self-command I could have wept. Her heart was full of tender feeling, that bespoke her anxiety for her brother's prosperity. At one stage of our conversation she paused, as if to recover from her emotion ere she managed to say:

"I fear I shall never see my dear brother again! It would be the greatest happiness I could have to behold

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Discovers himself.

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him once more; but I am afraid that can not be on earth."

It was as much as I could do to command myself under such heart-touching expressions, and I strove to console her with the assurance of his fond intention to visit them. This hope affected and elated her.

"Do you truly believe my brother will visit us?" she asked earnestly.

"Yes, ma'am, I am confident he will." I replied.

"When do you think he will come, sir?"

Feeling a little disconcerted by these close questions I paused for a reply, and looking at her, chanced to smile. The deception was instantly half-revealed.

"Sir," she said, in a tone and with a purpose forbidding further suspense, "can this be my brother? Oh, tell me, are you William?"

I could no longer resist her pleadings, but arose and answered:

"Sister Margaret, I am your brother," and the next moment we were in each other's embrace, weeping tears of gratitude and joy.

How precious was this privilege, to thus again press to my bosom one whom I loved so tenderly in our childhood. It was an emotion too pure for utterance, too exquisite to expatiate upon. No love save that of wife can be more dear than a sister's; her affections are ever chaste, vigorous and enduring, and on this occasion I was made fully sensible of their force, beyond the power of definition. After the exuberance of the transport produced by sudden transition had somewhat subsided, we entered into an earnest conversation upon each other's interests, our families and friends, to the mutual satisfaction and gratification of each.

What latent sensibility does not the heart experience on beholding old and familiar objects, that memory

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Happy reminiscences.

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has cherished and affection honored? It stirs chords of emotion, contact with the world's blighting usages have not wholly quenched. Such feelings, as my pen fails me when I attempted to describe, as arose within me on recognizing a time-honored tea-set and the old family Bible, precious relics of my boyish days. The one for having been that my dear mother, used only on occasions when gladdened with the visits of relations and other social gatherings; the other for its messages of mercy and love, and being the first Bible in which I was early taught to read the way of life, and told to trust on the never failing friend of man; there was the blank page with the family register I used to delight to read. What hallowed mementos, were these recalling past delights and vivid reminiscences of beloved ones now no more. Memory reveled in the past, until my associations overwhelmed me, and I communed in thought with the absent, as if I lived over again those years passed away for ever into the boundless lapse of time.

Happily for us that we were alone; not a soul disturbed our happiness save once;—the old man I passed watching his cows on the road called accidentally, as he would have had us think, to inquire the time of day; but as it was afterwards affirmed with the ostensible design to see if I was there. Well for us that we had regained our composure or his suspicions would have been at once confirmed, and as it was we did not thank him for his intrusion or gratify his inquisitiveness. Of all the vulgar qualities inherent in the human character, inquisitiveness is in my opinion one of the worst.

While my sister was preparing tea, I visited the premises, which as has been heretofore mentioned, consisted of one acre of land, seeded with beans, and which was tilled with the spade. A small kitchen garden occupied the breadth of one end of the house, and at the other a little patch of wheat, on which the

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Return of Mr. Osborn.

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mischievous sparrows had laid a heavy tax. The only stock of which they could boast was a pig, under excellent keeping, grunting contentment with his lot, and giving his master good omen by Christmas, of the extra luxury of two fliches of bacon to ornament the walls of his house—a better decoration for a poor man than all the pictures in the world?

Tea being ready we sat down, and having first with grateful hearts invoked the blessing of heaven, we thankfully partook of our humble meal, rendered luxurious by kindness and tender sympathy. The table was spread with the old china tea-set, from which I regaled myself as in days of yore—the happiest and purest hours of my life.

At nine o'clock my brother-in-law, Mr. Osborn, returned, evidently overcome with fatigue, and before I had time to speak to him my sister said: "Joseph, this gentleman is Mr. Brown, from Worcester, United States, and being well acquainted with our brother William, has condescended to make us a visit." He gave me a hearty shake of the hand, inquired after my health, voyage, &c., bid me welcome, and inquired particularly after his brother-in-law and family with as much interest and perseverance as if he had been in New England. I responded to all his queries with respectful sentiments. When his supper ended he lighted his long pipe, an operation in which I was unable to join, having never learned to smoke, chew, or take snuff; a peculiarity I wish had more imitators. We occupied considerable time in conversation on America, its various departments of industry and politics, and the advantages and disadvantages of England. Whereupon I urged him to return with me to America, which he expressed a desire to do, but did not feel quite ready. The trouble of preparing and the voyage prevents thousands from emigrating, and many more for the want of courage, live and die in poverty, whereas they could succeed well and their

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Superiority of America over England.

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posterity might rise to affluence in this country. Others object because they can not sell their old furniture that would not bring two sovereigns, and are too penurious to give it away, so remain to keep it company, and end their days in penury.

When informed the American laborer was receiving four and five times the amount of those in England, he was surprised, and expressed himself in emphatic terms — “ Dang it, but we shall all die in poverty if things continue long as they are.” Well might he say so, for he was working for thirty cents per diem; many others not over twenty-five cents; some of the poor Irish laborers got no more than twelve and a half cents; he added, “ I’m blamed, but I wish I was out of the country, to where a folk could live;” and he further informed me that such had been the condition of things that he had traveled for days in search of work, which when obtained he had to walk miles to and from, at twenty-five cents per day and board himself.

Thanks to the republican spirit — there is a dignity about the laborer in this country that is not found in any monarch-ridden nation on the face of the earth. And though it has been said by some selfish, non-hearted aristocrats that we shall never have good times until the laborer is made to work for his sheep’s head and pluck, I pray God, if ever such a period should arise, the men who cause it may have to live on *sheep’s pelts*. Amen.

Our time had pleasantly wore away in talk till about midnight, when I deemed it proper to inform him of my real identity and addressing him, I said:

“ Mr. Osborn, I have a confession to make to you, which I hope will not cause you to think the less kind, when you find I have been deceiving you.”

Surprised at this preamble, he requested an explanation, whilst he manifested the utmost anxiety.

“ Sir,” I replied, “ I am not Mr. Brown, the person

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Attends Divine service at Boston church.

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whom you have been induced to believe; my name is W. B. Lighton! I am your wife's brother."

Overwhelmed with amazement he exclaimed:

"God bless me, is it possible this is William?"

"Yes, sir, I am your brother-in-law."

"Well," he added, "I'm blamed if I didn't think strange to hear you talk so free and friendly."

Whispering, he said:

"I am glad to see you; we must be careful how we conduct ourselves, then there will be no trouble."

We retired to bed that night with hearts too joyful to sleep much; but the little I did enjoy was mingled with the happiest dreams. In the morning I was up early to listen to the songs of my old favorite birds, some of which caroled sweet music in my ears and carried me back to times of precious memory, prompting me involuntarily to exclaim:

"God bless the birds, the dear lovely birds."

We resumed our conversation, indulging in all the affectionate memory, interest, and duty could suggest, that rendered holy time most holy, until the chiming of the bells of Boston church reminded us of the approaching hour of worship. Thither I repaired, being anxious to visit the old church once more. There is something solemn and inspiring in those sweet familiar chimes, I thought, as I slowly pursued my way; their sound is as fresh as in my infancy, telling of tidings, joyful as the angels' song on the morn of the Redeemer's birth, "Peace on earth and good will to man." How hallowed their associations, as they recalled cherished remembrances of other days. As I came near the venerable edifice, my heart pronounced upon it the inimitable benediction of the Psalmist: "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sake I will now say, peace be within thee."

I intended on entering the church to occupy the same pew, if possible, as in other times, but I could



Varied emotions

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not, as I was conducted to another part of the church. I had, however, a good view of it, which did my feelings some good; but not one of all that vast throng did I know. There were the aged, and those who were children and youth when I left; but all were strangers now. The most familiar object, and the one I loved most, was the organ, one of the finest in England. Its tones, as it accompanied the singing, was so overpowering that I could scarcely refrain from tears. It was the first organ I ever heard in my life, and why should I not still love its precious, cheering tones, which I remember when a boy was more effective in its influence on my young heart than all the preaching and praying. It spoke with solemn eloquence to my soul, and made me think that only the pure and truly good could ever mingle in the choir above.

After the close of the service I indulged myself in visiting round the church, until I had gained the spot rendered memorable as the place where I parted with my step-mother, and where she pressed on my cheek her last fond embrace. I stood enwrapped in tender, fervent thought, contemplating the events and circumstances of that painful period. While thus absorbed in reflection I could have bowed but for fear of observation, and kissed the spot. As it was, the aspiration of my feelings were uplifted in communion with her spirit, in remembrance of her kind charity, and when I left my heart was full of emotion, and I offered a silent prayer to God that in the termination of life we might meet and mingle in joys immortal.

I returned to Mr. Osborn's and partook of dinner. Sunday is a day above all others in the week when the English will have a feast, and I afterwards proposed visiting my brother's, in Frampton, the distance of nearly three miles, where Mr. Osborn was pleased to accompany me, a favor I felt grateful to enjoy. The occasion was one sufficient to inspire a



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The village bells.

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feeling of pleasure within my heart, for I was going to my native home. We proceeded by a retired road often I had traversed before, which was exceedingly interesting and beautiful. We soon approached within view of the church, looking every whit as of old, with its tall steeple towering, a graceful and noble monument, above the surrounding houses, as it

“Points its silent finger to the sky  
And teaches groveling men to look on high.”

The bells were ringing their old familiar dulcet chimes, cheering the hearts of the multitude as they wended their way thither for holy worship. Those cherished old bells, how oft have they gladdened my guileless and innocent young heart, as with my parents and neighbors I have walked in childhood to the house of God, and made me feel as if earth and heaven were one. Oft when the nation's patriotism exulted in some triumphal event or merry making, or when some nuptial fete occurred, they have burst out in loud and sonorous melody, imparting life and joyfulness through every hamlet, causing my young, unsophisticated fancy to dance and skip with very rapture. “Chime, then, ye precious old bells, as of yore; and now and ever may your glad harmony bless all hearts. I love ye as the voice of truest friends; next to my parents' voice, slumbering 'neath your tower's shade—now the only native sounds left of all I once enjoyed. I would mingle this hour with the throng ye are inviting, and offer up thanksgiving and praise to him who has been my protector, for his manifold blessings and care, did not my early inactivity prevent me.”

Methinks now, as the service bell has ceased its tolling, I see the minister and congregation rising, and hear them read aloud the introductory service: “When the wicked man turneth away from his wick-

edness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." Ezekiel xviii, 27. Whilst the congregation reply: "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." Psalm li, 3d verse.

As I progressed along I could not avoid being impressed with the result of my early recklessness and folly; for passing a field planted around with ash trees, I discovered many vacant places, the result of my destructive hands. I had pulled up these young shoots when a boy, expressly for walking sticks. These spaces now reminded me of my mischievous doings, and of many other blanks in my history. Fortunate was it for me I had not been caught, or it would have doomed me to seven years' banishment.

By and by we approached the residence of Mr. Robinson, a gentleman of character and standing, around whose mansion beautiful tall trees gave covert to the swarms of noisy rooks I so much delighted to rob. It was here the misfortune befel me in descending a tree that I had to call aloud for assistance. To my regret, like many more of the cluster, that veteran had disappeared.

We entered the main parish road about half way between the church and my brother's, and as we walked leisurely on the smooth path, every thing returned to my remembrance with the interest and familiarity of old acquaintance. The first place we arrived at was the blacksmith's house and shop—the identical establishment, so unchanged that it seemed to me on beholding it as if I was waking from a dream. House after house as we passed along gladdened my heart with their quaint, bland appearance, inducing me almost to think I should see the friendly faces and the little mirthful children I had left there, but alas! of all I once knew, one family, Mr. and Mrs. Ridley, alone remained living on the same spot. What changes does time produce in a few brief years!

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Old scenes and old associations.

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Every foot of the way was memorable and lovely, greeting me with a smiling welcome which inspired my heart with affection and joy as I recollected the pleasures they once imparted.

Approaching nearer to the old homestead I lost for a moment the individuality of the scene. An ancient garden with its clustering and beautiful fruit trees had been removed, in my eyes a work of sacrilege, but the old habitation long the residence of Mr. Lanes, was standing, having a forsaken and dilapidated appearance, in sad contrast of the beauty of other years. Sanford Lane (for its retirement and sweet picturesque scenery was designated "love lane") leading to my father's grounds, was disfigured by the great northern railroad, which intersected it near this point, and marred the harmony of the scene. The unsightly gates of the railroad enclosing the highway on each side, with the house erected for the gate tender, appeared singular and forbidding, and induced me at first to fear it had destroyed the old premises. Indeed, so confused was I for the moment that I wished it was in some other part of the kingdom. After crossing it, to my delight and happiness the original beauty returned in all its early freshness to my view.

When passing our nearest neighbor's house, my eager eye was oblivious enough to glance at the window, under the delusive idea I might discover some of the bright, laughing faces of former days; but the good old folks, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, are slumbering with the dead, and the property is occupied by Mr. William Lanes, who married their daughter. Yet, although the inhabitants are changed, the dwelling, with its thatched roof, as in days of yore present the same quiet, substantial appearance. The tall sweet briar, delicately trained up the wall by the fingers of the good dame, from which Elizabeth, then a blooming girl of my own age, whom I often felt like loving,

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A. y dear old home.

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would pluck a blushing flower to adorn my coat on the sabbath day, when we went to church together, had perished and left a blank only partly filled in my eyes by a little plot where it stood. I turned from this spot, and immediately on my left was our garden, bounded by the haw thorn hedge, and before me my dear old home. The sight awed me into reverence. My feelings melted into tenderness, and I almost felt like Moses, as if I must take the shoes from off my feet, for the place was holy. The mingled beauty of the scene and my contending emotions hallowed the occasion to my heart, and filled me with thanksgiving to the supreme ruler of my destiny for his unmerited bounties. My brother-in-law, anxious to gratify his feelings, broke in on my musings with the question:

“Brother William, do you know the old house?”

“Yes, that is the same old place—our cherished home,” I replied, gazing on it with the deepest interest, as I saluted it with my heart’s warmest benediction, “God bless the spot, so full of the purest associations, the place where I was born, and lived an innocent boy, where memory and affection cling with an ever blooming freshness, that makes me feel, and always will, that this, above all places on earth, resembles heaven most.”

We were soon at the yard gate, over which I took a cursory glance around at the stable, barn and other familiar objects, till my eye rested on the house, before which I paused. It was all I wished to see, the cherished hope of so many long years of exile realized — HOME!

The little front yard, which once was a pretty green plat, now bloomed with flowers and shrubs, the result of the taste and skill of the lady occupant. At the end of the house, too, was a cluster of fruit trees of modern growth which contributed to the beauty of the landscape; and but for which and the death of the

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Changes in the old homestead.

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stately cherry-tree — the ancient lilac, and the old walnut tree, I could see no difference from the time when I sported beneath their shade. True, the absence of the rooks that built on the limbs of the walnut tree and have fled with its fall, left a void with their noisy cawings, which in my childish days sounded like a mother's lullaby, as they swayed to and fro in their airy mansions.

Passing back to the kitchen door, where we were quietly shut in from observation, recollections became intensely exciting. Before me was the old summer or harvest apple tree, one of the finest trees in the kingdom, from which I have often surreptitiously taken many a hat full, my pockets not being sufficiently capacious to meet the demand. The pump remained the same faithful servant, furnishing a supply of water, and the noisy sparrows chirruped a note of gladness, I almost fancied, of welcome from the eaves, the very prototypes of the merry creatures I so often robbed. But my reverie was soon interrupted by my brother's wife whom our knocking summoned to the door, and she received us very affably, which I returned with my best bow, on being introduced as Mr. Brown, from America, an acquaintance of Mr. W. B. Lighton, a revelation that no less surprised than interested her. However, something intuitively impressed her that I was the identical person whose friendship I aspired to, and her piercing glances and bland address, soon led me to indulge the idea she was sensible of my striking likeness to my father. She informed me with much regret, her husband was absent from home, but would return next day, and she welcomed me with a sister's love to be their guest during my stay in England. I accepted the invitation with civility and gratitude, and our conversation then became animated, relating chiefly to family matters, in which I had to do my part in my assumed character, in such a guarded manner as not to betray the

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Old Flippet.

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truth. Occasionally I was apt to ask more questions than was prudent, and then had to apologize for my freedom, on the ground of Yankee habit, Joseph meantime sitting a mute listener enjoying the conversation and an extra glass of beer.

During her temporary absence in another apartment, I indulged in a rapid survey of every object within sight. The semi-circular armed chair of my mother-in-law, stood in the corner vacant and bottomless; the old round table and kneading-trough of my childhood reminiscences, were still in every day use, with the exception that the table had received a new top, the original one having been scoured down until it was dangerous to set a dish on it. Other objects were equally interesting; the shelf over the fire place arrayed with choice articles now looked dwarfish and accessible; but in days of old, it was as much as I could do, stretched on tiptoe, to reach a sugar-cane, with which I was on very familiar terms. The dark closet below the stairs reminded me of many solitary hours passed within its dreaded precincts, and many a good flogging too, forcing from me involuntary promises of amendment I never meant to perform. In another corner, the brewing furnace remained, where my father used to brew his beer, with its wide aperture for a chimney, the reputed home of Old Flippet, a strange, ideal personage, synonymous with Robin Goodfellow, whom we dreaded more than any thing on earth. When a boy that spot excited sentiments of indescribable awe, and I never approached it without a fervent invective to the *monster*, not to injure me. Now, on reviewing the matter, it seemed to me, had my mother-in-law and the domestics bestowed as much faithfulness in mental and moral training, as they did in imbuing our minds with a belief in witches and hobgoblins, they would have laid a more profitable foundation on which to build the future structure



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An English farm yard.

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of moral character. The open chimney place was tastefully improved with a grate, while the oven remained a veteran in the service, with the additional ornament of a new door to grace its mouth; but the mangle, at which I had worked and sweated, and sometimes fretted and scolded, had been removed into another room, having ceased, like its proprietor, from toil. The hook and beam, however, to append the slaughtered hog, still swung true to the original design.

The kitchen window, where I have sat many a long winter hour watching my bird trap with eager eyes, brought back the memory of many a pleasant time — each door had its souvenir — but that most dear of all, was the one that recalled my parents' voices saluting us with their fond good night, as we ascended to bed. These reflections, painful as they were, I indulged in until my heart grew sad, that they who made my boyhood's home, all in all, had passed away, and with them the chief glory of my dear old home. Could I have met them, my heart would have desired no greater bliss — the consummation of my felicity and my most ardent desire, next to the hope of Heaven.

Solicitous to inspect the premises more closely, I requested leave of my sister-in-law to look around, under the plea of wishing to see an *English farm yard*.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "You can have the privilege of going over any part you please, for," she was going to add, "I expect you know your way well about them."

I noticed the sudden check, the bright, flashing eye and confident smile, betokening detection of myself and my design that prompted me to feign ignorance of all I saw; and I only wonder she did not make me confess on the spot, which she would have done had she been versed in Yankee inquisitiveness.



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Present my letter of introduction.

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Though it was cruel on my part thus to keep her in suspense, yet I wished to try her feelings well before I made acquaintance.

I presented the letter of introduction I had fabricated the previous day at the Ship Inn for my brother, and took my leave, with a strict injunction to return early to tea, which I promised faithfully to perform.

To my sorrow I found some of the lofty, ancient trees were gone, and left a void the mid-day sun made us more alive to, as their umbrageous limbs afforded a shelter from his scorching rays, and under which I have often reposed after dinner, to rest my weary frame and replenish my pockets with fruit, whilst my father smoked his pipe in another shady quarter. It was my elysian camp ground, especially in the fruit season, when, not daring to climb the trees, I watched the luscious plumbs and yellow cheeked apples, earnestly longing for a breeze to give the tops a good shaking; a wish which, by patient waiting, was sometimes realized, notwithstanding the vigilance of my step-mother, who claimed this spot as her dowry and perquisite.

Pursuing my investigation further, I discovered many of the outbuildings had been removed; all more or less connected with by-gone memories of the past, and mixed with pleasurable recollections. Here in winter I attended the herds, and in summer hunted the swarms of sparrows that had taken forcible possession under the thatch. The reason I waged a determined war of extermination against these troublesome birds, was the mischief they did the buildings by tearing the thatch to make spaces for their nests, and the destruction they cause the grain, fields often being laid waste by their predatory propensities. I wonder now how the creatures bore my incursions on their connubial felicity and did not vacate the premises at once; but indeed they did seem to have some

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The garden.

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dread of me, and would "chirp, chirp," on my approach, with the same signal of alarm as they greeted the cautious advent of the sleek house cat! I once entertained the idea, for the sake of auld lang syne, to import a few sparrows to America, but their strongly developed bump of destructiveness deterred me, and I am sensible no one would have praised me had I done so, for adding to the number of our native pilferers.

We next strolled into the garden, without prohibition from spike or lock, and although well and luxuriant, appeared diminutive and less tempting than that time when its precincts were tabooed ground.

Many changes had been introduced, but amongst the choice fruits left I discovered my father's gooseberry bush, which on account of its superiority was denominated, for distinction, the "golden drop." Although late in the season, I searched it well, and was rewarded for my trouble with a few berries, the flavor of which tasted to me far superior to any of the kind, as they recalled fond and early memories. This tree of his choice, protected by his imperative command, and standing in the midst of the garden, appeared symbolical of the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the Eden of our first parents, and in my youthful eyes was held almost as sacred.

After indulging my feelings by tracing the varied walks, admiring the beauty of the luxuriant hawthorn hedge, and plucking fruit as fancy prompted, we reached the bee house, rich with a stock of honey in progress for the great London exhibition. I could not forbear sorrowing at this point over the absence of an old friend, a sturdy oak tree in the garden hedge that had stood there a monarch among its fellows long previous to my birth, and with whose acorns we beguiled many childish hours. It had bowed beneath the woodman's axe, and as I gazed on the shattered root, those beautiful lines of "Wood-

man, spare that tree," rose spontaneously to my mind and lips.

My curiosity gratified for the nonce in this cherished resort, we wended our way towards the barn and stable—places pregnant with thrilling interest—the former still retaining many marks of my juvenile precocity. There was my name cut on the edge of the cross plate of the front door, and the stars I made on the opposite one with a pitchfork, legible and distinct after the lapse of better than a quarter of a century. The fastenings, too, were the identical ones my little fingers had daily handled, and when I touched them again, hallowed visions of the once vigorous and happy kindred with whom I lived and labored, rushed with overpowering force across the mirror of the mind. The scene is the same, old familiar objects are around me, but the glad countenances that gazed fondly into mine, and the hands that warmly pressed these palms are here no longer to greet the wanderer's return. Think it not strange then, reader, if I love to tell of what remains to me of early happiness, and cherished relatives whom I may meet no more until that great day when "earth and heaven must pass away."

How often have I here deposited the well cleaned implements of industry, after a hard day's toil, until the morrow's sun should again summon my father and myself to our morning work. His potato fork, with which none were more dexterous in the season, stood in a corner, its long smooth blades worn by thirty years' use so as almost to unfit it for further service. I felt like claiming my old companion in toil, but my brother being likewise anxious to retain it, I could not urge the request.

From the barn floor I ascended to the granary, in search of a dilapidated mill I had dismantled of lead, much to the displeasure of my father, to make balls

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Anecdote of my father.

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for sporting. One day, chancing to light upon my hoard, he asked me:

“What are you going to do with that bag of balls?”

“Nothing, sir,” I meekly answered.

“Well,” he rejoined sarcastically, “I shall take care of your magazine, and I forbid you making any more; as there is no prospect of a war at present, they will not be needed.”

This place reminded me of another amusing little incident. My father, greatly to the annoyance of my step-mother, chewed tobacco. She strongly reprobated the habit, and to break him of it, every evening searched his pockets and destroyed his stock, no matter how much the quantity. Determined neither to forego his favorite indulgence, nor to be outdone by her, he secreted his store in the barn, only taking each morning what would last him through the day. She, however, discovered the hiding place, and after steeping the tobacco in soap suds, returned it, and he, unconscious of the trick, would eject quid after quid, with many wry grimaces, as if he were eating unripe persimmons. In this way, poor man, he was driven from one resort to another, until he had tried almost every out-building on the premises as a place of concealment for his poisonous luxury.

The stable was unaltered, with the exception of a new door; in it, too, I have done faithful service, as I returned from the plough with my hardy nags, as full of song and glee as the lark. The rack and manger, where fed my jolly Gipseys and rearing Blacks, were all that remained of them, for they are gone and their names forgotten, except by me. Some of the old worn out geers hung mouldering to decay on the pins on the walls, the last fading souvenirs of early, merry days.

After completing our survey we returned to the house where we were greeted with a pleasant smile

## Tea with Mrs. J. Lighton.

by the lady, who, as if conscious who I was, looked her opinion, I had enjoyed an agreeable ramble. We drank tea from the old round table, I occupying the place where my father used to sit, and so vividly did his features recur to my memory that I almost expected to see him return from church to take a seat among us, as he looked when I last saw him in his strength and prime. These were always our happiest occasions; but how chilling the reflection now, that I was comparatively alone with none of those dear forms around to congratulate the prodigal.

Tea concluded, I proposed returning with Joseph; however, Elizabeth (my brother's wife), feeling she had a greater claim, reprobated the motion, and insisted I should remain her guest. I apologized, and pleaded as an excuse my desire to attend the Wesleyan chapel in Boston that evening; but she was not to be so easily put off, and said.

"If you wish to go to chapel, I will be happy to accompany you in my carriage and bring you back."

This was a poser, I hardly knew how to overcome, with credit to myself and respect to her; as I was anxious to visit the Weyberton field, on my way back; a fact I did not wish her to learn, as it would have rendered her more suspicious. I therefore excused myself as well as a poor wretch could under the circumstances, by stating I was desirous of seeing as much of the vicinage as possible, but would faithfully return and dine with her on the morrow, which had the desired effect of pacifying her feeling the bundles with the best of friends, in hopes of row. But not liking day.

We returned by the road, I began to thrash those kept thoroughfare, till warned to desist by a horrid voice on my recollection, which made me tremble for the by the hand of the  
across the field's elevated above the surrounding were destroyed consequently commanded a fine prospect

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The pleasures of rural life.

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serious evil to pedestrians, who are thus deprived of pleasant walks amid sweet fields and fragrant wild flowers. The people of England, especially that class whose labor confines them to the close streets of large towns, have a great love for rural walks, and companionship with nature; it solaces them for their many privations, and gives them fresh zest to return to their toils and their dingy garrets.

The sight of the various dwellings by the road side, filled me with the spirit of inquiry regarding the fate of the former inhabitants, my cotemporaries. With some I had attended school, with others I had visited and sported as if this world would be an eternal Arcadia, and each changing season were but the precursor of a more joyous state of existence. What disclosures has not time since revealed, to still the merry prattle, and chill the glad shout?

By and by we reach a grove of beautiful young wood, planted by my father's hand. I accompanied him to the scene of his employment, then a mere child out of leading strings, and skipped and frisked around him whilst engaged in placing the saplings in the ground. Well I remember the mighty efforts I made to uproot the fruits of his labors, and finding the little trees resisted my puny strength, in impotent rage I bent the tops and bit off the tender buds, until checked by my father, who explained the importance of the bud to the future trees. Thus it is that rectitude and principle, early impressed on the infant mind, guard ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> mind to a useful and magnanimous manager, where ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> absence leaves him ill-favored, were all that remained, <sup>their</sup> names forgotten, <sup>old</sup> worn out geers hung <sup>known</sup> by the quaint pins on the walls, the last faded, <sup>not</sup> inaptly too, for merry days.

After completing our survey <sup>bt,</sup> has it planted house where we were greeted with <sup>frequenters,</sup> as <sup>asted</sup> under its



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The Wyberton field.

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auspices. A few minutes more brought us to the field I so ardently desired to revisit, and which was fraught with such multitudinous associations. It comprised four acres, for which my father had paid four hundred pounds (\$2000), and was intersected by a foot path leading to Boston, constructed by him, and still retaining portions of the ingredients he had originally formed it of. I paced slowly around it, on either side me the waving corn fast ripening, to gladden the hearts of many with its bountiful store; the solitary hawthorn bush, mingling with the sweet scent of the wild flowers and the gay carol of the birds, all united to fill my heart with long past thoughts too powerful for utterance: until time and space were obliterated, and my boyhood life seemed to return in bright and startling reality.

Many little trivial occurrences rose before me on reviewing the theater where they transpired, and more especially did the puerile deceptions I practiced on my father whilst cultivating this identical field, return to my mind. It used to fall to me to run errands, one of which was to fetch beer for him from the Old Ship and Pin Cushion. On these occasions I was tempted to taste the foaming liquor, and not unfrequently entrenched so largely on the contents of the can, I was compelled to make good the deficiency with water, which altered its strength to that degree, my father never failed to pronounce it "very bad beer." Another time whilst assisting him to harvest a crop of flax, he directed me to arrange the bundles with the heads raised in a continuous row. But not liking the want of uniformity in size, I began to thrash those I thought too high-headed with my fork, scattering the seeds around, until warned to desist by a horrid yell from my father, which made me tremble for the consequences.

This field was elevated above the surrounding country, and consequently commanded a fine prospect



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The hardships of the English poor.

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for many miles, over towering church towers, embosomed in shady groves, and richly cultivated lands, luxuriant with the best of blessings, a bountiful crop. Beyond lay the town of Boston, with its lofty church steeple, seen in bold relief against the orient sky, and the white sails of the shipping entering and leaving the harbor gilded by the parting rays of the declining sun, lent an irresistible charm to the happy scene.

The picture that now greeted my eye is but the stereotype of what gladdened my heart in youth. Nature rolls on in bright vigor and glory, the lark sings her gay carol, all is unchanged except man and myself, my feelings and my appearance. I, too, must soon pass away, to be numbered with my kindred in the dust, and leave no trace, erased from the world's book as if I had never been, yet this cherished spot around which my heart loves to linger, will, by the fostering care of kind Providence, produce harvest after harvest—the bright birds pour forth their melody—the gay bee flit among the fragrant flowers, and all nature rejoice until time shall be no more, when unnumbered millions shall awake to judgment. I plucked a few ears of corn as I quitted the field, and wished upon it the dew and sunshine of heaven in their season.

At length we reached our snug little cot again, where quiet and contentment reigned, and after an evening spent in quiet conversation, resigned ourselves with contented minds to the solace of balmy slumber, till a new morning should bring its cares and anxieties.

## CHAPTER V.

"Beneath these rugged elms, that yew trees shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

GRAY.

At early dawn the poor man went quietly to his toil, with the encouragement of the munificent sum of thirty cents for his remuneration. Oppression taxes his muscle, robs him of the hard earned avails of the sweat of his body, and leaves him with only the scant pittance that barely sustains life. Such are the practical results of monarchical rule and aristocratical gradations. May heaven ever keep America from such a curse—such injustice and wrong!

At a becoming hour I started from my sister Margaret's to fulfill my engagement with Elizabeth, my brother's wife, in hopes I should find him at home prior to my arrival. The day was bright and balmy, my spirits elastic with the success of my projects as far as I had gone, and being alone I resolved to indulge my feelings with a visit to the graves of my parents by the way. I accordingly took the rural path to my native parish, which led through the grave yard, and gave me more ample opportunity to gratify my filial obligations, without suspicion or discovery.

Glowing under the rays of the sun, which poured a flood of yellow light over the landscape, the dark tower of Wyberton church rose before me in gloomy solitude. The festoons of deep colored ivy that bedecked its gray walls with a mantle of green, fluttered in the faint breeze presenting a rich variety of light

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Wyberton church.

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and shade, as it gleamed in the sunshine; the carpet of sweet wild flowers at my feet, and the air vocal with sylvan music, presented a scene of combined beauty that caused me to muse on the inscrutable ways of God. It was here we used to meet for public worship, under the teaching of the Rev. Martin Sheath, then an aged and infirm man, who has long since rested from his worldly duties to receive the reward of his labors above. The tall grove of venerable elms, in which the church was embosomed was a favorite resort of the architect rooks, whose domicils, regardless of the sacred locality, I was apt to invade and spoil of the young. Once, I remember, having after much effort collected a fine number, and descended with my booty, was about to depart, when I was surprised by one of the parson's servants, who claimed the whole as a *tythe* and threatened me if I complained. I determined in my own mind to have revenge and accordingly a few mornings afterwards visited the place before any one could possibly be astir; committed a double depredation, and carried home the prize to my mother, who made a delicious pie, whilst my father like a good Christian asked no questions.

Another hour's ramble brought me to the grounds of Frampton Hall, a gentleman's seat, entering which affected me to sensations almost of veneration, for now my parish church came full in view, where I first listened with my parents to the holy teaching of divine truth. As I passed the little gate into the parish road, I gazed on either hand, with purest satisfaction. Before me lay my village home, that most sacred spot on earth, the shelter of my infancy — the abode of my boyhood days — while there stood

“ The dear ancient village church, which rears  
By the lone yew, or lime, or elm — girt mound  
Its modest fabric; dear 'mid pleasant sound

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The parish church.

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Of bells, the gray embattled tow'r that wears,  
Of cheerful hue, the marks of by-gone years;  
Buttress and porch, and arch with mazy round  
Of curious fret, or shapes fantastic crown'd  
Tall pinnacles, and mingled window-tiers,  
Norman or misnamed Gothic."

This to me above all places was holy ground, for nere among the dear, peaceful dead, slumber my beloved and revered parents! Eagerly and attentively did I scan every portion of the ground to discover their resting place; but alas, I searched in vain. No stone could I find that marked the spot where they repose, although many were the names I read of those I once loved and knew, now mouldering into dust.

The solemn scene seemed to me like a land lettered with living affections — strewn over with tokens of existing love, a division between the living and the dead, for whilst we weep for the departed, we remember the living with deeper emotions. To me no sense of loneliness arises when wandering through a beautiful cemetery; there is a silent companionship with those around, who have but taken their places, and are only calmly sleeping until we shall join them to be fellow voyagers on the great unknown sea of eternity, in humble reliance on the Almighty captain of our salvation. Around and beyond is the beautiful country, hallowed as the scene, where we have lived in friendly intercourse and sweet communion with those who now sleep their last sleep, and who as they live again in our memories form as it were, a vast picture gallery of cherished memorials. Such contemplations deprive death of its horrors, and make it appear but as the portal, the path to those heavenly gates, that are ever open to all prepared to enter.

Disappointed in my object, I went round to the rear of the church and looked in at one of the windows; then I turned and departed by the same wicket,

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The home pasture.

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by which I always passed in and out, in company with my parents. I slowly pursued my way home, along the path I have often trod with a heart as guileless as the wild birds, as heedless of trouble, and longing for manhood that I might enjoy the felicity, I considered an inseparable concomitant with adult state. But manhood has proved the utter fallacy of these dreams; and oftentimes have I wished with a sigh "I were a boy again." In my progress I came where once stood a peasant's cot, the occupants of which I loved for their purity and goodness. They and their habitation were gone, and the spot once rendered lovely by their taste and toil, had been thrown into the adjoining field and not a single vestige gave token of departed worth, save here and there where "a garden flower grew wild." Thus, I thought, will time consume all things — the costly mansion — the marble palace — must yield to decay, and this world, so beautiful, will grow gray and finally amalgamate in chaos.

Amid these profound thoughts I arrived at home where I was warmly welcomed by sister Elizabeth, who informed me my brother had not yet arrived, but was expected every hour. The time, meanwhile, passed pleasantly in conversation with her and her sweet, little prattling Ambrose, whose only companion Thomas had gone to school. This little fellow, by his disposition to ramble, unintentionally afforded me much pleasure; he insisted on me accompanying him for a walk in the home pasture, a spot I ardently longed to visit, as one of my happiest haunts, and joyfully received his mother's consent that he should escort me there. On passing a gate I found myself in a pretty lane, enclosed by gardens of considerable dimensions, the result of modern improvements, and in a few steps more we were in the enclosure, particularly delightful to me when a child, because of two beds of daffodilly. I proceeded direct, guided by

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Acknowledgment of my identity.

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memory to where their early blossoms, in the gay spring tide, were plucked by me and formed into nose-gays; and anxious to know whether any still remain, I stooped down and dug for bulbs with my jack knife. The willow trees, however, that sheltered the spot were gone root and branch, leaving a void, but the hedge I had assisted my father to plant, was thick and flourishing, bidding defiance to man and beast. "Ah," mused I, "had this impervious barrier only existed in my boyish days, how many an angry chase would it have saved me after neighbor B——'s hogs," which in spite of every effort would like daring banditti force their way through every opposition. How often have I wished I could drown them in the horse pond, for they must either be bewitched or possessed by the devil.

The sight of my early haunts instinctively seemed to renew the force of old habits, and, somehow, whilst sauntering along these hedge rows, I found my hand involuntarily drawn down among the bushes, hunting for birds' nests. I must own to my great joy I came upon a brood of young thrushes (a beautiful singing bird), which I determined to rear and if possible carry home to form a colony in Massachusetts.

Whilst thus engaged, I observed Elizabeth enter the garden, and thinking it advisable to discover my identity to her before my brother returned, I went to where she was plucking some peas for dinner and after a little conversation, I said:

"Mrs. Lighton, I am about to make an acknowledgment, which I presume will not be less interesting to you than pleasing to myself. I am about to inform you who I really am."

She gazed upon me with a smile, and replied in anticipation of my explanation.

"You are our brother William, are you not?"

"Yes, madam, I *am* your husband's brother," I answered.



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Visits the farm.

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“ Oh ! how glad I am to know it,” she said. “ Since yesterday, I have been quite unhappy, for from the moment I saw you, I was filled with suspense; your features correspond so exactly with your likeness and the family resemblance, that I was persuaded you must be a member of it. When I learned you were from America, I was almost sure you were our brother, and to gratify my curiosity I took your hat and examined it; but I could only find the initials W. B., which answered for your assumed name. When you went out to visit the premises, I read the letter and was mortified to learn by its import I must be mistaken; for I had not sufficient penetration to understand the deception. I feel very happy to see you and form your acquaintance, a privilege I have feared could never occur. How rejoiced your brother will be to see you.”

Her cordial reception filled me with heartfelt gratitude, as well as her earnest solicitude to pursue such a line of conduct, as should not compromise my safety; after some consultation on this subject we adjourned to dinner in the old mansion.

The repast done due justice to, we proposed to explore some portions of the farm I had not yet visited, and accordingly took a footpath across our neighbor's pasture, to the old elm at the little stile bridge by Love Lane. I was enchanted with the scene, which was unaltered, as in those days it formed my ideas of paradise, with the sweet flowers and wild birds warbling in harmonious concert their praise of the Universal God. Would that the earth was free from the polluting blot of sin, that we could enjoy the many blessings it contain, with heartfelt happiness, and humble gratitude to the mighty Disposer of our destinies; who has made all things good, did not man by his wickedness misapply the gifts. By this path in riper years we returned from work — where my father and his neighbor walked in friendly converse,



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The old field.

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strictly reciprocal in their feelings, so that their uprightness has stamped the way with sanctity, as the footpath of the honest.

At the head of the lane a gate opened into my father's land, now occupied by my brother, and one opposite into that of our neighbor's, which seemed the identical that stood there in my youth. If not, its singular crooked bars, had been very faithfully imitated. Turning on our grounds, I made my way to a beautiful spreading ash, which my brother Thomas and I had named the tree of remembrance; for some time previous to my quitting home, we carved our names deep in the bark, as a token of our affection. The tree had grown luxuriantly in the years of my absence, but I found a part of my name; the letter W was quite tracable the remainder, however, was quite illegible. That dear brother has gone to the grave, and I grieved to think I could find no trace of his name, that I might greet it with the fond association he ever cherished of me.

We next entered the old field, rich with yellow corn as when my father first initiated me into the mysteries of tilling the soil. To me this branch of industry exceeds all others, in dignity and the healthful pleasure it affords the husbandman; his heart naturally expands with thankfulness to Him, who repays his labor with a golden harvest, and amid the simplicity of nature he lives in rugged integrity, ignorant of the world, its snares and wiles. How oft in each year, when the grain was ripening, have I with clappers in hand, shouted and hooted to scare the rapacious crows and sparrows from their bountiful repast. But these daring creatures in mockery of my efforts would alight in thousands with their insulting chirp and caw right before me, and seem to exult in my voice rendered hoarse by constant bawling, until in desperation I was compelled to resort to a gun, which however soon proved as abortive.

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Interview with my brother.

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My minute observations of every thing around consumed so much time, we were compelled to curtail our stroll to another day, as we expected the return of my brother every moment. In fact he soon came, but as I chanced to be in the garden I missed him, for considering the presence of the stranger his wife informed him of, of no particular consequence, he went out to visit his workmen before we met.

When I came in she informed me of what had transpired and wished me to be seated in the sitting room, an apartment thronged with mementos of early days; when he returned she informed him:

"Mr. Brown is now in the room, and I wish as soon as you can you would go and see him."

My heart beat with anxiety; my blood coursed freely in its channels, and my pulse moved with quicker strokes as I thought, will he know me? He entered full of good nature, with the letter in his hand, and said to me:

"I am informed by my wife, sir, that you are Mr. Brown, a gentleman from America, and an acquaintance of my brother."

After a hearty shake of the hand I answered:

"Yes, sir, I am, and I hope I have the honor of addressing Mr. James Lighton."

"Yes, my name is Lighton," and adding, whilst his countenance became radiant with joy, "I am very happy to see you, Mr. Brown, and beg to invite you to the hospitalities of my family, hoping it may be convenient for you to remain some time with us."

I thanked him for his kindness with a full heart, and having seated ourselves we indulged in an animated conversation about his brother and America. Whilst thus engaged I made a strict scrutiny of his person, for when I left home he was only ten years of age; now he was a man of thirty-nine, stout made and of a fine intelligent appearance. I could not trace any of his early looks, the features of the child had

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He declines an invitation to America.

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matured into the durable, formed characteristics of the man. He still continued to converse of his brother, and expressed a hope that he might some day have the happiness of seeing him again; whereupon I concurred in his sentiments and tendered him an invitation to return with me; to which he replied:

“ I should be happy to see America and hope at some future time to go and spend my life there; at present I can not because it would take too much time to arrange my affairs. I thank my brother for his earnest importunity and wish him continued prosperity in his family and business.”

We continued a considerable time longer in conversation without any opportunity offering when I could, as I ardently desired, make myself known, until apologizing for his absence he retired into the parlor followed by his wife. This was a favorable occasion to discover myself unobserved, so entering behind him, I said:

“ Mr. Lighton, I hope you will pardon my impudence in intruding on your privacy.”

“ Oh, come in, sir, it will be no interruption, but a pleasure,” he replied.

“ I wish to ask you if you retain any recollection of your brother?”

“ Yes, sir, I have a vivid remembrance of him.”

“ If you were to see him, do you think you should know him?”

“ From the recollection I have, I think I should know him. I remember his appearance well, and also many pleasant things about him; I believe, sir, I should readily recognize him.”

“ Can you distinguish any resemblance of your brother in me?” I asked.

He looked puzzled, but answered with unsuspicious frankness:

“ No, I can not, sir.”

“ You can not?”

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Discover myself to him.

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“No, sir.”

His wife at this juncture interposed with:

“Why, James, I am surprised you can not see your father’s looks in that gentleman. I am sure he is the image of him.”

Upon this I put an end to his suspense by telling him I was indeed his long lost brother. The sudden announcement seemed to stun him and it was some minutes before he could realize the truth of the joyful tidings I had imparted. At length he said:

“Is it my brother William?”

“Yes, my brother James,” I replied, and instantly we were enfolded in a warm embrace.

My brother felt the force of the transition for some time; the shock was too much for his artless mind, but by degrees the tumult calmed down to a happy quiet, and we enjoyed a true reciprocal interchange of affection rarely experienced even among kindred, and which is above all price.

Tea time brought with it a train of interesting reminiscences that served to unite our hearts and added to our pleasures. A young lady who chanced to be present was much perplexed to understand the cause of our intimacy, and it was finally considered best to entrust her with the secret, of which she proved herself in every way worthy. A gentleman, a few days after, who was visiting at her father’s, among various topics of conversation stated:

I understand Mr. Lighton’s brother has returned from America!”

When she opportunely replied.

“The gentleman you allude to is I am informed by the family, Mr. Brown, an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Lighton’s brother.”

“Oh, indeed, I have been misinformed then.”

Her timely reply lulled suspicion, and old dame Gossip enjoyed a protracted repose greatly to my comfort and security.

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Curiosity of the neighbors.

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In the evening, my brother having some parish business to perform at the church, I accompanied him, conversing as we passed along on the numerous changes a few years had effected in the neighborhood. Of all the once extended circle, but three families could be found who occupied the same residences as when I left, viz: Mr. Wm. Gridley, Mr. J. Robinson and Mr. W. Simonds, all now men well advanced in years. It was affecting to mark the vicissitudes the lapse of a short period had wrought on the community, and what a comment it was on the sacred text, which teaches us the brevity of life — “One generation passeth away and another cometh.” In external objects I observed no alteration; the little parish inn, that rural home for travelers; greeted me as of old with its neat familiar appearance, and the old sign still swung in the breeze without even the glory of a fresh coat of paint.

We procured the key of the church and proceeded direct to the church-yard where as dictated by affection, we visited our parents' graves. O, who can resist emotion when he gazes upon the last resting place of those who were the cause of his being; an instinctive feeling of awe and tenderness melts him into grief and tears.

“There,” said my brother “are the graves of our parents.”

“Peace be to their slumbering dust, and immortal rest to their spirits,” was the ejaculation of my smitten heart. “Can it be possible they have gone?”

“This,” said my brother, pointing, “is father's grave;” a mound of symmetrical form on which was growing the green grass. “Here,” he continued, “is the grave of our mother, that fond and loved one, and this our step-mother. And here are the graves of our twin sisters, Mary and Elizabeth; that is the grave of Mrs. Anderson, maternal parent of our step-mother.”

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The parish church.

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I can remember well when all were living. O how happy were those days but they have passed away, and I return to visit, not them, but their silent tombs. How sad and dreary was the time, I thought, when a child of five years old, I stood with my afflicted father and weeping friends over the remains of my mother, and heard the earth fall onto her coffin and the minister pronounce — “We therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ,” &c. What affliction was in that hour; yea, deep agonizing sorrow, when we retired home bowed down with grief, and gazed around needy of a mother’s care, and knowing she could never return; oh, it was so sad. Every room was hushed in ominous silence. No light footsteps passed around; no smile to cheer; no eye to watch over us; and no hand to administer to our crying wants. As I recalled this painful scene, and thought of what followed, I wept involuntarily.

On leaving this affecting spot I plucked a green sprig from my father’s grave, which I deposited in my memorandum book, breathing as I did so a fervent wish to Almighty God, that on that great day when the dead shall rise again, we may all meet in heaven.

Thence we passed on slowly to the church, and entered it by the north porch near the road, the way we always did on the sabbath, and how precious to memory were the slab seats, the ancient door, and heavy latch I so often raised when a child with veneration and delight.

The sun was fast declining in the western sky as we went in, which threw a deepening shade on the interior, calculated to fill the mind with profitable meditation, and as we passed down the middle aisle I was intently occupied observing the old chandelier, and a change in the position of the pulpit, that I passed by our family pew.



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An original organ.

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My brother, who was behind, remarked to me :

“William, this is our old pew.”

“Indeed!” I replied, turning back to seat myself on my old familiar place, and as I did so what holy recollections rushed over my softened feelings. I bowed down before the Almighty and wept, as I returned him my heart felt thanks for his preserving and restraining care of me in my days of heedless folly, and implored his aid still to direct me through my future course. As I departed I wished upon it God’s peaceful blessing. Passing the several pews I experienced a feeling of profound actuality. “Where now,” I thought, “is all that congregation, so venerable, whose voices made the vault echo as they mingled with the minister in fervent worship? They have many of them departed to the church triumphant, to unite in the song of the Redeemer.” Among them is numbered the mild, persuasive and godly minister.

The pulpit from which that good man taught now stands at the end of the church by the chancel, and but for which, and one or two other slight improvements, would present its old aspect.

Since my days of attendance it has received the additional ornament of an organ, different, however, from the generality of such instruments in churches, and indicates the low state of musical science in this community. This is a small barrel organ with about six or seven tunes, so if they can find singers they never need be troubled for an organist, as any boy can turn the crank.

The chancel is a beautiful recess, with much to interest the mind. Its Gothic window, richly ornamented with stained glass, representing in its center the ascension of our Lord, is one of the finest specimens of art I have ever seen.

On passing the baptistry we paused to indulge in a moment’s pious thought; for at this font we were all baptized and dedicated to God in early infancy.



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The sabbath school.

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How my life has comported with my God and my parents' vows Heaven alone knows, but I thank God my parents' prayers have been as "bread cast on the water," found after many days. Before it I vowed in God's name I would keep his testimonies, and walk in them all the days of my life; which may he in his infinite mercy in Jesus Christ help me to do.

From this we turned into the vestry, a place endeared to my affections as the room appropriated for sabbath school, where I was surprised to observe every thing appear as when I attended school, and I began to think, can it be possible I have been thirty years away! There stood the long table, with a bench on either side, as if they had never been moved, and as I placed myself in my old seat, I inwardly moralized on the fate of each rosy face and happy voice that united with mine in hymning forth our Redeemer's praise. Where are they all now? children and teachers? To trace the destiny of each would be a long, and in some cases a painful task, profitless to the dead and useless to the living; for when will man take warning and learn wisdom from the sins of those gone before. It is a thankless task to point out the pit-falls and follies of life to our brethren, they pass heedlessly by and scorn our caution, until dear-bought experience calls on them, perhaps too late, to pause.

It was getting late, and the lengthening shadows fast settling into gloom, forbade a view of the belfry, which I much regret, as the chime of bells were objects of my boyish admiration. They are five in number, and according to ancient custom were consecrated with the following inscriptions:

1st. 1801.

2d. God save his church, 1620.

3d. Jesus be our guide, 1620.

4th. All glory be to God, 1620.

5th. My roring sound doth warning give,

That man can not heare alwayes live, 1620.

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*A strange English custom.*

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Having thus indulged myself, I took a farewell look of all about me, sorrowing that I could not attend its sabbath services, and that in all probability it was my last visit to my native church and my parents' graves. Turning from its portals I uttered—"Dear native church, farewell; may time deal kindly with thee, and may peace be within thy walls; for my kindred's sake, I will now say, peace be within thee."

Arrived at home we were received by Elizabeth with a smile of gladness, who had provided a sumptuous supper for us. To me it appeared novel to sit down and eat a hearty meal just before going to bed; but such is the custom, and always was from the day I can remember. Observing the substantial material on which Englishmen live, I wonder not that those who can afford it become so corpulent. A man with a good sharp knife in his hand, and a mountain of beef before him, is no bad emblem of one of John Bull's bulwarks. Thus they eat, sleep, and grow fat, while the poor from want and hunger starve.

But above every thing in the way of pleasure, nothing affords me such great satisfaction as the reception and kind treatment I received from them. They were mutual in their affection, indulging me in every thing their means and love could command, which made me perfectly at home, and I felt that my visit, every thing combining, would be one of the most interesting imaginable. My sleeping apartment was the parlor, the neatest and prettiest room in the house, and venerated as the chamber of my parents, which in childhood I never dared enter, unless ordered, and then without my shoes, or abide the sacrilegious violation with a flogging. Many cherished objects were around me, that constantly awakened some new recollection; some incident of combined pain and pleasure would throng on the brain, and made me feel as if I had gone back to boyhood again.

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An anecdote of my father.

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There hung my father's old violin, which reminded me of one of his freaks, which, when he indulged in, was the source of much mirth. The night he purchased the instrument in question he returned very late, serenading his neighbors by the way, and on arriving at the window of his own apartment he commenced one of his happiest pieces, which soon aroused his lady love. Somewhat alarmed by the strange phenomenon, she could not at first understand whether it was reality or a dream—a seraphic visitor or the harbinger of some awful occurrence. However, a sudden change from the soft and pathetic to “come, haste to the wedding,” convinced her such music proceeded not from the spheres, and she took courage to open the window and inquire the object of the musician, at that unseasonable hour. The reply came in the tune of “God save the King.”

“What dost thou want?” demanded the unromantic matron.

“Life let us cherish,” screeched the violin.

Provoked by the stupidly wasted labor of the serenader, she ordered him away, an insult the artist replied to in the euphonious air of “go to the devil and shake yourself.”

Exasperated beyond human endurance at this wanton outrage, she threatened personal violence, when the bow ceased, and a bland and familiar voice spoke out:

“My dear, please open the door, I want to come in.”

“I’ve a mind thee should stay there all night,” she replied; but her better feelings predominating, he was admitted with an injunction, there should be no more fiddling that night.

Anxious to complete my survey of the premises, I proceeded the next day alone on the pleasing errand. The cow-pasture, so noted for its rural beauty and the resort of mirth and pleasure, was sadly marred by

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A pair of ancient magpies.

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the rail road dividing it nearly through the center, completely destroying the rural path, so that to visit the opposite part, I had to go round by the road or expose myself to commit a trespass, which by their laws would allow no mitigation. Yet, notwithstanding, I crossed it on every occasion I pleased, for I felt indignant at such oppression.

The entrance into the field had been changed in consequence of this road and some of the beauty destroyed by it. A cluster of trees, one of which, called the owl-tree, from its being the resort of owls, was cut down. Had it occurred when I was a child, I should have rejoiced, as the shrill dismal cries and hooting of these birds brought terror to my feelings, that induced me often to think the very air around was filled with evil spirits.

It was a melancholy pleasure to visit these familiar places and dear old trees that in boyhood I regarded with almost veneration, for they communed of blissful days long passed away. One tree so tall and large was the favored retreat of a pair of magpies, which owing to their destructive propensities I had persecuted from tree to tree until they fled to this one, where year after year they performed their connubial duties defiant of interruption. Oft I shouted, pelted, and attempted to climb up, but as often failed, and they would chatter exultingly from their tall, leafy pinnacle, as if triumphant in their impregnable elevation. The magpie lives and builds there yet, whether the same or some of their posterity, I can not say, for I believe this bird attains a great age, but the sight accorded beautifully with my early yearnings. Long may the tree stand, and the feathered inhabitants rejoice in a lofty, independent home; would that many of the bipeds endowed with rational understanding, had the same leniency and indulgence extended to them as is shown to many of the brute creation in liberal, onlightened England.

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Scenes of sylvan beauty.

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The Side-edish was a field of sylvan beauty, that always wooed me by its quiet shady nooks, and verdant freshness. But that remorseless monster the iron horse had contaminated its bowers with his hot breath, and broken the pastoral solitude with the rattle of heavy wheels.

The Middle-edish, the thoroughfare for travel and business bore token of the advance of time, for the hawthorn hedge and willow trees I assisted my father to plant were now tall and flourishing, a covert for the birds and a shelter to the flocks.

But the little Half-acre was the field most fraught with pleasurable retrospections, for of all places on the farm, amid its luxuriant hedges and clustering trees I fancied myself most free from the influence of the devil. Many is the bright May morning I have gone there to work, gladdened by the melody of tribes of songsters and the sweet fragrance of the field flowers still glittering in the early dew, that hung from every stem like pendant clusters of precious gems. In our play bower in the corner, under the elm tree, have I in company with my brother Thomas whiled away many and many an hour, thinking no more of this world's trouble than if we were in some bright elysian state. I can remember of but one circumstance that interrupted this quiet frame of feeling, and made us think the evil one was nearer than we were inclined to credit, and that we were not far from the vicinity of the other place.

One day our step-mother having gone to market, we grew faint for food and went home to get a lunch. We found among other things a custard, baked in a large saucer: if Eve was tempted so were we; we took it, and turned the platter on the floor, to induce the belief the rats had taken it. We divided and ate it, and of all the custards I ever ate before or since, I never munched a sweeter, nor ever expect to again. It was evidently made for a delicate palate, and I felt

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Aneodote of my stepmother.

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condemned for my wicked act; everything went well until the next day about ten o'clock, when she entered that Eden "half acre," where we were at work. Approaching Thomas, for he happened to be nearest, she unceremoniously struck him on the head with a stick, and demanded:

"You rascals, where is that custard? I'll break your heads for stealing it, that I will."

She attempted to chase us, but the potato tops prevented her progress and we made good our retreat, declaring her charge unreasonable, her act monstrous, and affirmed we would not return home until her anger abated. Instead of going to dinner we rested and resolved that before we stole such another delicacy, we would first sit down and count the cost. On our return at night, she received us with her usual kindness, and we rejoiced that her ebullition, as evanescent as a summer shower had blown over. I could not resist the temptation to mark some limbs of the old elms, on this happy place, that if my children should ever visit the land of my nativity, they may distinguish the spot that yielded me so much enjoyment.

I next employed myself in a scrutiny of every part of the house from cellar to garret, amid thick crowding memories of days forever fled. In the chamber occupied by my brother Thomas and I, the bed, even to the hangings were the same, and as I contemplated the relic, sweet recollection, intermingled with tender feeling, stole o'er my senses. Here we slept together and dreamed bright visions of a golden future, or planned waking schemes of ideal felicity with such vivid acme the morning dawn has hardly been able to dispel. But these brilliant creations have vanished as vapor, and I have experienced the actuality of life with more than its ordinary acritude. Yet the world has not lost all its charm, I have much still to be thankful for and I could stand by the old



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Severity of my father.

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bedstead with a heart almost as devoid of ill will to man, as when I bowed there to say "Our Father" and "Now I lay me down to sleep."

I thought, too, of my father, who at early dawn used to open the chamber door and cry, "boys, get up." "Y-e-s s-i-r" we would drowsily reply, and perhaps fall off to sleep again, until he having got his shoes on saluted us with "boys, are you getting up? Make haste." Thus summoned, delivered in sharper tones would startle us, and with a smart "yes, sir" we would hurry our toilet. Sometimes, however, fairly overpowered by fatigue and hearing him pass out of the door, we would relapse for a few minutes into a blessed cat-nap repose; dream of the hardship of getting up so early, and perchance in doing so fall into a sound sleep, from which we would be aroused by heavy foot falls and a thundering shout of:

"Boys, are you coming down? If you are not out in five minutes I'll be after ye with a stick!"

With a bound on the floor we would commence dressing, shuffling, stamping and scampering with the utmost speed, for well we knew there was a powerful argument in that stick.

On one occasion, having received a severe castigation from my father, I resolved to run away; and accordingly after retiring to bed, I watched until my brother had gone to sleep, when I packed up my clothes and awaited the early morn; but overcome with watching I fell asleep till aroused to a sense of my dilemma by my father's voice. Yielding to the dictations of reason I became reconciled and abandoned my rash resolve, which, no doubt, was infinitely to my happiness.

Another place that claimed my especial attention was my garden. When young, I appropriated a part of the spacious yard for the cultivation of flowers, shrubs and fruit trees and had fenced it around



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My taste for horticulture.

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with a neat wicker fence, planted inside with hawthorn. This sweet haunt was always a source of pleasure to me, and I never felt happier than when working in it, to see my labor rewarded by the fragrance and growth of the plants around me, and was the means of cultivating that taste for agriculture and horticulture which has since afforded me much gratification. It would be well if all parents who have the means would encourage their children to till a little patch of ground, for few are aware of the benefit it is to the mind of the adult, an early habit of appreciating the sublime and beautiful. Association with nature insensibly refines the thoughts, and elevates the heart with an intuitive love to the pure and good above the groveling vices of earth, and hence the superior honest simplicity of the rustic in his lot to the vapid feelings of his brethren in the artificial atmosphere of the city.

Nothing remained in this little retreat except some of the hawthorns to remind me of its original excellence. I was told, after I left my father was always very choice of this spot, and would speak of it in terms of tenderness. Who can tell what influence it had on him during the dark period of our separation, and had some of the feeling been lavished on me ere boyish impetuosity had made me a voluntary exile, many of the trials of my career might have been avoided.

My step-mother used frequently to complain of the want of shade to the dairy window, and with juvenile ambition I resolved to gratify her by planting two trees, an elderberry and sycamore, right opposite, on either side. When I left, they were about a foot high, and began to sprout thriftily. One of them was still standing tall and large, and overshadowed the dairy, and afforded me a rich theme as I gazed on it for meditation.

So intent was I upon prosecuting my observation

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Ludicrous incident.

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of home and its objects, that not a thing escaped my notice. The old wagon house had undergone a reverse; the once beautiful little dovecot erected on the end was in ruins, whether it was that my father was not aristocrat enough to keep pigeons I don't know; he loved them even to tenderness. One thing I am certain, the doves of our aristocratic neighbors often alight and "cutter-a-coo" over ours to my inveterate indignation as I "cooed" them away.

While examining this building, I was strongly reminded of an incident of my step-mother, who besides being a great dairy and fruit woman, also reared fowl, I mean, she kept all she could in that line. By some unfortunate circumstance or other, whenever a fowl was missing, or died a natural death, I was generally looked upon as the one who caused the destruction, and many a time has my poor back been whipped black and blue to compel me to confess, but I never did, for the reason I never destroyed her fowls. It happened my father had a straw stack adjoining the wagonhouse, and his hogs by constant rooting and pulling away of the straw had so undermined it that it was dangerous to play "hide-and-come-seck" any where about it. One wet and windy day made the mischief with the stack and tipped it over without our knowing anything of the accident that had occurred. A few days passed away and the fowls could not be found, and it was decided they were either stolen or I had destroyed them, and we searched every where for them but under the stack. Suddenly it recurred to my step-mother they might perchance have gone under the stack to shelter from the storm, and I was soon at work with my pitchfork; when lo! and behold! there they lay flat enough, and smothered to death. She was sorrowful over the untimely end of her pets, whilst I could not conceal my exultation on their discovery as it alike exculpated me from blame and punishment.

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Old scenes and old associations.

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The yard and adjoining parts bore evidence the march of improvement had been steadily and zealously at work. The green, stagnant pool, called the Green Pit, the open yard drain and horse pond were all filled up, and in place of their putrid exhalations a handsome garden, redolent of sweet odors, gave a tone of neatness to the scene, with a decided profit to the pocket of the industrious cultivator.

Next day I amused myself assisting the men to stack hay, an employment in which I was well versed in my boyhood, and as the rick was built year by the year on the same spot, I was laboring precisely where I did in days of yore, which rendered it doubly delightful. My mind retrograded to the good old times when dames and gay young maidens, with merry hearts and cheering song, that gladden the farmer and cast a halo over the gay scene, went forth to the hay field. As they tossed the fragrant herbs, to my young soul it seemed a realization of the bliss of Eden.

## CHAPTER VI.

“But truth will yet be heard—no voice  
May stifle or corrupt her purposes.”

When I had somewhat exhausted my curiosity with the pleasures of home, I extended my excursions to the neighborhood, and began by visiting Boston, in company with my brother. It was market day, and besides, the midst of that period of corruption and depravity, an election to Parliament, when the pure and enlightened members of the franchise return a representative, and which afforded much to interest a stranger.

Passing one of the principal streets we were suddenly surprised by the appearance of my sister Charlotte, whom my brother pointed out to me. As I wished to see her countenance we hastened forward, alighted from the carriage, and proceeded to meet her. I passed and looked her fully in the face, but I could not identify any familiar feature by which I could know her. Returning, I observed her again with the same result, and I forbore speaking to her under the circumstances, fearing it might occasion some excitement and misgivings. I reserved our introduction to another day, and we proceeded to the market place, where the different parties were gathering, with their bands of music and banners, to nominate their candidates for legislative honors. As is usual on such occasions, ambition and strife raged to a wild extent—the women joining among themselves with as much enthusiasm as the men. The women being bitterly opposed to one of the candidates, rushed forward, defiant of his procession as it

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Election of a member to Parliament.

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marched along, and stripped the ensign to rags. The love of right and justice urged them to this deed, to the cry of "give us reform—give us bread!" I could not help feeling a satisfaction at their heroic conduct, and may heaven always favor the right of the poor, and ultimately grant them victory.

When a boy I have often been delighted with witnessing the hosts of constituents, like beasts of burden, drawing their candidate in a coach, or conveying him perched in a chair on their shoulders, dressed in fine flowing ribbons, with captivating music, befitting some mighty royal entry. Then the business of voting began to the tinkle of gold, and no matter, in many cases, whether the candidate was oppressive and cruel as Beelzebub, if he would only swill them with plenty of beer, and give them five shillings more for their vote, he would be sure to secure it. What wonder, then, England is such a purgatory to the poor, whose animal passions are encouraged by every improper indulgence, in order to obliterate any qualities of the mind which might lead them to doubt the policy of the oppression under which they groan, and prompt them to demand reform.

During my visit to Mr. Osborn, he much amused me by the recital of an interview he had with a candidate for parliament. It was near election time, when these aristocratic, who at other times would not touch an inferior with the toe of their boot, for motives of self-interest descend from their high horse, and the candidate, accompanied by a friend, *condescendingly* call on him in the clay ditch where he was at work. Joseph was in the act of ascending from the hole, covered with mud, and formed a sad contrast to the dashing individual who greeted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Osborne, I hope I see you in good health."

"Sir, your most obedient thank you, my health is good."

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Visit to a dying relation.

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"We have called to solicit your suffrage in the election of —— to parliament, and hope you will be friendly enough to attend the election and give him your vote."

"Well, sir, I can't say what I sh'll do. It is but little matter who I vote for; you are about all alike. Each man has promised to do great things for us, and have done nothing, but if any thing have made us worse off. You, sir, seem to be very friendly just now, and even take the trouble to call and inquire after my health; if I was to vote for you, and afterwards meet you any where, most likely you would not speak to me, or appear to know me. If I go, I must lose my day's work and I can not afford it."

They smiled at his blunt but truthful reply, and *threw him down half a crown*, and soliciting his vote, bid him good morning.

Having gratified considerable sight-seeing in Boston, we proceeded to Swineshead, a town a few miles distant, to visit a relative whom we found near unto death, but she recognized me almost instantly on my entering the house. Our meeting was deeply affecting, and the brief time we spent together was improved in a review of the past, recounting the joyous memories of our early friendship, when our respective parents (brothers) enjoyed their noonday vigor, and conversed on the future, endeavoring to persuade each other to that pure and just reconciliation to divine will, so deeply important to the soul's happiness in the future world. In a few hours we parted for ever, for ere a week had passed away she was numbered with the dead.

In conversing with her husband, a man in humble life, I received an interesting but painful account of the perplexities and trials to which the poor are subjected. He was cultivating a rented property of thirteen acres of land at £5 per acre (\$25), amounting to £65 (\$325). Besides, he had extra expenses. such as



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Kirton.

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*poor rates, parish rates, and other rates, rating up in all to near \$400.* Think then, that this enormous sum must be paid to his landlord, and the government, &c., before he can provide for the comfort of his own family, and we have some idea of his extreme embarrassment. Poor man! his strength and energy were spent in supporting the rich, while himself and family suffered for the necessaries of life. What justice is there in such a state of things, and why are the poor compelled to support the pride and extravagance of the wealthy, because providence has been pleased to cast their lot in a humbler sphere! This cruel robbery! this murderous oppression! is the muscle and sinew of royalty, the basis on which it rears its crimson head. Thank God! America is untainted by these miseries and villanies; there the weary can find rest.

My sister Charlotte, with whom I had not yet enjoyed an interview, lived at Kirton, about half a mile distant, a place I dreaded to visit in the day time for fear of discovery. Indeed, I had a greater reluctance to adventuring in that locality at all; for a voice, whenever I turned my thoughts that way, seemed to whisper in my ear, *beware*. The first time I went there was one evening in company with Elizabeth to invite Charlotte to visit her, and whilst she was performing this office I enjoyed a stroll through the village. Here every thing remained so little changed that I was at no loss, and entering the little gate I have passed thousands of times on my way to church and school, I paused in the churchyard to admire the elegant sacred edifice. I was sorry I could not view the interior and hear again its merry chime of eight bells, but my chief object of interest was the school-house, where I attended many sessions. I gazed through the window and thought of the days when I sat there a merry, heedless boy. Ah! would I had been more faithful to my studies then, how much I



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My first attempt at chirography.

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should have reaped the benefit now, that culture of the mind, which would assimilate us to angels and bring us home to God. The internal arrangements appeared the same, except the teacher's desk, which bore the marks of many an urchin's ruthless knife, and the unsparing hand of time.

This hasty review of by-gone scenes reminded me of many incidents of those early days. I thought of the time when I made my first joined hand copy, and also the punishment I received for the awkward attempt in chirography. It was indeed a singular piece of hieroglyphics, which defied the ablest scholar to decipher, and the rule of the teacher being in all cases that every two lines should be carried to him for inspection, when written, I proceeded in a trembling manner to the desk with the first lines I ever wrote, and which to save my back from his ugly cane I could not read. He turned it round and stared with unavailing efforts to discover to what age or tongue it belonged, whether Chinese, Sanscrit, Arabic, or a combination of the whole.

“What does this mean, you careless boy? You must have been asleep when you scratched it,” he said, and snatching the cane thrashed me until he roused every latent faculty of wrath and indignation in my soul. I succeeded better, and still better, and I attribute much of my success in that branch of education to have arisen in the beginning from the fear of another terrible flogging. Such discipline would not be amiss if more exercised at the present day, and we might be less troubled with the predominance of writing that nearly resembles a problem to decipher.

The old English teachers, too, had a marvellous predilection for pulling hair, but in my case the gentleman was saved this luxury, as my father in his bitter opposition to superfluities, had mine cropped so short he could not get hold of it. Had nature been as beneficent in renewing my ears as she was my hair,

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Interview with Charlotte.

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I could gladly have dispensed with them also, for to my misery they were unpleasantly often between his thumb and finger, and moreover, he was so criminal apparently to think they were made of Indian-rubber, and would pinch, twist and pull, lift me on tiptoe, as if the last slumbering idea in my cranium should in spite of resistance and malice be startled from its repose. As I returned through the churchyard, I read the grave-stone where rested his slumbering remains, and before which I paused with feelings of pious affection, for "with all his faults I love him still."

I sought the place agreed upon to meet Elizabeth, and proceeded home, when she informed me of the result of her interview with Charlotte, and the conversation that took place:

"I wish you to be with us on Friday afternoon to tea, there is a gentleman now with us lately from the United States, who is very well acquainted with your brother, and would wish to see the family before his return," said Elizabeth.

"From the United States did you say?"

"Yes, from America."

"Then it is William, I'm almost sure. What is his name?"

"Mr. William Brown. He is spoken of in high terms in the letter of introduction we received, and I think you will be pleased to see him."

"I shall if it is William. Now tell me, is it not brother William?"

"I have told you, and if you wish to know more you can ask him yourself."

"Well, I'll know very soon after I see him, whether it is him or not."

The day and hour arrived when it was announced Charlotte was coming. I seated myself where I could obtain a full view of her countenance as she entered the door. How different was our condition now from those days of childhood we passed together

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Her recognition.

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when our young hearts, buoyant with hope and joy, beat in unison; yet my love for her was strong, and I longed for the moment of our introduction.

She opened the door, and advancing about two steps, fixed her eyes upon me without speaking a word. I asked her to be seated, but she heeded me not, her mind was absorbed in intense thought, as she seemed to trace in my features their strong resemblance to my father. I shall never forget that mute piercing gaze; she appeared to identify me, and her spirit would have uttered "thou art my brother," but her tongue had forgot its use, and her strong, tender feelings only found vent in her eyes. Then her chin and lips began to quiver, and her emotions would have overpowered her, so rising I said:

"Sister Charlotte, I see you recognize me, and I will not make you miserable by delaying to relieve your anxiety. *I am your brother.*"

It was a happy time that saw the survivors of that once numerous family assembled around the table where we so often sat, in our dear old home, the consummation of an event all had so ardently desired, and whilst we rejoiced we praised Almighty Providence who had preserved us thus to meet again. We had scarcely time to say a tenth part of what was in our hearts; but we all spoke of a coming time, in brighter and better years, when we might meet free from fear or danger, in the green wooded valleys or flowery prairies of America, where, with honest toil, we might live in the manner He who created us ordained.

The way by which Charlotte was led to recognize me was, she possessed my likeness, which she examined before leaving home, and carefully marked every lineament until the whole was fully depicted on her imagination. To my deep regret I could not enjoy as much liberty in visiting her, as I did Margaret, for the reasons previously stated, but I occasionally

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Stolen visit to Kirten.

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contrived to see her under the cover of night, taking care her contiguous neighbors, whom I wished deposited in the next county, should not overhear us. In this way we contrived to pass a few pleasant stolen interviews, cheered by various honored mementos of the past that stood around, the most conspicuous of which was the precious old family clock, looking as beautiful as when tired of hard work and wishing for noon or night, I would peep through the window to ascertain the approach of the hour for relief, or in the long winter evenings when I sat listening to its ticking and the chirp of the merry cricket on the bright hearth, until my mind was beguiled into oblivion by their monotony. My sister was most anxious to return with me to America, which I dared not encourage owing to her ill health; but God willing the future may realize her wishes and yield us a pleasure we have long prayed to enjoy.

My leisure I spent in revisiting my friends, the old loved fields and bowers, until I almost fancied myself installed again into the full pleasures of early day life. Some of my time I passed in observing the changes that had occurred. That portion of the parish west of my brother's, presented a scene of singular beauty. The residences, fields, and the scenery remained without much change, only one house had been built. The old wind-mill so joyous with memories had departed, and the spot where it stood was planted with a young growth of wood. The residences of titled aristocracy, where oft I have gone on errands and stood, knock, knock, knocking, terrified at the barking of the savage dogs, presented their original rich appearance. Onward and the rural beauty was still the same, and promises to remain for ages yet to come. What should we think in America of any place retaining its identity for thirty years? We should consider it as either a barren place, or where lived a spiritless and soddened aristocracy,

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Decrease in population.

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dead to everything but its own narrow selfishness, and shunned by every enterprising soul in the land as the sepulcher of departed talent, energy and worth. But we must not be quite so severe with old England. John Bull is a quaint old man — he will not move a ditch, cut a tree or pull down a house on his ancient domain; and whilst things abide, there they may as long as time and chance permit; and were I to return again fifty years hence, hardly a stick would be out of place. But spite of deeds and titles, mighty changes are on the wing which will cause future generations to exclaim with a sigh, "Here lies a fragment of the once mighty England that gave us life."

I could discover little other progress than railroad progress, and in this they go with a smash-dash perseverance that cuts through mountains, levels valleys, and traverses morasses with a zeal equal to Brother Jonathan. But their farming operations, I must confess, surpass anything I have seen in America, and probably are unrivaled by any nation in the world.

In my native parish I could discover only three houses and one chapel had been erected since my departure, and if we judge by this means of the increase in the population, we shall be led to believe what is very true, that it is uncommonly small. Formerly there were troops of merry children and there are some now, but it would take a man some trouble to collect from various places all he could find to make one good bevy. Why is it so? I do not know, unless it is the result of emigration and hard times; at any rate, the rapid increase of population in our new states and territories argues well for its astonishing salubrity of air and society, and puts our old father land in that particular into the shade. And if old John should persist in grinding down the poor for a generation to come, he will crush the latent

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Paucity of Learning and Public Spirit

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spark until that nationality for which the English are famous is absorbed by suffering.

There is but one school house in the parish, conducted by a competent instructor; *with us* the same ratio of population would demand three times the amount of information; and as for public spirit and enterprise there is little or none. If an American came to reside here he would soon die of gloom, his mind would stagnate in the fixed calm which would envelope him, for except in large towns, there are neither lectures nor lyceums to contribute to his mental cravings, and no variety to inspire new impulses nor arouse the dormant energies to self-culture and improvement. You live on in the same stolid sameness, an incubus broods over the people from lack of knowledge, and cursed with a mental obesity, they are fitted for nothing but swilling beer in ale houses, to the detriment of the nation and their own injury. If the government would endeavor to elevate the lower class by encouraging them with adequate means for moral culture, they could soon become a happier nation; but alas! monarchy, like popery, only fattens on ignorance; it is an impure root which would soon perish were the miserable people who pine under its fated rule enlightened enough to discover the source of their ills.

I was, however, pleased to observe a tendency to improvement among the poorer conditions, which is more owing to circumstances than any efforts of their haughty rulers. Those people who can read more than they did in my boyhood, thanks to the diffusion of cheap newspapers and other publications, from which they can ascertain what passes around them at home and abroad, and hence the mind once on the rack for information will constantly demand more.

In my reflection upon the condition of the people, I looked back to America and rejoiced in the purity of her institutions; she appeared the most glorious



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An Irishman.

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nation on the earth, and which naught but God's forbiddance could prevent me from enjoying, and every one else whom I could persuade to emigrate.

In my conversation with men about America, I received but one denial. One day a poor Irishman with a small bundle in his hand came to my brother's door and offered to sell the lady some pins, needles, thread and tape, but she declined any purchase. Observing his sorrowful look, and anxious to see the contents of his bundle, which was not larger than a quart measure, I said:

"Elizabeth, why don't you make a purchase of the poor man?"

"Brother, I am not in need of anything he has."

"Well, no matter for that, do buy something of him and it will be rendering him help."

"Come, sir," I said, "open your bundle and let the lady see your stock."

It was a sorrowful collection, the whole was not worth a dollar; curious to know his success, I inquired:

"Sir, do you make a good living in your business?"

"Living! sure, and I don't live at all."

"Well, sir, how much do you sell in the course of a day?"

"Why I sell but little, not over three pence worth."

"Why, I should think you would starve."

"An faith it is hard for a poor man to live at all, so it is."

"Well, sir, why don't you go to America, where you can prosper and be happy?"

"America, an faith, I wouldn't go there for the whole country."

I informed him that I lived there, and I added:

"I have seen many of your countrymen commence traveling with a pack, who in a few months, or a year



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Subserviency of the English poor.

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or two, have drove their team loaded with a good stock of goods, and you might prosper in the same way."

"Well, sir, I'll tell ye I wouldn't go to America for all the world. I'll live in my own country."

In many, this love of country is so great that they prefer comparative poverty at home to prosperity and happiness abroad.

Others with whom I conversed would be glad to emigrate, but were prevented by the want of means. I witnessed scores of able men and their poor families, both English and Irish, traveling to seek work and could not obtain it. One morning, when on a visit at Market Raisin, myself, brother, and a relative were taking an early walk, we were addressed by an intelligent man and his wife with a sickly infant at her breast.

"Gentlemen, can you give me a job of work, or inform me where I can find any?"

"No, sir, we can not give you any information."

"Then, for God's sake, gentlemen, will you take pity and bestow upon us a little help, for we are destitute, and our infant is sick near unto death."

We each contributed our mite, and I shall never forget the effect produced by the donation on the wretched couple. Would that thousands of such distressed creatures were in our princely prairies of the far west; where they could be free, happy and blessed with the necessities of life.

The want of society is another serious evil in England, for you are limited in your intercourse to a circle of your own grade. If you are an honest mechanic, you *must* not venture to aspire above your calling, nor dare to make free with my lord, or gentleman; to such you have to scrape and bow and take their arrogance as it were a favor with a humble vote of thanks. To an Englishman there seems some especial virtue in everlastingly tipping the hat to those who term

themselves your superiors, which literally means, those whose purse is heaviest, and power the greatest. In my opinion, instead of an honor it was the lingering remains of a state of degradation and subserviency, humiliating to any noble mind to receive from his fellow men, and which it is to be hoped will not much longer cumber the earth. My republican spirit was moved within me to witness such sycophancy, and made me yearn for the day when my countrymen shall stand forward like men to demand those equal privileges they are entitled to by the behest of the Deity. I am not opposed to manifesting respect to men whether rich or poor, but I want that rational kind of respect, due from one intelligent being to another, and not conferred in such a manner as to make a fool of the one and lower the other to the intellectual level of the hog that grovels in the mire. The wealthy have gained their affluence by the flesh, bones, blood and muscle of the poor, and hence the laborer and artizan are entitled to the first homage.

Notwithstanding my open protestation against this custom, I unconsciously betrayed myself on one occasion in presence of Elizabeth, to whom and my brother, I had declared my principles. We were walking to Boston, when meeting a man he addressed me in the plea of a beggar, replying, I tipped my hat to him which she relished with a good hearty laugh, and reminded me by saying:

“ I thought, brother, it was against your principles to tip your hat, and, sir, *you have done it to a beggar.*”

The poor man smiled, probably to think there was one in the kingdom that could condescend to make him a bow.

On the evening of my second sabbath in company with my friends, I attended the Wesleyan chapel in Boston. It afforded me great pleasure to witness the deep simplicity and pious fervency of the religious

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Lincoln Cathedral.

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congregation. It was a worship in which the heart fully mingled, and in which faith labored with fervent hope. The music was enough to make a man forget that he belonged to earth. But what will some of my fastidious American brethren say, when I tell them that the singing was accompanied with a band of brass instruments? Hold! If you don't like such things, brother, I wish you had been there, your heart could not have resisted its powerful and melting influence. Their heart and soul was in it, and what they did they did, to the glory of God.

Not long since I was conversing with a brother on this very point at issue. The congregation had procured a seraphine, which he designated "a wooden god," and declared it so killed his enjoyment he could not worship the Almighty. He must have been a remarkably zealous Christian, to suffer the "wooden god," to obtain such influence over him. Bigotry is quite as ruinous as blasphemy.

In company with my brother and his wife I visited Lincoln, the county town of the shire, an ancient and highly interesting city. It is seated on the top and side of a steep hill, on the river Witham, which here divides into three streams. The Cathedral stands on the brow of the hill; it was built in the ninth century and is much admired for its light and rich style of architecture. The ruins of the castle are venerable pieces of antiquity, and the remains of religious houses so numerous, that the very barns and stables are built with groined doors and windows taken from them. Newport gate, on the north side of the city, is one of the best specimens of Roman architecture extant in Britain, and near the Cathedral some beautiful tessellated Roman pavement is well worthy a visit. We were conducted by a guide through the interior of the edifice, who explained to us its various objects of interest; the tombs of the ancient nobility, and the recesses or chapels for the monks or priests. How the

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The Prison.

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latter could endure to live in such seclusion, I can not tell, for their so-called chapels have more the air of prisons, and are indeed most gloomy, sorrowful looking places, which the mind can hardly associate with the house of God. Such was the superstition and bigotry of ancient times, that the Jews (I think in the reign of King Henry III), crucified a little child in this city, in imitation of the crucifixion of the Son of God — the spot where it occurred was pointed out to us. We also visited the tower where hangs the great bell, called "Tom of Lincoln," which has required fifteen men to ring it. They have ceased to use it, as it shakes the tower, and is tolled only on the execution of criminals. Being near 12 o'clock when we gained the bell we remained until the hour struck. Its sound is pleasant, and the effect so far from what I anticipated, that I was glad I had taken the trouble to stay. Looking down the people below appeared like little children; in our descent we viewed the clock works, the mechanism and arrangement of which are truly magnificent.

Our next object of interest was the prison, and my brother, having an acquaintance there he wished to see, invited me to accompany him. My feelings were somewhat delicate about submitting myself in such a quarter, but as it was Lincoln, and not Quebec, I thought there would be no danger, so I yielded. On being admitted, we were locked in the room with the prisoner, and which I frankly declare made me more than *uncommonly uncomfortable*. He was one of my early schoolmates, and was confined by the iron hand of law for debt; as a matter of course I avoided introduction to him or any body else. Bless me though, if I was not glad when the turnkey let us out, a far easier way I thought to descend than by a rope. I was heartily thankful, and most solemnly did I promise myself I would never trust myself inside of another English prison, if I could help it!

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M. Leonard Lighton.

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In the course of our visit to the city, my brother met some of his acquaintances, who were engaged in the same pleasure as ourselves. They joined us and we proceeded together, when one of the party, a gentleman, inquired of James if I was not his brother, stating my appearance indicated the fact. This was a serious impediment to my enjoyment, and the beginning of a state of uneasiness, I was not wholly relieved of, until I was again far on the ocean wave, speeding back to our own free land. We soon afterwards bid them adieu, which I did not regret, though their society was agreeable. God bless them.

It is a most harassing and perplexing condition to be under the influence of fear and apprehensions even in the midst of your friends; not from any belief that they will betray you, but lest they in some unguarded minute, may utter something to excite suspicion; lest fell rumor, ever on the alert, may be aroused and started on the scent, which it follows out in hot pursuit, like a lion on its prey. A trifling leak will sink a mighty ship and these secret confidential admissions were what I most dreaded.

After refreshing ourselves, we proceeded by rail through a rich and beautiful region of country to Market Rasin, a market town about eighteen miles from Lincoln, to see a relative, Mr. Leonard Lighton. On our arrival we were kindly received by his lady, who after an exchange of congratulatory salutations informed us her husband had gone to attend a sale at one of the public inns. We proceeded thither and soon found him. I was then introduced as a gentleman from the United States, and taking a seat we waited to witness the proceedings.

My cousin Mr. L—— is a man in the meridian of life, and like the rest of my friends, so much altered I should not have recognized him, and but for my previous knowledge of his sedate, unassuming manner, I should have judged him very indifferent in

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An English social meeting.

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forming an acquaintance. His conversation with my brother showed his disposition to be social with his friends, and a candid, thinking, calm, reasoning man, who reflected well before he acted. To me the whole scene was one of singular novelty. In a large room well fixed up with settees and chairs, numerous tables were arranged on which pipes, with plenty of tobacco, were placed in good old English style, with spittoons beneath, which the smokers had the good sense and decency to use. As each arrived, he quietly passed a compliment with his friends, assumed his seat, and filling his pipe, called for his brandy or gin, as the case might be, and he was in his seat of felicity. Beer was not indulged in in the least, that would almost be considered vulgar, for this was a kind of sprouting aristocracy, the real old bull heads, those who had grown up from hard labor, a class we might denominate the honest middlings, and of course they were above drinking beer on such an occasion. My brother being an equal, joined out of respect and custom, as for myself I sat mute, a mere looker on, an anomaly to the whole company, a thorough New England teetotaler, which all the invitations of all the good natured John Bulls present could not induce me to swerve from. I presume the host thought I was a solitary exception to his benefit, and was glad the company were not like me. This, together with my foreign appearance, rendered me the object of their remark.

It is amusing to see with what sang froid an Englishman will smoke his pipe. Take him for instance in his leisure, just after his respects to a good round of beef, &c., he is all suavity and composure, and now if you have any important business to transact with him now is the time, for he can be approached. You will know he is in good mood by his easy and happy manner and his ready and patient way of filling and smoking his long clay pipe. He is the very picture



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Contrast between the Englishman and Yankee.

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of contentment. Prior to this, be careful that you do not solicit any favor of very great amount, or it is most probable he will gruffly turn you away until another day.

There is a wide a contrast between the Englishman and his younger brother the Yankee, in this leisure hour of tobacco puffing. It would be next to an insult to present the latter with a long pipe, because he can afford to smoke better prepared portions of the weed, and his brains, aided by a shingle and jack knife are too closely engaged in calculations on dimes and dollars to leave opportunity for filling and holding the other. Moreover, whilst smoking his segar he can whittle out a speculation, push ahead like steam and lightning in a manner that would shake master Bull from his equipoise and equanimity for life.

The period occupied in getting ready for the sale was tedious to me, but seemed to pass easily and calmly to the company, who, after smoking and sipping in a social, frank manner, commenced the business and closed it creditably to the whole party.

We returned with my cousin to his residence and spent a pleasant evening in free and agreeable intercourse, during which I took the opportunity of discovering myself, an announcement which much surprised both him and his lady. He was one of a numerous family with whom in early life we held much intercourse, and sported together in childish glee. We talked much of these times, and as we did so our hearts sorrowed that so few were left to meet again out of the many I so much respected and loved, but the strong and tender friendship the survivors quickly testified to me on all occasions, was as balm on my sad and subdued spirit.

Such are the changes of life, and happy are we, if we can look beyond the shores of time with an assurance of a sweet reunion.



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An anecdote.

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In conversation with him, I found the noble spirit of a freeman, a mind that spurned oppression, and despised the inglorious servility of paying homage to a mortal. The following will illustrate his character better than any description I can attempt:

While himself and others were reaping one season in the field of a wealthy, aristocratic farmer, they were visited by the owner, who abused and swore at them for not reaping clean, to the terror of all the men except my friend, who being some way ahead overheard his vituperation; finally he stormed out for the foreman.

"Yonder, sir, he is," was their reply,

And he proceeded towards my cousin, who, conscious of his faithfulness to his engagement assumed his stand, ere his enemy had got a quarter of his way, and elevating his sickle exclaimed in a threatening voice:

"*Now you, keep away!* if you come swearing at me, I will riddle your life out with this sickle!"

The man stopped, for he was not used to such daring from his workmen. Returning he inquired

"What is the name of the foreman?"

"Leonard Lighton, sir," they answered.

"He's a — insolent fellow," and left the field.

The following day he returned in better humor, and complimented them highly on their improvement, when in reality they were pursuing the work as before. The fault was in the man, not in the reapers. Such brute-like, savage-hearted tyrants, require just such men to deal with as the foreman.

On another occasion he was traveling, and happening to meet one of these transcendent demigods, passed him without notice, when the man of consequence remarked with an authoritative air:

"Why don't you make your obedience, sir?"

Without paying the coveted tribute to wealth, he answered:

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Fosdike.

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“ Because I see nobody to make it to.”

At the termination of our pleasant visit, we returned to Lincoln, thence by a little steam boat to Boston and our quiet home.

Saturday, August 11th, I went in company with my brother and sister, to see Mr. Moore and lady, relatives of the latter, and her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, at Sutton Bridge, by whom we were received and entertained in the most friendly manner. The place is pleasant and picturesque, and the church, built of small flint stone, is one of the neatest and prettiest in the country.

On Monday morning, through the kindness of Mr. Moore, I visited Lynn Regis, a borough and sea port of Norfolk, a locality memorable to me as where I had lived when a boy, with some kindred, named Steward, whom I ardently loved; but of whom I could now gain no trace. There is much in this ancient city to interest the curious, as it abounds in remains of religious houses, but the object of peculiar notice is an hexagonal tower, erected without the old walls. A cell connected with the church of our Lady of Wasingham which before the reformation, enjoyed almost equal notoriety with its namesake at Loretto. This tower is kept in good preservation and serves as a land mark for vessels. I was very much gratified with the visit, and shall long remember it as one of the happiest days of my sojourn at home.

The many devices and inscriptions hung out to attract the eye of the passer by, are not unfrequently singular and amusing. On returning I noticed on the sign of an old inn (the sign of the gate):

This gate hangs high and hinders none,  
Refresh, and pay, and travel on.

But having no need of refreshment we passed on to better quarters. Arrived at the residence of our kind host, we took tea, and taking leave of the respective families we left for home.

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An early adventure.

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On gaining Fosdike, we returned by another route to afford me an opportunity of revisiting some of my early resorts. When a lad of thirteen years I lived at service near this place, and the old house being at a little distance was distinctly visible. The fields over which I traveled every day to attend my flocks were now more refreshing to my sight and feelings than in the days of my servitude. This was the place where I lived and my master threatened to kick me over a ten feet wall, and whom I left so abruptly for other parts, to the affliction of my parents. The occasion revived in my mind many amusing recollections, which, though they did not reflect credit upon my conduct, show how greatly my mind was troubled with a fear of my demerits.

My master having but little fruit, and none to spare, I undertook one night to steal some from an orchard near the old church, the sanctity of which, and the graves of the dead, made my deed wicked and gloomy, to my foreboding thoughts. Returning home by the footpath, through the fields, the distance of one mile, and looking back, which I did not fail to do every few rods, I fancied I saw some object following me. I hastened my pace, but still the phantom seemed to pursue me, and in my fright I mentally inquired what can it be? The sack hung heavy on my back, still I was resolved to retain it unless forced to run. The dark, tall form still maintained its distance — could it be, I thought, some one watching me — or was it a ghost of one of the dead. I trembled, the perspiration began to stand in beads on my brow, for as I took another timid glance over my shoulder, its hideous head appeared to my distempered fancy garnished with horns long and branching. “It must be that monster from beneath,” I ejaculated, and almost frantic with terror, I hastened along until the old house came in view. Right valiently then did I speed forward, with head half turned

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Mrs. Lanes.

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round, when my career was suddenly brought up, by what I believed was the goblin, seizing me by the shoulder; I almost expected to hear his guttural voice in my ear, claiming me as his victim. But as he spoke not I regained my courage and discovered to my delight I was grasping the yard gate. I quickly passed its precincts, through the kitchen and to my sleeping room, where I resolved never to rob orchards within range of a church yard again.

On another occasion, myself and a fellow servant about the same age, were sent on an errand after dark, he mounted on a pony and I on the back of a donkey. By the way, we came to an orchard, the fruit of which was too tempting to resist, so we agreed to take some, and while he watched and held my steed I did the pilfering. I had filled my pockets and my hat almost, when he gave the alarm and in haste galloped away. Terrified, I also jumped on my Bucephalus, put spurs and followed, taking care to steady my hat, as best I could with one hand, but the willful beast, as if bent on avenging himself for the punishment the spurs inflicted on him, in spite of my strength, threw down his head, kicked up his rear, which pitched me a complete somerset into the cart rut, and then run over me. The violent fall and the alarm, withal, caused me to think I saw many sights. Getting up I found my hat a rod ahead minus of plunder, which I eagerly grasped and ran, digesting the sentiment "honesty is the best policy." Seizing the ass, which having secured, I followed in pursuit of my companion, whom I found at some distance indulging in an uproarious and provoking laugh. With these incidents, with many others, I amused myself and party as we returned to our home.

Hitherto I had not indulged in any interview with my neighbors, nor did I wish to, save with one family, Mr. and Mrs. Lanes, with whom I was well acquainted

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Visit to a neighbor.

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in childhood. Mr. L. was the son of a respectable grazier, whose means afforded him an independent and easy living. Mrs. L. was the daughter of Mr. Ingraham, whose property they inherited. The time arrived when providence favored this desire, for the lady calling on my sister one morning she mentioned, to her surprise, who I was. Soon after, when I entered the room, she addressed me feelingly:

“God bless you, I am glad to see you.”

“Mrs. Lanes,” I replied, “I am most happy to enjoy the privilege of speaking with you. I have long desired an interview but have been prevented for the want of an opportunity.”

She uttered friendly congratulations, and talked until the path of the past was fresh with light and life, and our hearts became tender with emotion. On complying with an invitation to tea, I met Mr. Lanes, whose recognition and reception of me was like a brother, and around the social board, we enjoyed one of the most pure and pleasant interviews that could be desired.

The visit was soon returned, and their house was always open to me, where I loved to go, endeared as it was by the truly hospitable and kindly associations of the good old folks, whom as neighbors I cherished none more dearly. Sometimes we used to work a little for them, when the worthy dame would spread the board with fare, that to my sharpened appetite made her appear the best cook and caterer in the land. Elizabeth, their daughter, was a buxom girl, of my own age, whom I once confidentially declared to my father I meant to marry when old enough; she was in my eyes a rustic Venus, and with her I usually kept on good terms. Nothing was more pleasant to us than neighborly parties held at each other's houses, in winter, when the young folks assembled for innocent recreation.

I was delighted to find the parlor in which these

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An early playmate.

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pleasant gatherings were held, much in the same condition and adorned with portions of the identical furniture. The old clock, with its pleasant, cheerful face, stood in its place, measuring off time, with its musical tick, as it did when I last played blind man's buff around it. The desk and cupboard with its rich store, even to the armed chair where the venerable father rested his weary frame, all occupied the exact location they did at that period. For affection's sake I seated myself on the seat hallowed by my respect for its former occupant, and mused over the past, to the words of the "Old Arm Chair."

In the kitchen was the person already described, Elizabeth, my early companion and play-mate. The beauty of the blooming girl had faded and care and sorrow had wrought on her marks of decay. For a few moments I left the room with Mrs. Lanes and visited the parts around the house, objects and places, which like the interior I should know if met with in the wild woods of America. Long may their image live in my memory.

Returning to the house, my brother had arrived, and supposing I had been introduced to Elizabeth, inquired of her:

"Well, Elizabeth, did you know William?"

"What, sir?"

"Did you know William?"

"William who?"

"Why, William!"

She was confounded, and he seeing his error, made no reserve, but replied with a joyous smile:

"Yes, the gentleman visting with us, is brother William, from America."

What a transition did that moment witness in the feelings of that poor woman. Being informed of what had occurred, I passed to the room and greeted her with a friendly embrace. Our visit was one of profound interest and pleasure characterized with sincere



regard and deep affections for each other's happiness. After tea I visited over the house and once more, and for the last time, probably, beheld its several apartments and memorable objects. The most sacred of all I communed with was the precious old family Bible, out of which the good man read and ordered his way to that better and brighter world of rest. When far away in my woodland home among other scenes and friends, I shall remember with the face of each, the happiness I enjoyed on these never to be forgotten occasions.

In the early part of my sojourn I formed an agreeable acquaintance with a young gentleman, John H. Frampton, a brother of Elizabeth's. He arrived on the day and during the time I was assisting to stack the hay, and although he noticed me sharply, I had no idea he entertained any suspicion of who I was. On going into the house he observed to his sister:

"Elizabeth, who is that gentleman working on the stack?"

"A gentleman from America," she replied

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Brown?"

"You needn't stuff me that way, he looks as if he might be Mr. Lighton's brother. Is he not?"

"His name, I tell you, is Mr. Brown."

"Well, I don't believe it; where is that book?" alluding to my narrative, and having procured it, he examined the likeness, when he continued:

"Ah, you needn't tell me he is Mr. Brown, I know as well as I want to, that he is Mr. Lighton's brother!"

She then informed him his surmises were right and enjoined strict secrecy, which he promised to maintain, and after our introduction, commenced a friendship that continued the source of much benefit to our mutual happiness.

I was now beginning to experience considerable trouble of mind, from reports I learnt were springing



## Apprehension of arrest.

up in many quarters. That venerable dame, Gossip, was making great capital out of every little trifle or freedom. Oh, why did I kiss my sister Charlotte at the door one evening! Little did I think the eye of that *evil genius* had fixed her ominous gaze on us, and that her intermeddling tongue would jaundice this innocent deed with an air of mystery.

"It is easy," said they, "to assume another name under which to shield himself; but the looks of the venerable old father are in his face, and the kiss, that token of filial love, afford presumptive proof of his being the long absent brother." Thus argued this inquisitive dame. The reports at first fell upon my ear, like the faint zephyr, and soon lulled away to a calm. As days passed, I heard it louder, and more continued like the rustling breeze: anon it swelled as the outbreaking of some terrible eruption, causing me to think "an host was encamped against me," and the *lion* was lurking in the thicket to secure me for his prey. I felt solicitous for my safety. Every strange face startled me, and filled me with a fear that induced me to act with great caution and circumspection in all my movements.

Once I became much alarmed whilst proceeding in company with my brother and friend, Mr. J. H. Frampton, to the sea marsh for pleasure. We had not advanced far, before we met two gentlemen going in the direction of our house, and whose appearance I did not altogether like. As we passed them they gazed steadily at me, which led us to question their object. I acknowledge I felt very uncomfortable in my mind. Whilst on the marsh, I was again surprised by seeing the same men at a distance, approaching us.

"Yonder are the same men coming, we passed on our way hither. Whom do you think they are?" I remarked to my brother.

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False alarm. •

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“ Indeed I can not say, or what their object is.”

“ I fear they are spies, if not officers.”

“ I hope they may not be either.”

As their direction was towards us, I thought it would be as well for me to leave; again, fearing the step might produce a bad effect, I concluded to remain, and if the worst came to the worst, to make the best of it. We agreed to receive them courteously, and whilst John should by cautiously sounding them, divert their attention, I might improve the opportunity to take another route for home.

When they drew near, they saluted us in a friendly manner, and entered into a pleasant conversation, observing me, meanwhile, with considerable attention. Mr. Frampton proposed a short excursion to them for the purpose of bathing, to which they agreed, and he led them far away as if there were only one convenient place on the marsh. I immediately started in the opposite direction, passing through a neighborhood where I once lived, and the beautiful, and familiar scenery of which afforded me much pleasure. But who can enjoy comfort when he fancies there is a foe on his track? and although the way was as pleasant as when my brother and I went fishing, or gathered plums and nuts from the hedges, I lingered not to admire it. On James's return he relieved my anxiety by informing me, that the gentlemen were strangers from the country on a visit to the shore.

My fears for my safety increased with the return of every day, which induced me to think it about time to leave. My friends sympathized with me in my extremity—yet we lingered between hope and fear unwilling to part, and afraid to remain. I had the prospect of Mr. Frampton's company, whom I had persuaded to accompany me on my return; but he like myself was not fully prepared, so we fixed

August 26th, should be the day of our de-

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Thought of departure.

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I was informed by Mr. Osborn, that a good friend of my brother remarked to him, after a series of questions—

“I am well satisfied that Mr. Brown is none other than Mr. Lighton’s brother; the evidence is too positive to be contradicted—I am friendly to him, and would do all I could to protect him.”

I felt grateful for his generous feeling, and I beg most heartily to record my gratitude to all who had knowledge of my person, for their humanity in aiding me with their silence. I only regret I could not enjoy more freedom to mingle in their society. I pray the blessing of God may rest upon them, in all its rich, and happy influences.

## CHAPTER VII.

“The pride of human pomp and power ”

I had business in London, and thither I proceeded, taking Mr. F—— with me as a guide, who, from a long residence in the city, was well acquainted there. In a city like London, a stranger needs a trusty friend to assist him, for he feels lost amid a world of habitations, and men of every imaginable grade, and shade of character, from the titled aristocrat, to the poor degraded outcast of vice, and wretchedness.

We journeyed by the Great Northern Railroad, thro' one of the finest sections of country in the kingdom, and being the height of harvest, was surpassingly lovely. The abundant crops, and numerous herds of fat sheep, and cattle, which every where met the eye, would lead a foreigner to believe they required little provision from abroad. Happy for England, that her soil is so productive, and that the people understand so well the art of cultivation.

The stranger is surprised on entering the city, to find himself elevated to a level with the roofs of the houses, as if the Londoners meant he should enjoy to the best advantage what was before him. Looking far forward the eye can see naught but a wilderness of chimneys, roofs, spires, and domes. Little wonder, then, if the uninitiated lose his way, and ever moving on grow grey, without a hope of disentangling himself from the perplexing maze. How the inhabitants of such localities must pine for—

“The populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-form'd and many-color'd things  
Who worship Him with notes more sweet than words,  
And innocently open their glad wings,

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London.

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Fearless and full of life; the gush of springs,  
And fall of lofty fountains; and the bend  
Of stirring branches, and the bud that brings  
The swiftest thought of beauty."

BYRON

It will not, perhaps, be uninteresting to many of my readers to loiter a little, whilst I pen a description of some of the most interesting places, which for accuracy I have consulted—*Thomas Millar's Picturesque Sketches of London*.

The author of *Babylon the Great* says:—"In its topographical distribution, London is anything you wish to call it; and if you would mention the description, or employment of the people among whom you would live, you could lay your finger on the map, and say, 'there shall be your residence;' for, among the many thousand squares, streets, laness, and courts, which lodge its varied inhabitants, it is impossible not to find one where your neighbors shall be your equals; similar in employments, in habits, in tastes, and marked by the same graces and the same deformities. If you love social gaiety, all the elements of enjoyment are within your reach; and if you love retirement, you may be as solitary as a recluse in a desert. Notwithstanding the crowds by whom you must every day be elbowed, you may pass through them as unheeded as you would be by the trees of a forest, and the billows of the ocean; and though in one vigorous day's journey you might encompass nearly 2,000,000 human beings, yet it might be possible for you to spend your life among them, without any of them so much as asking your name."

The first object of interest claiming our attention was the Royal Exchange, a truly grand and magnificent building, the seat of the monetary transactions of the merchant-princes, the great emporium of business. It was opened by Queen Victoria with great magnificence, 28th October, 1844.

Our notice was next arrested by the Mansion

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The Lord Mayor.

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House, the residence of the Lord Mayor of London, a spacious and stately edifice; most interesting as it is associated with civic grandeur and princely hospitality. In the Egyptian Hall, a magnificent banqueting room, the Lord Mayor entertains his guests in such a style as few cities saving London could afford. He has his sword bearer, his chaplain, his mace bearer, serjeant-at-arms, carver, esquires, bailiffs, and we know not what besides. To support this dignity, he is allowed forty thousand dollars a year, during his mayoralty, which sum, if he is liberal, finds him comparatively in little more than salt and servants.

The 8th of September is the day set apart for the election of the new Lord Mayor; when the liverymen men meet in the hall, and the crier reads a list of the names of the aldermen who have served as sheriffs. This being a kind of city test, those who are rich enough to serve as sheriffs have more than half way climbed into the civic chair; and only such are eligible for the mayoralty. The person named is generally elected, and if he refuse the office he is fined five thousand dollars.

We visited Guildhall, the judicial palace and the seat of municipal government. At each angle of the west window stand the gigantic figures of Gog and Magog; they are 14 feet high, and have for nearly two centuries kept their silent vigils in the hall. They are supposed to represent a Saxon and ancient Briton; to say the least of them, they are the most preposterous looking figures, and were intended to frighten stubborn apprentices, and the erring into the way of virtue.

As we passed out I saw the Lord Mayor's carriage waiting at the door. I am sure he has no reason to find fault with government for any want of respect or pride to make him feel most magnificently comfortable. We waited some time to see *my Lord*, but as

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St. Pauls.

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he delayed beyond our patience, we left ungratified by the show.

Cheapside struck me with the novelty of its appearance. The whole street was alive with carts, cabs, chariots, omnibuses, drays, wagons, and trucks, the latter of which are often drawn by boys, and it is marvelous they are not flattened up amid the ranks of vehicles, which form one continuous chain as far as the eye can penetrate.

The splendid shops strike a stranger with amazement, although far inferior to many which have been recently built at the West End. Nearly every floor is a distinct department of commerce, and temptation follows temptation—as you stand bewildered amid the mazes of these splendored emporiums.

On our way we visited the cathedral of St. Paul's—one of the great landmarks of London, and is built after the model of St. Peter's at Rome, on the site of the Roman temple to Diana. The architect, Sir Christopher Wren, with many naval and military heroes, reposes in the crypt below; but his monument is the building!

With the pride of an Englishman, my attention was forcibly attracted to the monument of Nelson by Flaxman. Here are, also, memorials of Abercromby, Sir John Moore, Collingwood, Howe, Picton, &c.; yet to my mind there was something shocking to find the records of deeds of violence and slaughter, introduced into the temple of Him who came to preach peace on earth—to make every pier, window and recess represent the same melancholy story of war; every where war.

For the pleasure of viewing the whole building, and the mementos to her defenders, magnanimous England levies a tax of better than a dollar on each visitor.

South of St. Paul's is Doctor's Commons. It consists chiefly of two squares, and is properly a



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Polytechnic Institution.

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college for students in civil and ecclesiastical law, and contains courts in which those laws are administered. The Prerogative Court, a chamber in which the wills of the dead are deposited, is in this building, noted as a place of thrilling interest.

Here is also the Herald's College, well worthy of notice for the many curious rolls, and valuable manuscripts it contains.

Our time being limited we could only notice a few of the leading objects of attraction, and out of the multitude of places of amusement visit two, the Polytechnic Institution, and the National Gallery. At the former we had the pleasure of listening to two very interesting lectures on scientific subjects, well illustrated. In the evening an exhibition of dissolving views of great magnificence, accompanied with an oxyhydrogen microscope of extraordinary powers is given.

The National Gallery, is one of the finest artistic exhibitions in London. Its brilliant contents form the most pleasing and interesting scene the eye can embrace; which is open to the public gratuitously every day, except Friday and Saturday, which are exclusively granted to artists for study.

There is no lack of *street amusements* in London; appeals to the senses, to which hundreds resort as a means of living; causing those within doors to curse their deafening clamor, and those without who are interrupted by the assembled crowd utter anything but blessings upon their devoted heads, proving the moral of the old fable that, what is fun to one is death to another.

For my part I look on street performers with a very lenient eye, knowing they are struggling to live in the best way they can, and that their humble endeavors to please afford amusement to thousands. How the little urchins run at the first sound of Punch's well known voice; what a pattering of feet

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The destitute of London.

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there is as soon as the, "chuck, chuck, churee," is heard startling the silence of the street. They start off to get a front place; for the hardened old rogue was a favorite with their forefathers, and they are never tired of seeing him bang Judy with his truncheon.

Oh! what a sorrowful picture of affluence and poverty, poverty that few in America know of, does London represent; and what will be their fate God can only tell. As we travel the streets amid the dash of pomp and princely equipages, we see thousands upon thousands who live half starved, and whose deep suffering impel to vice and crime. Well may the pious heart inquire what can be done to reclaim them? Home with its bliss to many of them has no charm, brings back no loved memories: it is but a shifting from cellar to attic or from attic to cellar, and conjures up only visions of unhealthy back rooms, high dead walls and breathless courts, which the wind never reaches except to stir the sleeping poison, and scatter the stench of a thousand stagnant sewers. They hear of holidays and merry makings in which they have no share; of green boughs rustling above the rippling water—the murmur of the bee—the voice of the cuckoo, and the song of the blackbird and pleasant places which are not for them. All they know of time is by a feeling of hunger and a struggling against sleep, whilst stitch, stitching by the glimmer of a dim candle and the warmth of a handful of fire.

They have nothing save sympathy to offer each other—nothing to give but sigh for sigh, as they mingle tears with tears. Mighty England, with all her glory has left them heirs to misery; the uplifted voices of the poor like the thunders call for protection, but they remain neglected. There is no national feeling among the wealthy for the destitute poor at the door and yet ostentatious records daily meet

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Covent Garden market.

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the eye of vast sums squandered in behoof of the lazy savages of fruitful climes. The character of Mr. Bull is a paradox, naturally generous, but, withal, so egotistical and boastful, he is mightily afraid his right hand should be ignorant of the deeds of the left.

In the morning we made an early visit to Covent Garden market, the ever open flower show. Here at all seasons the choicest treasures of the floral world are collected; from the humble snowdrop and violet, that come like the first offering of spring to the costly chrysanthemum and camilla. The epicure may feast his eye with delight, and if he is rich enough, purchase the natural productions of May or June whilst the snows of February whiten the ground. Science, by the aid of heat and manures, has so triumphed over nature, scarcely anything is too difficult for the forcing gardener to accomplish.

We left this agreeable and beautifully scented spot and wended our way westward, but before mingling with the great and mighty we concluded to call on a barber. We turned this corner and that, went up and down, to our right and left, yet, not a knight of the razor could be found, until far in a corner we discovered one too gloriously drunk to care for his own necessity or our wants. By flattery and the help of his poor wife, we prevailed on him to sit still whilst we shaved ourselves, for which we paid him the usual fee.

We entered St. James's Park by the Horse Guards under the pavilions fronting the street, where two horse soldiers were on duty. Their appearance and uniform is very brilliant; but my experience taught me to regard them as whitened sepulchres, fair without and polluted within, so I had no desire to enlist! There are many pretty things in St. James's Park; the palace, although in many points deficient in architectural beauty, throws the old gloomy brick vile of St. James's into the shade. The most beauti-

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Westminster Abbey.

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ful walks lie beside the canal, or ornamental sheet of water, which is fairly alive with water fowl. Around this part there are many fine trees, which throw their green shadows on the water, broken at times by a hundred tiny ripples. This is a favorite resort for children and nursery maids; and in summer few fowl are better fed than those in the park, for the handfuls of bread thrown into the water by the merry urchins would almost feed a workhouse.

The new parks which are forming around the metropolis do credit to the government, and will, like charity, cover a multitude of minor sins.

My limited time prevented me from indulging in an interior view of Westminster Abbey. I was compelled to content my curiosity with a glance from without, at the chapel of Henry VII, the delicate tracery and magnificent design of which made me long to have seen more.

The efficient police force is much to be admired; every where you are surrounded with vigilant men, of whom the swarms of thieves live in as much dread as if they were burning bombs. Another feature worthy of praise is the cleanliness of the streets, which is always effected in the night. Would that the government were as wise in closing the thousands of gin shops, that stud the city like yawning hells, corrupting and destroying multitudes of the young and innocent. To describe these infamous places, would require a pen dipped in the blood and dictated by the groans and sufferings of slaughtered millions. I looked on them with a feeling of mortification and shame, and yet Christian England takes no further notice of them than to be scrupulously particular their licences are strictly conformable with law.

The period appropriated to our sojourn in the city having expired, we collected our effects, and proceeded late in the evening to the neighborhood of the railroad station in Shoreditch, meeting as we

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Conclusion of visit.

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passed along heavy laden teams with produce for the morning market.

Early in the morning we bade adieu to the metropolis, and took our seats in the cars for home. With rapid speed we were whirled past antiquated towns, smiling villages, splendid residences, and over the rich outstretched country laden with teeming plenty. As we neared home, I could not help feeling somewhat uneasy for my safety: and from the tenor of exciting reports I judged it best to take our tickets to Sutterton, instead of to Kirton, where I was well known. But the worst was yet to come—we had either to remain till night—take the back country, or proceed direct through Kirton. We adopted the latter course, and to avoid suspicion we separated, and one preceded the other at a considerable distance. I had to pass my sister Charlotte's residence in the village, whom I saw sitting at the door. She beckoned me to her, but with a shake of my head and a look that conveyed my meaning, I passed on with an air of ease and independence. Thank Providence, I escaped; not, however, without feeling as if I was walking on sleeping policemen, whom my tread might arouse to a consciousness of my identity. I was further, relieved to learn from James there had been no inquiry about me, only that suspicion was making headway in the community.

I now thought it best to conclude my visit, and though I loved my friends, and my dear old home, I longed for the day to depart. Three days yet remained, which Mr. Frampton required to take leave of his friends at Sutton Bridge, and it was arranged he should join me again at Lincoln on my way to Liverpool.

I spent the brief remainder of my time in retirement, and bidding what I fear will be a last farewell on earth, to the pleasant homestead. Nature seemed to sympathize with my feelings—the calm air—the

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Parting with sister Margaret.

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serene heavens—the beautiful trees, all felt as if inspired by the spirit of the Almighty to weep in harmony with me.

The parting with my sister Margaret was affecting beyond description: she was so much overcome, that, forgetful of my safety, she followed me weeping into the road. May the Almighty preserve, and abundantly bless her. I dared not visit Charlotte for fear of betrayal, but I submitted with the cheering hope I should greet her under happier auspices.

On the sabbath, I accompanied my brother and his wife to Swineshead, to condole with our afflicted relative, whose wife, my cousin, died so soon after my interview with them. By the way, James stopped to speak to an acquaintance, who in my youth taught school near the old parish church, and I heard his lady whisper to Elizabeth:

“Is not that gentleman with you Mr. Lighton’s brother?”

“No matter, I will tell you more particularly hereafter,” she replied.

Had they known the particulars, I should have had no cause of fear, as they were staunch and true friends. In the afternoon we attended church, and after service as we lingered a while in the main aisle, the clerk came and shook hands with me.

“How do you do, sir? I am glad to see you. Why you have been absent a great while.” he said.

This salutation so confounded me, I could not reply; but my brother relieved my embarrassment by observing,

“You seem to think you have some knowledge of the gentleman?”

“Yes, this is William!” he replied.

Though he was a relation, I was surprised he recognized me so immediately, as we had not met for thirty years, and I thought it was high time I was on the move for a more secure home. I employed a few



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Final night.

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moments in gazing on the exterior of the church, which was considerably improved since my boyhood. From association with our unpretending New England meeting houses, the hideous heads and fantastic images, seemed strange ornaments to me for the decoration of a church, and more calculated to terrify the guilty than the gospel to allure them. Some of the heads look as if they were placed there as a defence against the evil spirits of pandemonium. We then, visited the grave of my grandfather, whom I well remember and fondly loved: many more I once mingled with rest at his side, awaiting the summons of the final trump.

We bade farewell to our friends at Swineshead, and thus closed a series of pleasant visits I had enjoyed with my brother and his lady, whose attention to my comfort and happiness will long endear them to my affections. I should soon be far removed in a distant land and though our hearts mourned the approaching separation, we hoped that Power which controls the events of life would make the future more promising when we should hail each other in "the land of the free."

The final night was the saddest of all, and our last meal was hallowed with an interchange of tenderness and friendship, that made us, as we rose from the table of our childhood, resolve to meet again, the Lord willing. The carriage being at the door I impressed a tender adieu, and was soon borne away from fond kindred, and the home of my boyhood, never to revisit its beautiful scenery more. As I proceeded to Boston, how my heart throbbed as I passed each familiar spot, as I listened to the song of the lark poised in mid air; I thought such is destiny, precious joys *must* be exchanged to grapple with the stern realities of life.

At Boston I seated myself in the cars and with a last fraternal look at my brother, was whirled from

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Liverpool docks.

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sight. For many miles the tower of Boston church with its grey form stood up like a monument, of those I loved—of home and happy days. When at length it faded away I felt sad and solitary.

Harassed by the dread of pursuit, I was fearful the telegraph might be employed to summon some important limb of the law to await my arrival at Lincoln, but to my joy on arriving I found none to care a wit about me, save to receive my ticket. I secured my goods in the baggage room, and started to my cousin Leonard's at Market Resin, with whom I remained till Wednesday, when we parted with many fervent wishes for each other's happiness.

On my return to Lincoln, to my pleasure I found Mr. Frampton, waiting for me; and we were soon seated *en route* for Liverpool, rejoicing over our success. Such was the speed at which we traveled, that it felt even were the *lightning* after me, we should outstrip it; indeed if ever I was sensible of the necessity of haste, it was then!

A traveler in England from the United States is struck with the meanness of the railway cars. They are the most pitiable things I ever rode in, scarcely high enough to stand up without damage to your beaver, with seats of the flexibility and ease of cast iron, and the knowledge too, that you are locked in from station to station does not add to your comfort. The only redeeming feature was the smoothness of the roads, in which John Bull does beat Yankeeland.

We arrived at Liverpool about three o'clock, and proceeded at once to secure our passage on board the ship, William Jarvis, commander William Jarvis, to Boston, to sail in three days.

I now became strong in the hope of escape, and getting our baggage and stock of provisions on board we spent our time visiting the city. Whilst gazing at Nelson's monument, a person present offered to explain the emblematical figures to us to which we

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Departure.

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concurred; but judge our astonishment when he concluded to find he expected a fee. Seeing how prettily we were sold, we enjoyed the joke and paid him.

Liverpool in many parts presented a sorrowful appearance—it was England and Ireland combined, the inhabitants of the latter country having collected in thousands on the docks for emigration, and other purposes. It is a pitiable sight to see such swarms of oppressed sufferers forsaking old homes, friends, and interests, to seek abroad immunity from the grinding power of despotism.

If you wish to see street life in the vicinity of the docks, you must view it in the evening, first taking the precaution to put on a resolute purpose, and dignity of manner, or the unwary is apt to be enticed by the base and vicious to ruin. Multitudes of men and women degraded to the lowest conceivable condition, throng the way, whilst sinks of crime fester on every hand, epitomes of perdition. Interspersed are individuals and families soliciting charity: with the poor pale faced children from the infant to the child of twelve years old ranged in a row, imploring in piteous silence the generosity of the passers by. Such touching scenes are wont to raise the heart to look up to a God of mercy, for how few compared with their ability pay any regard to the misfortunes of their fellow creatures.

Saturday, September 1st, the ship cleared out of dock, to wait the morning tide in a more spacious berth, and next day when the bells were chiming for worship a steam tug towed us into the channel, far from the old loved isle.

From the day we secured our passage, we were much annoyed by the airs of a young man, who insisted by priority on the cabin we had paid the captain for. But on investigation it was found he had no business in the ship, as his passage money had not been received, and he was politely handed ashore in the tug.

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Our cabin.

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Like many others he had been cheated by an unprincipled runner, and probably before he hires a passage again, will know who he pays.

When freed from the steamer, and at the mercy of the winds and waves, the sails were spread, and we sped away on the broad deep ocean. My terrible foe soon reduced me to a state of apathy, but my companion buoyant with hope thought himself invulnerable; however, Neptune was not to be balked, and suddenly arrested him when about to attack an excellent dinner.

Our cabin was a nice little apartment on deck, where I had power to appreciate the glories displayed by the Almighty in the heavens and on the deep. I had, besides, a collection of the favorite songsters of my boyhood, which cheered me with their melody.

On the 7th, when three hundred miles from Cape Clear, the nearest land, two little birds were caught on the rigging; but they were so completely exhausted they died soon after.

The 12th the sea was high and violent, and the ship rolled and pitched as if contending for the right of mastery with the raging main. The main-top-mast, yielding before the blast, broke, and caused great consternation among the passengers, who feared the vessel was about to founder. In spite of the storm, the crew toiled bravely until every part was repaired, but alas, it soon snapped again amid the mad war of elements, and then arose the impotent rage of man, for the sailors raved and swore as if they thought oaths would control the tempest. Again was the mast replaced with better success, the crew working as if the storm had no power to alarm, nor the rocking of the ship to incommode them.

During the intense excitement among the passengers, a poor woman was robbed of her money and other valuables: another who was most ardent in her devotions in the time of danger, I heard swearing, a few hours after, because she could not cook her supper.

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Equinoctial gale.

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It was amusing to watch the gyrations performed by things animate and inanimate, in their efforts to gain the cook house, which if reached would be sometimes deluged with a heavy sea that capsized all in it. A jolly, well conditioned son of Erin was often the subject of much sport, for he would fall on the deck slap dash like a flounder, and before he could recover his footing, another heave pitched him over again, to the outpouring of some of his Irish spirit. Several were severely burned, and a young lady had her foot badly scalded by putting it in a pot of boiling gruel a boy had set down on the deck.

Wednesday, 19th, the equinoctial gale commenced, and increased to a storm, which again broke our topmast. The ocean presented a wild and terrifying aspect, and especially, during the night, a sublimity that baffled description. It was one mighty, unbroken expanse of seething water as far as the eye could scan, and seemed as if old Ocean convulsed with madness was turning his lowest depths to the sky.

To me, nothing exhibits the majesty and power of God so much as a storm at sea, when the heavens are robed in darkness and not a star cheers the heart of the mariner—the wind howling and shaking the masts till they groan in agony, and the waves thundering against the laboring ship as if thirsting for her destruction. At such a time, but for belief in the Almighty goodness, one's "heart and flesh would utterly fail:" this knowledge is as oil to the troubled spirit, and sustains the soul ready to die.

By this continuance of foul weather I became almost helpless from severe sickness, so that I had enough to do to prevent myself being stove to death, and it was with a feeling of humble gratitude, shared in by all that the sight of land was hailed.

On Saturday, 29th, at 2 o'clock P. M. we anchored at the quarantine and all save one passed the customary inspection. She was an aged woman, poor and

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Landed at Charleston.

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friendless, who was condemned as a pauper, and taken to Deer Island to be cared for until she could be returned to her native land. We might have proceeded direct to port, had the Captain not seen fit to leave us at anchor and go on himself to Boston. Such indifference to the passengers created great dissatisfaction, to myself in particular, as I could have reached home that evening had we gone direct into port. I mentioned my case to Dr. M—, the quarantine officer, who kindly took me with him ashore, and after tea sent two men with me, in his boat, to Boston. In some unaccountable manner they lost the way, and were steering to Dorchester; then, puzzled to discover their bearings as it was dark, they made for a cluster of lights which proved to be South Boston, but instead of landing me there, comparatively near the Worcester depot, they carried me to Charlestown, and landed me on the wharf of a lumber yard. I had to search for egress, and finding none, finally, had to climb over a high picket fence; well was it no one saw me, or I might have been taken for a thief! Urged by anxiety I started on a run for the depot, to learn, to my disappointment, there would be not rain until Monday morning; but so desirous was I to see my family, that I resolved to proceed on foot a distance of forty-four miles. However, fearing the consequences, as I could hardly walk after my sickness at sea, and the exertion of running from Charlestown, I had to wait my time, yet hoping to convey an assurance of my safety I sought the telegraph office, to find it closed till Sabbath noon. I endeavored to reconcile my mind by attending the seaman's Bethel next day and fervently offer thanks for my safe return to the land of liberty. The night was stormy, and did much damage to the shipping, and on Monday our vessel was towed up though prevented by the storm from coming to her berth, and the passengers were landed in a pitiable condition. drenched with rain. After I



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Reaches home.Removal.

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had given Mr. Frampton every instruction about the baggage, I hastened home, where I arrived early in the evening to the mutual happiness of myself and family

Thus, under the auspicious providence of God, had I accomplished my visit to England in security, and completed the object intended. To that Almighty Being, who preserved me and my family, do I return sincere and heartfelt praise.

In a letter from my brother on my return, after congratulating me on my safe arrival at home, he stated, that my departure was just in season, as the government was making preparations for my arrest. Report said, they did not anticipate I was going to leave so soon. Indeed, I feel grateful to the authorities for their liberality in delaying the execution of their infernal purpose. May they never be less charitable, or I less grateful; any way I shall be careful in future how I trust myself within their jurisdiction. Once more I am free, and I thank God, and the country in which I live, for protecting me from cruelty and suffering.

I continued my family residence at Worcester, and devoted myself to lecturing on astronomy, a science in which I have become passionately engaged; but subsequently desirous to render my family more comfortable by a home in the country, where we might enjoy retirement and tranquillity, I purchased, in the spring of 1852, a small situation at Barre, Worcester county, Massachusetts, a beautiful and fertile location, noted for the intelligence, enterprise and agricultural spirit of its inhabitants.

Now, dear reader, I take my leave, with the reiterated assurance of the truthfulness of my narrative. In the sale of it I seek in connection with other objects, the purchase of a complete set of astronomical instruments for erecting an observatory to enable me to pursue a

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Liberty.

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science so ennobling to the soul, and tending to the development of the Creator's power on the mind.

Trusting in the Divine goodness, and the intelligence of a generous public, I hope to prosper in my undertakings, and enjoy a useful termination to my life. Farewell.

"Of all things that have *beauty* on the earth, there is none that is so comely to man as Liberty."—Milton's Prose Writings.

' I gazed upon a nation—fair and great,  
Fearless of foes, and confident of fate;  
Its flag a starry constellation free,  
Its crest the young and puissant bird of Rome!  
A nation throned beyond the western sea!  
The dread of tyrants, and the exile's home.  
Mercy and justice there went hand in hand,  
Freedom the God, the guardian, of the land!  
Her's was the beauty I had pined to see—  
Earth has no beauty else, to mate with LIBERTY."

HERBERT.













JAN 13 1960

